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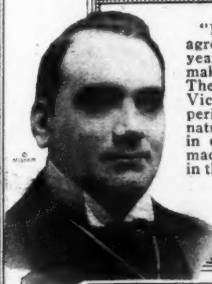
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Alma Gluck



COSMOPOLITAN

VOL LXV

SEPTEMBER, 1918

NO. 4

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COSMOPOLITAN

VOL. LXV

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Thousand-Mile Chains

By Herbert Kaufman

DELAY has keened the sword of Prussia. It is all the sharper for the long whetting on Britain and France.

We, the rich, the strong, the unexpected foe, inherit the hungry edge. The Kaiser plans Mosaic revenge for every grief, privation, and repulse Germany has suffered since our guns began to speak for justice.

Victory was already sweet upon his lip when America wept a myriad bayonets over the Lusitania and our pledges guaranteed the finances and forces for indefinite resistance.

Every haggard veteran, every reluctant recruit, every crumb-counting family, every wife and mother of the Central Empires blames us for the continuance of the war and aches to see our homes and reaches vandalized.

Von Kluck's regiments were assured and contemptuous—Von Hindenburg's divisions are desperate and remorseless.

The Huns' earlier outrages were the desultory cruelties of individuals. Then lust and destruction served opportunity rather than design; but a calculated score waits to be paid here.

Organized pillage and barbarity are to be our portion. Cities and citizens shall render the blood-debt—America become a Teuton trull.

This is the last chance of Democracy. For the first time, world-conquest—perpetual conquest—is feasible. Persia, Greece, Rome were clock-ticks, but Prussia can be eternal.

Never before might vassaled peoples be held in leash—victors did not carry thousand-mile chains. But wireless and cables can shackle the earth to a tyrant throne and perpetuate the bondage.

Before a disarmed nation could equip a single arsenal or navy-yard, a warning spark would bring a punitive expedition.

The "High Command" has already written the law for the vanquished: "Thou shalt remain impotent on land and sea."

We scorn the craven peace that does not celebrate our prides and principles.

If it must be, our fleets shall bridge the ocean, stern to prow. Columbia was not born for thralldom.

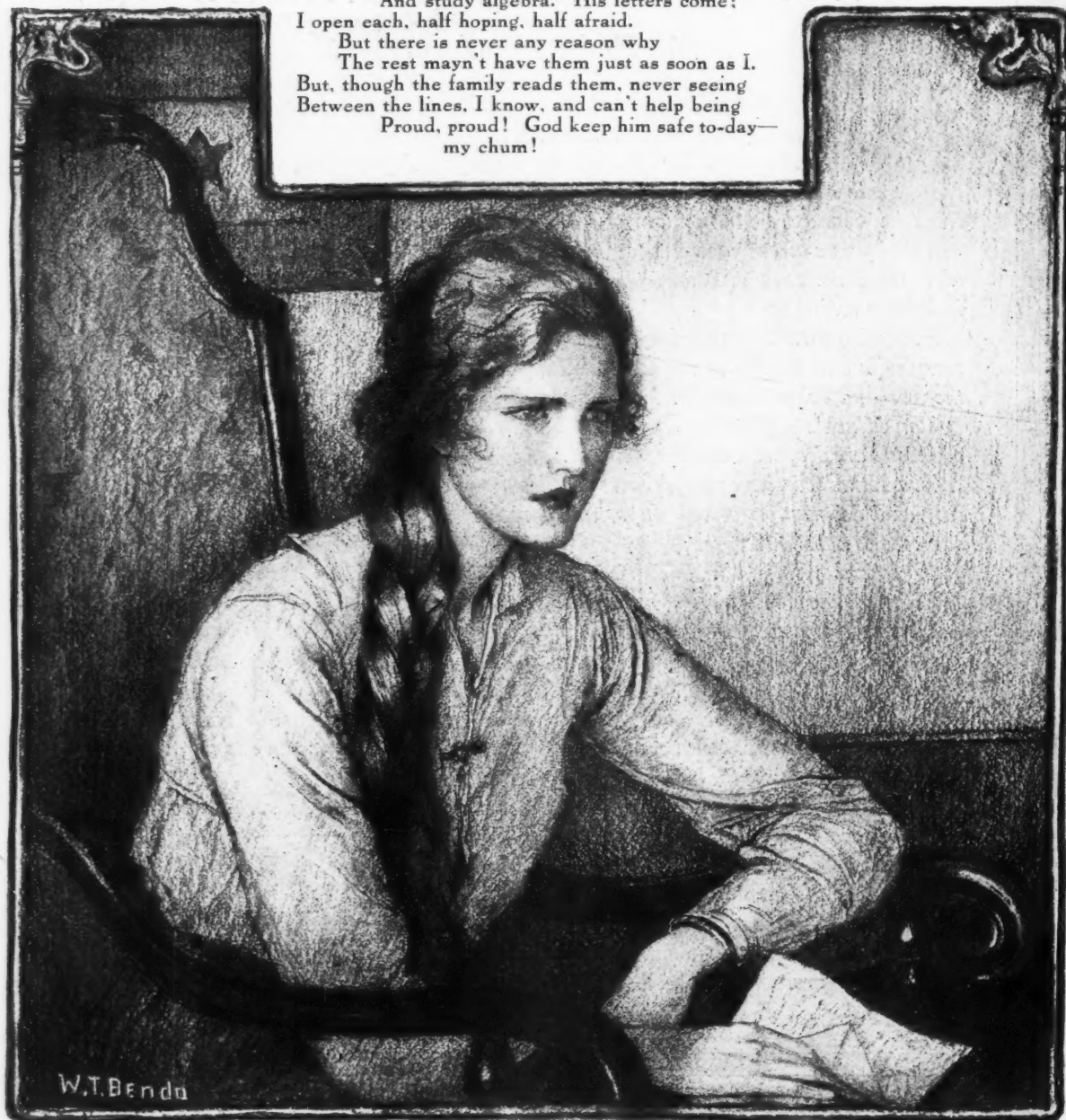
MY CHUM

By Mary Carolyn Davies Decoration by W.T.Benda

I'M not his sweetheart—no; I'm just his chum.
We hadn't got as far as loving yet—
We're both so young. If fighting had not come
So soon— But then it did, and now he's there;
And I'm here, thinking of him in a prayer,
To put with those his mother's praying, too.
(Perhaps she wouldn't like it if she knew.)
May he be safe—and may he not forget!

His mother'd think I haven't any right;
And mine, if she should ever chance to guess
I'm thinking of him this way every night,
Would say we're quite too young to understand.
But that day, when he went, he took my hand,
And, while they talked, he asked me with his eyes.
I answered, too—perhaps it wasn't wise—
And something made our hand-clasp a caress.

And still I wear my hair down in a braid
And study algebra. His letters come;
I open each, half hoping, half afraid.
But there is never any reason why
The rest mayn't have them just as soon as I.
But, though the family reads them, never seeing
Between the lines, I know, and can't help being
Proud, proud! God keep him safe to-day—
my chum!





PART I

I

SUCH a day made glad the heart. All the flags of July were waving, the sun and the poppies flaming, white butterflies spiring up and twining, and the bees busy on the snapdragons. The lime trees were coming into flower. Tall white lilies in the garden-beds already rivaled the delphiniums; the York and Lancaster roses were full-blown round their golden hearts. There was a gentle breeze, and a swish and stir and hum rose and fell above the head of Edward Pierson, coming back from his lonely ramble over Tintern Abbey. He had arrived at Kestrel, his brother Robert's home on the bank of the Wye, only that morning, having stayed at Bath on the way down; and now he had got his face burned in the party-colored way peculiar to the faces of those who have been too long in London. As he came along the narrow, rather overgrown avenue, the sound of a waltz thrummed out on a piano fell on his ears, and he smiled, for music was the greatest passion he had. His dark, grizzled hair was pushed back off his hot brow, which he fanned with his straw hat. Though not broad, that brow was the broadest part of a narrow, oval face, whose length was increased by a short, dark, pointed beard—a visage grave, gentle, and Vandykean, but for its bright-gray eyes, cinder-lashed and crow's-footed, and its strange look of not seeing what was before it. He walked quickly, though he was tired and hot—tall, upright, and thin in a gray parsonical suit, on whose black-kersey-mere vest a little gold cross dangled.

Above his brother's house, whose sloping garden ran down to the railway line and river, a large room had been built out apart. Pierson stood where the avenue forked, enjoying the sound of the waltz and the cool whipping of the breeze in the sycamores and birches. A man of fifty with a sense of beauty, born and bred in the country, suffers fearfully from nostalgia during a long, unbroken spell of London. His afternoon in the old abbey had been almost holy. He had let his senses sink in the sunlit greenery of the towering woods opposite; he had watched the spiders and the little shining beetles, the flycatchers and sparrows in the ivy, touched the mosses and the lichens, looked the speedwells in the eye, dreamed of he knew not what. A hawk had been wheeling up above the woods, and he had been up there with it in the blue. It was a real spiritual bath, washing the dusty fret of London off his soul.

For a year he had been working his parish single-handed—no joke—for his curate had gone for a chaplain; and this was his first real holiday since the war began, two years ago; his first visit, too, to his brother's home. He looked down at the garden and up at the trees of the avenue. Bob had certainly found a perfect retreat after his quarter of a century in Ceylon. Dear old Bob! And he smiled at the thought of his elder brother, whose burned face and fierce gray whiskers somewhat recalled a Bengal tiger—kindest fellow that ever breathed, and his outbreaks of temper the greatest frauds! A perfect home for himself and Thirza! And Edward Pierson sighed. He, too, had once had a perfect home, a perfect wife, the wound of whose death, fifteen years ago, still bled a little in his heart. His daughters,



Fanny Munsell

Gratian and Noel, were very little like her—Gratian took after his own mother, and Noel, with her fair hair and big gray eyes, always reminded him of his cousin Leila, who—poor thing!—had made that sad mess of her life, and now, he had heard, was singing for a living in South Africa. What a pretty girl she had been!

He had reached the door of the music-room, drawn by that eternal waltz-tune. The sound of feet slipping on polished boards greeted him, and, concealed by a chintz curtain, he saw his daughter Noel waltzing slowly in the arms of a young officer in khaki. Round and round they went, circling, backing, moving sideways with curious steps which seemed to have come in recently, for he did not recognize them; while at the piano sat his niece Eve, with a teasing smile on her rosy face. But it was at his young daughter that Edward Pierson looked. Her eyes were half closed, her cheeks rather pale, and her fair hair, cut quite short, curled into her slim, round neck. Quite cool she looked, though the young man in whose arms she was gliding along seemed fiery hot—a good-looking boy, with a little golden down on the upper lip of his sunny, red-cheeked face, and his blue eyes fixed on his partner. Edward Pierson's first thought was, "Nice couple!" And he had a moment's vision of himself and Leila dancing at Cambridge May-week—

Saint's

By John

Author of

Illustrated by



"What d'you think of Cyril?"
 "My dear, how can I tell yet? He seems a nice-looking young man"

Progress

Galsworthy

"Beyond," etc.

Fanny Munsell

on the very day of her seventeenth birthday, he remembered—a year younger than Noel was now. Then he became conscious that those two seemed never going to stop. This was clearly the young

man she had talked of in her letters during the last three weeks. Drawing aside the curtains, he passed into view of those within the room, and said,

"Aren't you very hot, Nollie?"

She blew him a kiss and shook her head; the young man looked startled and self-conscious, and Eve called out:

"It's a bet, uncle. They've got to dance me down."

Pierson said mildly:

"A bet? My dears!"

Noel murmured over her shoulder,

"It's all right, daddy." And the young man gasped,

"She's bet us one of her puppies against one of mine, sir."

Pierson sat down, a little hypnotized by the sleepy strumming, the slow, giddy movement of the dancers, and those half-closed, swimming eyes of his young daughter looking at him over her shoulder as she went by. He sat with a little smile on his lips. Nollie was growing up! Now that Gratian was married, she had become a great responsibility. If only his dear wife had lived! The smile faded from his lips; he looked suddenly very tired. The struggle, physical and spiritual, he had been through, to do without his wife these fifteen years, sometimes weighed him almost to the ground. Most men would have married again; but he had always felt it would be sacrilege. Real unions were for ever, even though the Church permitted remarriage.

He watched his young daughter now with a quaint mixture of esthetic pleasure and fatherly perplexity. To go on waltzing indefinitely like this with one young man—could that possibly be good for her? But they looked very happy; there was so much in young creatures that he did not understand, and Noel was a special enigma—so affectionate, rather dreamy, yet sometimes seeming possessed of a little devil. Edward Pierson was *naïf*, and he attributed those outbursts of demonic possession to the loss of her mother when she was such a mite; Gratian, but two years older, had never taken a mother's place—how could she? That had been left to himself, and he was always more or less conscious of failure.

He sat looking up at her with a sort of whimsical distress. And, suddenly, in that dainty voice of hers, which seemed to spurn each word a little, she said,

"I'm going to stop," and, sitting down beside him, took up his hat to fan herself.

Eve struck a triumphant chord.

"Hurrah! I've won!"

The young man muttered, "I say, Noel—we weren't half done!"

"I know; but daddy was getting bored—weren't you, daddy? This is Cyril Morland."

Pierson shook the young man's hand.

"Daddy, your nose is burned!"

"Yes, my dear; I know."

"I can give you some white stuff for it. You have to sleep with it on all night. Uncle and auntie both use it."

"Nollie!"

"Well, Eve says so. Are you going to bathe, Cyril? Look out for that current!"

The young man, gazing at her with undisguised adoration, muttered, "Rather!" and went out.

Noel's eyes lingered after him. It was Eve who broke the silence.

"If you're going to have a bath before tea, Nollie, you'd better hurry up."

"All right; I'm going. Was it jolly in the abbey, daddy?"

"Lovely—like a great piece of music."

"Daddy always puts everything into music. You ought to see it by moonlight; it's gorgeous then. All right, Eve; I'm coming." But she did not get up, and when Eve was gone, cuddled her arm through her father's and murmured,

"What d'you think of Cyril?"

"My dear, how can I tell yet? He seems a nice-looking young man."

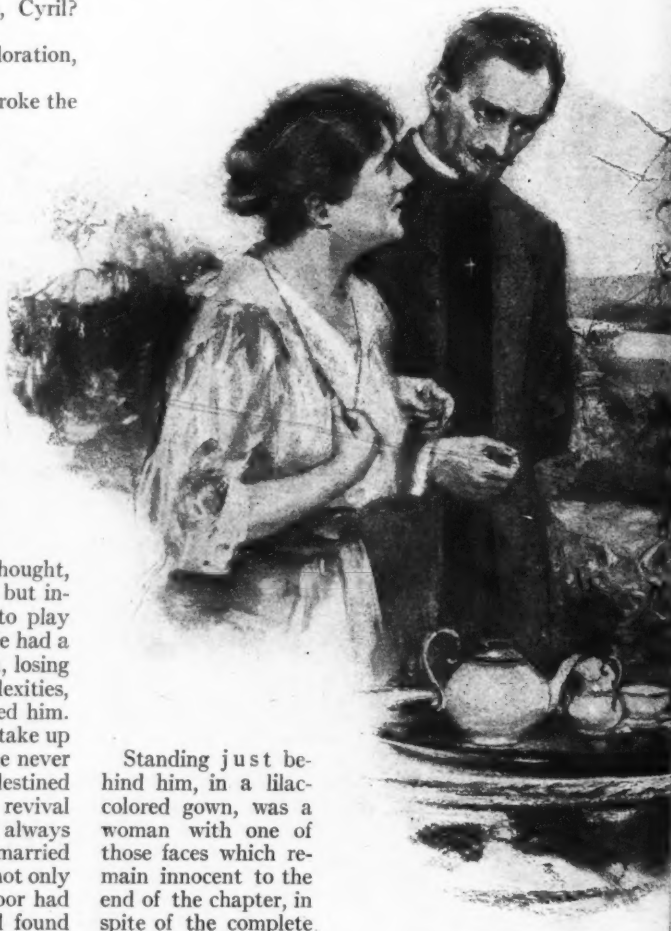
"All right, daddy; don't strain yourself. It's jolly down here, isn't it?" She got up, stretched herself a little, and moved away, looking like a very tall child with her short hair curling in round her head.

Pierson, watching her vanish past the curtain, thought, "What a lovely thing she is!" And he got up, too, but instead of following, went to the piano, and began to play Mendelssohn's "Prelude and Fugue in E minor." He had a fine touch, and played with a sort of dreamy passion, losing himself completely. It was his way out of perplexities, regrets, and longings—a way which never quite failed him.

Once on a time, at Cambridge, he had intended to take up music as a profession, and why he had not done so he never to this day quite understood. Family tradition had destined him for holy orders, and a certain emotional Church revival of that day had caught him in its stream. He had always had private means, and those early years before he married had passed happily in an East-End parish. To have not only opportunity but power to help in the lives of the poor had been very fascinating; and, simple himself, he had found the simple folk of his parish interesting. When he fell in love and married Agnes Heriot, he was given a parish of his own on the borders of East and West; he had been there ever since—even after her death had nearly killed him. It was better to go on where work and all reminded him of one whom he had resolved never to forget in other ties. But he was often conscious that his work had not the zest it used to have in her day, or even before her day. It may well be doubted whether he, who had been in holy orders twenty-six years, quite knew now what he believed. Everything had become set, circumscribed, and fixed by thousands of his own utterances; to have taken fresh stock of his faith, to have gone deep into its roots would have been like taking up the foundations of a still standing house. Some men naturally root themselves in the inexpressible—and one formula for the inexpressible is much the same as another; but Edward Pierson, in gently dogmatic fashion, undoubtedly preferred his High-Church statement of the inexpressible to that of, say, the Zoroastrians. The subtleties of change, the modifications by science, ever impinging on even the most inspired dogmas, went on without leaving sense of inconsistency or treason on his soul. Sensitive, charitable, and only combative deep down, he instinctively avoided discussion on matters where he might hurt others or they hurt

him. And, since explanation was the last thing which could be expected of one who did not base himself on Reason, he had found but scant occasion ever to examine anything. Just as, in the old abbey, he had soared off into the infinite with the hawk, the beetles, and the grasses, so now, at the piano, by these sounds of his own making, he was caught away again into emotionalism, without at all realizing that he was in one of his most religious moods. A voice surprised him.

"Aren't you coming to tea, Edward?"



Standing just behind him, in a lilac-colored gown, was a woman with one of those faces which remain innocent to the end of the chapter, in spite of the complete knowledge of life which appertains to mothers.

Pierson rose obediently, and moved by the side of his sister-in-law among flowerbeds, over the lawn, toward the big tree down at the bottom of the garden.

In days of suffering and anxiety, like these of the great war, Thirza Pierson was a valuable person. Without ever expressing an opinion on cosmic matters, she reconfirmed certain cosmic truths, such as that, though the whole world was at war, there *was* such a thing as peace; that, though all the sons of mothers were being killed, there remained such a thing as motherhood; that, while everybody was living for the future, the present still existed and was good. Her inexpressible tranquillity, unsentimental tenderness, matter-of-fact busyness, together with the dew in her eyes, had been proof against twenty-three years of life on a tea plantation in the hot part of Ceylon, against Bob Pierson, against the anxiety of having two sons at the front, and the confidences of nearly everyone she came across. Nothing disturbed her. She was like a painting of "Goodness" by an old master restored by Kate Greenaway. She never went to meet life,

"Yes; I'm afraid he's head over ears in love with her." At the dismayed sound he uttered, she slipped her soft within his. "He's going to the front

but when it came, made the best of it. This was her secret, and Pierson always felt rested by her presence.

"How d'you think Noel is looking, Edward?"

"Very pretty, too pretty. That young man, Thirza?"

"Yes; I'm afraid he's over head and ears in love with her."

At the dismayed sound he uttered, she slipped her soft, round arm within his. "He's going to the front soon, poor boy!"

"Have they talked to you?"

"What! Your father doesn't——"

"Just for the flies. You don't mind, daddy?"

"Not if it's necessary, my dear."

Noel smiled, showing her upper teeth, and her eyes seemed to swim under their long lashes.

"It isn't necessary, but it's nice."

"Ah, ha!" said Bob Pierson. "Here you are, Nollie!"

But Noel shook her head. At that moment, she struck her father as startlingly grown-up. She was so composed, swaying there above that young man at her feet, the impudence of whose sunny face seemed smothered in adoration.

"No longer a child!" he thought. "Dear Nollie!"

II

I

AWAKENED by that daily cruelty, the advent of hot water, Edward Pierson lay in his chintz-curtained room, fancying himself back in London. The humming of a wild bee, hunting honey from the bowl of flowers on the window-sill, and the scent of sweet-brier shattered that illusion. He got up, drew the curtain, and, kneeling on the window-seat in the bay of the window, thrust his head out into the morning and took a deep breath. The air was intoxicatingly sweet. Haze clung about the river and the woods beyond; the lawn sparkled with dew, and two wagtails strutted there in the early sunshine. "Thank God for this earth," he thought; "it really is too lovely! Those poor boys at the front!" And, kneeling with his elbows on the sill, he began to

say his prayers. The same feeling which made him beautify his church so far as he was able,

use vestments, good music, and incense, filled him now. God was in the loveliness of his world, as well as in his churches. One could worship him in a grove of beech trees, in a beautiful garden, on a high hill, by the banks of a bright river. God was in the rustle of the leaves, and the hum of a bee, in the dew on the grass, and the scent of flowers; God was in everything! And he added to his usual prayer this whisper: "I give thee thanks for my senses, O Lord! In all of us, keep them bright, and grateful for loveliness." Then, raising his head, he remained motionless, prey to a sort of happy yearning which was very near to melancholy. Great beauty had that effect on him. One could capture so little of it—could never enjoy it enough! Who was it had said to him not long ago, "Love of beauty is really only the sex-instinct, which nothing but complete union satisfies"? Ah, yes; George—Gratian's husband. George Laird. A little frown came between his brows as though at some thorn in the flesh. Poor



round arm
soon, poor boy!"

"He has. Nollie hasn't yet."

"Nollie is a queer child, Thirza."

"Nollie is a darling, but a bit of a desperate character, Edward."

Pierson sighed.

In a swing, under the tree, where the tea-things were set out, the "bit of a desperate character" was swaying.

"What a picture she is!" he said, and sighed again.

The voice of his brother, high and steamy, as though corrupted by the climate of Ceylon, came to them.

"You incorrigible, dreamy chap, Ted! We've eaten all the raspberries. Eve, give him some jam; he must be dead. Phew! The heat! Come on, my dear, and pour out his tea. Hallo, Cyril! Had a good bathe? By George, wish my head was wet! Squatze-vous down over there by Nollie; she'll swing and keep the flies off you."

"If you'll give me a cigarette, uncle Bob——"

George! But, then, all doctors were materialists at heart—splendid fellows, though; a fine fellow, George, working himself to death out there in France. One mustn't take them too seriously. Reaching out, he plucked a bit of sweet-brier and put it to his nose, which still retained the shine of that bleaching ointment Noel had insisted on his using. The sweet smell of those little rough leaves stirred up acute aching. He dropped them and drew back. No longings, no melancholy; one ought to be down-stairs and out this beautiful morning!

It was Sunday; but he had not to take three services and preach at least one sermon—this day of rest was really to be his own for once. It was almost disconcerting; he had so long felt like the cab-horse who could not be taken out of the shafts lest he should fall down. He dressed with extraordinary deliberation, and had not quite finished when there came a knock on his door, and Noel's voice said,

"Can I come in, daddy?"

In her flax-blue frock, with a Gloire de Dijon rose pinned where it met on her faintly browned neck, she seemed to her father a perfect vision of freshness.

"Here's a letter from Gratian; George has been sent home ill, and he's gone to our house. She's got leave from her hospital to come home and nurse him."

Pierson read the letter.

"Poor George!"

"When are you going to let me be a nurse?"

"We must wait till you're eighteen, Nollie."

"I could easily say I was. It's only a month; and I look much more." Pierson smiled. "Don't I?"

"You might be anything from fifteen to twenty-five, my dear, according as you behave."

"I want to go out as near the front as possible."

Her head was poised so that the sunlight framed her face, which was rather broad—the brow rather too broad—under the waving light-brown hair, the nose short and indeterminate, cheeks still round from youth, almost waxen-pale, and faintly hollowed under the eyes. It was her lips, dainty yet loving, and, above all, her gray eyes, big and dreamily alive, which made her a swan. He could not imagine her in nurse's garb.

"This is new, isn't it, Nollie?"

"Cyril Morland's sisters are both out; and he'll be going soon. Everybody goes."

"Gratian hasn't got out yet. It takes a long time to get trained."

"I know; all the more reason to begin."

She got up, looked at him, looked at her hands, seemed about to speak, but did not. A little color had come into her cheeks. Then, obviously making conversation, she asked:

"Are you going to church? It's worth anything to hear uncle Bob read the lessons, especially when he loses his place. No; you're not to put on your long coat till just before church-time. I won't have it!" Obediently, Pierson resigned his long coat. "Now, you see, you can have my rose. Your nose is better!" She kissed his nose, and transferred her rose to the buttonhole of his short coat. "That's all. Come along!" And, with her arm through his, they went down. But he knew she had come to say something which she had not said.

2

Bob Pierson, in virtue of greater wealth than the rest of the congregation, always read the lessons, or coughed them, as it were, in a high, steamy voice, his breath never adjusted to the length of any period. The congregation, accustomed, heard nothing peculiar; he was the necessary gentry with the necessary finger in the pie. It was his own family whom he perturbed. In the second row, Noel, staring solemnly at the profile of her father in the front row, was thinking: "Poor darling! His eyes look as if they were coming out. Oh, daddy, smile—or it'll hurt you!" Young Morland beside her, rigid in his tunic, was thinking, "She isn't thinking of

me." And, just then, her little finger crooked into his, Edward Pierson was thinking: "Oh, my dear old Bob! Oh!" And, beside him, Thirza thought: "Poor dear Ted! How nice for him to be having a complete rest! I must make him eat—he's so thin." And Eve was thinking, "Oh, father—mercy!" But Bob Pierson was thinking: "Cheer oh! Only another three verses!" Noel's little finger unhooked itself, but her eyes stole round to young Morland's eyes, and there was a light in them which lingered through the singing and the prayers. At last, in the reverential rustle of the settling congregation, a surpliced figure mounted the pulpit.

"I come, not to bring peace but a sword."

Pierson looked up. He felt deep restfulness. There was a pleasant light in this church; what a difference the hum of a bluebottle made to the quality of silence! No critical thought stirred within him, or any excitement. He was thinking: "Now I shall hear something for my good. A fine text—when did I preach from it last?" Turned a little away from the others, he saw nothing but the preacher up there above the carved oak, a homely face, an earnest voice; it was so long since he had been preached to, so long since he had had a rest! The words came forth, dropped on his forehead, penetrated, met something which absorbed them, and disappeared. "A good plain sermon!" he thought. "I suppose I'm stale; I don't seem—"

"Let us not, dear brethren," droned the preacher's voice, "think that our dear Lord, in saying that he brought a sword, referred to a physical sword. It was the sword of the spirit to which he was undoubtedly referring, that bright sword of the spirit which in all ages has cleaved its way through the fetters imposed on men themselves by their own desires, imposed by men on other men in gratification of their ambitions, as we have had so striking an example in the invasion by our cruel enemies of a little neighboring country which had done them no harm. Dear brethren, we may all bring swords—" Pierson's chin jerked; he raised his hand quickly and passed it over his face. "All bring swords," he thought, "swords—I wasn't asleep—surely!"

"But let us be sure that our swords are bright, bright with hope, and bright with faith, that we may see them flashing among the carnal desires of this mortal life, carving a path for us toward that heavenly kingdom where alone is peace, perfect peace. Let us pray."

Pierson did not shut his eyes; he opened them as he fell on his knees. In the seat behind, Noel and young Morland had also fallen on their knees, their faces covered each with a single hand; but her left hand and his right hung at their sides. They prayed a little longer than any others, and, on rising, sang the hymn a little louder.

3

No paper came on Sundays—not even the local paper, which, with its head-lines, had so long and so nobly done its bit to win the war. No news whatever came of men blown up to enliven the hush of the hot July afternoon or the sense of drugging which followed aunt Thirza's Sunday lunch. Some slept; some thought they were awake; but Noel and young Morland walked upward through the woods toward a high common of heath and furze, crowned by what was known as "Kestrel Rocks." Between these two young people no actual word of love had yet been spoken. Their loving had advanced by glance and touch.

Young Morland was a school and college friend of the two Pierson boys now at the front. He had no home of his own, for his parents were dead; and this was not his first visit to Kestrel. Arriving three weeks ago, for his final leave before he should go out, he had found a girl with short hair sitting in a little wagonette outside the station, and had known his fate at once. But who knows when Noel fell in love? She was—one supposes—just ready for that sensation. For the last two years she had been at one of those high-class finish-



DRAWN BY FANNY MUNNELL

At a half-way spot, where the trees opened and they could see, far below them, the gleam of the river, she sat down on the bole of a beech tree, and young Morland stood looking at her

Saint's Progress

ing educational establishments where, in spite of the healthy curriculum, perhaps because of it, there is ever an undercurrent of interest in the opposing sex, and not even the gravest efforts to eliminate instinct are quite successful. And did not the disappearance of every young male thing into the maw of the military machine put a premium on instinct? The thoughts of Noel and her school companions were turned, perforce, to that which, in pre-war freedom of opportunity, they could afford to regard as of secondary interest. Love and marriage and motherhood, fixed as the lot of women by the countless ages, were threatened for these young creatures. Little wonder that they talked of them, pursued what they instinctively felt to be receding!

When young Morland showed, by following her about with his eyes, what was happening to him, she was pleased. From being pleased, she became a little excited; from being excited, she became dreamy. Then, about a week before her father's arrival, she secretly began to follow the young man about with *her* eyes—became capricious, too, and a little cruel. If there had been another young man to favor—but there was not; and she favored uncle Bob's red setter. Cyril Morland grew desperate. During those three days, the little demon her father dreaded certainly possessed her. And then, one evening, while they walked back together from the hay-fields, she had given him a sidelong glance; and he had gasped out, "Oh, Noel, what have I done?" She had caught his limp hand then and given it a quick squeeze. What a change! What blissful alteration ever since!

Through the wood, young Morland mounted silently, screwing himself up to put things to the touch. Noel, too, mounted silently, thinking, "I will kiss him if he kisses me." Eagerness and a sort of languor were running in her veins; she did not look at him from under her shady hat. Sunlight poured down through every chink in the foliage, made the greenness of the steep wood marvelously vivid and alive, flashed on beech leaves, ash leaves, birch leaves, fell on the ground in little runlets, painted bright patches on trunks and grass, the beech mast, the ferns; butterflies chased each other in that sunlight, and myriads of ants and gnats and flies seemed possessed with a frenzy of life. The whole wood seemed possessed, as if the sunshine were a happy being which had come to dwell therein. At a half-way spot, where the trees opened and they could see, far below them, the gleam of the river, she sat down on the bole of a beech tree, and young Morland stood looking at her. Why should one face and not another, this voice and not that, make a heart beat; why should a touch from one hand awaken rapture, and a touch from another awaken nothing? He lay down on the grass and pressed his lips to her foot. Her eyes grew very bright; she got up and ran on—she had not expected him to kiss her foot. She heard him hurrying after her and stopped, leaning against a birch trunk. He rushed to her, and, without a word spoken, his lips were on her lips. The moment in life which no words can render had come for them. They had found their enchanted spot, and they moved no further but sat with their arms round each other, while the happy being of the wood watched. A great speeder-up of love is war. What might have taken six months was thus accomplished in three weeks.

A short hour passed, then Noel said:

"I must tell daddy, Cyril. I meant to tell him something this morning—only, I thought I'd better wait, in case you didn't."

Morland answered,

"Oh, Noel!" It was the staple of his conversation while they sat there.

Again a short hour passed, and Morland said,



"I shall go off my chump if we're not married before I go out."

Noel tightened her clutch of his hand.

"How long does it take?"

"No time, if we hurry up. I've got six days before I rejoin, and perhaps the chief will give me another week if I tell him."

"Poor daddy! Kiss me again—a long one."

When the long one was over, she said:

"Then I can come and be near you till you go out? Oh, Cyril!"

"Oh, Noel!"

"Perhaps you won't go so soon. Don't go if you can help it."

"Not if I can help it, darling; but I sha'n't be able."

"No; of course not. I know."

Young Morland clutched his hair.

"Everyone's in the same boat, but it can't last forever; and, now we're engaged, we can be together all the time till I've got the license or whatever it is. And then—"

"Daddy won't like us not being married in a church; but I don't care."

Looking down at her closed eyes, and their lashes resting on her cheeks, young Morland thought: "My God! I'm in heaven!"

Another short hour passed before she freed herself.

"We must go, Cyril. Kiss me once more—ever such a long one."

It was nearly dinner-time, and they ran down.

4

Edward Pierson, returning from the evening service, where he had read the lessons, saw them in the distance and compressed his lips. Their long absence had vexed him. What ought he to do? In the presence of love's young dream, he felt strange and helpless. That night, when he opened

The man in Pierson softened; the priest hardened.

"Nollie, true marriage is the union of souls; and for that, time is wanted—time to know that you feel and think the same, and love the same things."

"Yes, I know; but we do."

"You can't tell that, my dear; no one could in three weeks."

"But these aren't ordinary times, are they? People have to do things in a hurry. Oh, daddy, be an angel! Mother would have understood and let me, I know."

Pierson drew away his hand; the words hurt, from reminder of his loss, from reminder of the poor substitute he was.

"Look, Nollie," he said: "After all these years since she left us, I'm as lonely as ever, because we were really one. If you marry this young man without knowing more of your own hearts than you can in such a little time, you may regret it dreadfully; you may find it turn out, after all, nothing but a little, empty passion, or again, if anything happens to him before you've had any real married life together, you'll have a much greater grief and sense of loss to put up with than if you simply stay engaged till after the war. Besides, my child, you're much too young."

She sat so still that he looked at her in alarm.

"But I must!"

He bit his lips, and said sharply,

"You can't, Nollie."

She got up, and before he could stop her, was gone. With the closing of the door, his anger evaporated, and a distress took its place. Poor child! What to do with this wayward chicken just out of the egg and want-

ing to be full-fledged at once?

The thought that she would be lying miserable, crying,

perhaps, beset him so that he went out into the passage and tapped on her door. Getting no answer, he went in. It was dark, but for a streak of moonlight, and quite silent. He saw her, lying on her bed, face down, and stealing up, laid his hand on her head. She did not move, and, stroking her hair, he said gently:

"Nollie dear, I didn't mean to be harsh. If I were your mother, I should know how to make you see, but I'm an old bumble-daddy."

She rolled over, scrambling into a cross-legged posture on the bed. He could see her eyes shining. But she did not speak; she seemed to know that in silence was her strength.

He said, with a sort of despair:

"You must let me talk it over with your aunt. She has a lot of good sense."

"Yes."

He bent over and kissed her hot forehead.

"Good-night, my dear; don't cry. Promise me."

She nodded and lifted her face; he felt her hot, soft lips on his forehead, and went away a little comforted.

But Noel sat on her bed, hugging her knees, listening to the night, to the emptiness

(Continued on page 137)



"Talk to Cyril, auntie; then you'll understand"

the door of his room, he saw Noel on the window-seat in her dressing-gown, with the moonlight streaming in on her.

"Don't light up, daddy; I've got something to say." She took hold of the little gold cross on his vest and turned it over. "I'm engaged to Cyril; we want to be married this week." It was exactly as if some one had punched him in the ribs; and at the sound he made, she hurried on. "You see, we *must* be; he may be going out any day."

In the midst of his aching consternation, he admitted a kind of reason in her words. But he said:

"My dear, you're only a child. Marriage is the most serious thing in life; you've only known him three weeks."

"I know all that"—her voice sounded so ridiculously calm—"but we can't afford to wait. He might never come back, you see, and then I should have missed him."

"But, Noel, suppose he never did come back; it would only be much worse for you."

She dropped the little cross and took hold of his hand, pressing it against her heart. But still her voice was calm.

"No; much better, daddy. You think I don't know my own feelings, but I do."

Cerise

By Marice Rutledge

Illustrated by Harrison Fisher

CERISE was that way when she loved, and to love was her natural expression. In fact, she could see no reason for doing otherwise, since love between her mother and a young musician had brought her into the world. Not a bad result, either, thought Cerise, in terms of her own amiable philosophy. True, the musician had gone his melodious way back to Spain, and Cerise's mother had gone the duller way, coughing, to a hospital; thence to a pleasant-enough resting-place, where Cerise sometimes went to kneel and mutter over a rosary.

But that was life. Cerise was not disposed to quarrel with it. She even took certain laws of society quite seriously. One did not steal, for instance, or lie (except little lies that harmed no one); of course, one did not commit murder (except in extraordinary cases of jealousy). One was courteous to the official authorities, especially when they were in uniform, and one respected the *bourgeoisie* enough not to criticize their stuffy ways. But no one could govern love among artists.

Look at Cerise before you judge her and sniff her off the earth as an improper young person who ought never to have been born and certainly should not be encouraged. You see a supple little creature, with pale-gold hair and eyes of gentian blue, with lips a bit too thin (as perhaps yours are, too), perhaps a shade too red (as probably yours are not); but thin and red, those lips of hers are roguishly inclined to part and to curve upward in the kind of smile that means a short life and a merry one. Her nose is tiny, inquiring, impertinent. There are points in common between Cerise and her nose.

Let us be indulgent and watch her neat, bright manner as she trots at Henri Peytel's side in the May sunshine down the Boulevard Montparnasse, pausing a moment before the Café de la Rotonde to nod and fling a gay word to a comrade, then off again down the Rue Vavin and through the gates into the Luxembourg Garden. Watch the tall Henri's long, dark face of high cheek-bones and deep hollows light up as he bends over her; watch his strong, slender fingers close gently round her arm. And, in that May sunshine, beneath some delicious, fresh leafage, watch the two young things draw closer, like two birds who meet to chatter awhile on matters of youth.

Then follow Cerise to Colarrosi's or to Henri's great, bare studio, and watch the play go from her face as, still and pale, she takes a pose and holds it like the clear, prolonged note of a song. Watch Henri, almost taciturn, absorbed, shaping out of clay the happy form. There is the real reason for Cerise—a reason even you would not care to deny.

Mending for Henri, cooking for Henri, putting sous away for Henri, who is very, very poor; bringing to Henri a bunch of violets, a spray of lilac, a jonquil for that old cracked

vase standing in the litter of tools and plaster casts—that is another reason for Cerise. Henri is in despair; Henri is wild with joy. Henri broods, sulks, is jealous, repents. Henri dreams. And through these moods Cerise follows valiantly, not always understanding but always in love.

That was before the war.

Then came the great black trumpet-call sounding all over France, and Henri went to answer. His long, dark face, with its high cheek-bones and hollows, took on the remote look of a rugged mountain in early twilight. He stood there, awkward and unfamiliar in his uniform, staring over Cerise at his work unfinished, at the old cracked vase with a white rose in it, at his few, shabby, beloved possessions.

He did not say much, that moment of parting, but Cerise asked for nothing;



Mending for Henri, cooking for Henri, putting sous away for Henri, who is very, very poor—that is another reason for Cerise



only clung to him, babbling little mother-promises.

"I'll send you some of the *pâté de campagne* you like so much, *mon chéri*. And cigarettes and chocolate. I'll knit you socks, too, if you want. But you'll be back very soon. Tell me you will come back very soon to your little Cerise."

"Very soon," said Henri.

He kissed her as one kisses a happy little book before closing it, perhaps forever. He kissed her on both cheeks, and the tears welled in her eyes. He kissed her eyes, and the smile went from her lips. He kissed her mouth, and she began to cry, like a child one is about to leave in a strange place. But tears for Cerise were only showers, and soon, in her new pretty summer suit, a feather in her hat, with eager, supple motion, she trotted beside Henri to the station, and stood on tiptoe, waving and shouting, "*Vive la France!*" until the train, so laden with the gallant heart of France, moved slowly out and off.

Then Cerise was very lonely, and wondered, for a few days, how she could go on living. The spirit of her little world was keeping up, however, and she could not for long resist its friendly call. You could take and take from the Boulevard Montparnasse, the Boulevard Raspail, from the quaint old streets, from the garden, and there was always enough youth left to carry on romance and dreams. The garden spread its sweetness under a thick canopy of green; the fountain shot its silver high in wings of spray, and the air was woven with bird-notes and stray scents. The cafés simmered and subsided to greater quiet than they had ever

known, but groups still gathered about the round tables to exchange words of fellowship. Work, of course, was rare, and lovers rarer. A hundred little Cerises, in their summer finery, always lively, quick of tongue and bright of eye, drifted to and fro in the familiar haunts, as if they were hunting for something mislaid, not caring yet to advertise their loss.

About the middle of that first grim winter, Henri Peytel began to write to Cerise, hinting at small comforts which might relieve his condition. He had no family—no one, in fact, who cared what became of him except this little love of happier days. If he could have a package of Maryland cigarettes now and then, a bit of tobacco for his pipe, a few sweets, and even more solid foods, he would be everlastingly grateful to his dear Cerise. He could use another pair of socks, a muffler, and warm gloves; and he would like a sketch-book, because he so sadly missed his own work. Perhaps he could send back studies of "*La vie d'un poilu*" which would sell. If this could be arranged, Cerise was to keep half the proceeds. He thought of her constantly, he said. There, in the bitter, gloomy trenches,

one did think of love and pleasant comradeship.

The hours of work and play so long ago were still fragrant in his heart—memories to be tended and cherished amid such death and pain.

Cerise lay in her shabby little room at the top of an old house on the Rue Bréda and read and reread those precious letters, taking rueful stock of her fortune. Five francs, a ring Henri had once given her, a slender pair of earrings, odds and ends of laces, ribbons, stuffs. All the drollery had gone out of her pale little face; even her nose had lost something of its witty tilt. The room was damp with the gray mist of a Paris winter, more penetrating than a crisper cold. She had lent her last winter's coat to Yvonne, who had been coughing since October. One did what one could, and Cerise took no credit for this natural act of kindness. Was not Ninon sharing her room with Louise? And was not Madame Maurier giving Annette her meals for nothing? Life was difficult enough with all the academies closed and only a handful of artists left from whom one could expect work. Still, Henri must want for nothing. It was strangely sweet that he had come to her in his need.

There was even a slight swagger to her neat, thinly clad shoulders as, with the old impulsive motion of a supple young body fearless of hardship, she tripped down the dark winding stairs and out on the narrow street, where, in a blend of color, the life of the *quartier* was bravely going on. There was poor Stanislas Belewski, the hungry Pole, standing gaunt and wistful before the old shoemaker's shop where flowers were also sold. Stanislas needed shoes, but he needed

the narcissus, too, at which he was gazing so dreamily. There was that silly girl, Maria, in her outrageous costume of red, flirting with an oily-eyed South American. *En voilà une qui s'en fiche de la guerre!*

Now here came bearing down upon her with his long, loose stride, "Daavid," the American painter. Already his cheerful smile and comradely wave of the hand signaled her to wait. And wait she did gladly, for David Bourne, with his great, warm voice, his generous ways, his happy-go-lucky philosophy, was much beloved by the little models of Montparnasse. A bit of a devil, this "Daavid," never lacking a pretty companion and always on the alert for parties. He had just been shamefully treated, too, by Rosalie, who had planted him there in the middle of a picture and gone off to Nice to pose for a Swiss painter.

Cerise clutched her velvet bag importantly where nestled the five francs and Henri's letter. In a breath with her, "*Bonjour, mon vieux!*" she told him of her shopping expedition. He loped along beside her, delightfully sympathetic, and it occurred to her that it was pleasant enough to be out walking with a *copain*. Being alone all day and every evening was bad for the *morale*. Under the influence of David's jovial presence, she bought more than she had intended. She had meant to spend only three francs, but two packages of Maryland cigarettes, a tablet of chocolate, and a sketch-book, however small, left her purse empty. She would have to pawn her ring next, if nothing turned up. What of it? Henri would give her another some day.

At the end of a very bright morning, she found herself sitting in the Café de la Rotonde with David, sipping an *apéritif* and chattering gaily. One cannot exactly tell how such things come about, but presently David referred to Rosalie's ingratitude and suggested that Cerise pose for him for the munificent sum of ten francs a day. He was certain, he said, that Cerise would never play him such a shabby trick. And so it was arranged.

Spring came on slowly, with its subtle odors of growth and its sweet urge in sap and blood. Imperceptibly it worked with youth and touched the nerves with a divine, a restless longing to match the upward gestures of nature—the thin buds pricking through, the softly swelling grass, the hum of things invisible, the throaty gurgle of birds on the wing, the stir and sway of green water under the bridges, carrying from afar the prelude of apple blossoms. So it was in the city, where loss and pain, after the somber winter, ran like a dark thread through the misty greens and sunshine, marking only the pattern of human tragedy without disturbing the eternal scheme of life renewing. And so it was that David and Cerise wandered and lingered together silently, their hours of work and play weaving fine strands that bound them into one youth. Meanwhile, the great drama thickened through the flowering months, entangling grim armies in its crimson travail, searing and scorching the miracle of summer. And Henri, from No Man's Land, wrote of increasing needs and longings.

When these letters came to Cerise, they troubled her profoundly, waking, as they did, the little bird-heart which throbbed for the distant mate. How happy they could be if only he would come back! She was proud of him for fighting "*ces vilains boches*," and even, with a quick, shifting mood, looked at the all-unconscious David resentfully, as if he were to blame for Henri's exile, as if he, the gay, the generous American, had no business to be taking his ease while Henri suffered and fought. But David meant more than that good-natured companionship for which she craved, more than the answer to all the tremulous reaching-out of the season. David meant comforts for Henri. David meant that each week a fat, wonderful package filled with delicacies could be sent to gladden the *poilu*. David never asked questions, for perhaps to him the charming episode was no more than a blue flower in his buttonhole. And Henri! Well, Henri in his loneliness had transformed the real Cerise into a princess of fairy-tales and addressed her as such in his letters

so fantastically, so poetically that she could not find herself in his image of her.

The summer waned and set in a gilded glory of down-drifting leaves and deeper twilights and bluer shadows on the whimsical chimney-pots and on the dear old streets. The river flowed plum-colored under the bridges. Great-headed chrysanthemums glowed in the florists' windows. And there were more women who walked out with broken steps and blank faces framed in crape.

Cerise's little friends were doing their best to tide over bad times, though not many of them had her good fortune of steady work. Annette was posing for an English lady; Yvonne was in the hospital at last; Ninon was posing for Belewski with never an idea of any gain. Louise was stuffing rag dolls for a very fashionable society which was planning to send French toys over to America. And, finally, some of the academies opened, to the relief of all the models.

It was warm in David's studio, and often, in the late afternoon, a little circle would gather about his stove to chat on the small doings and gossip of the quarter. There was talk of the war, of course, while Cerise knitted a muffler for Henri, gloves for Henri, socks for Henri. But no one knew much about it—when it would end, how things would be. And the few men who strayed in discussed modern art as if there were nothing else of importance in the world. But if they did not openly sigh and swear and keep the red vision ever before them, there was not one of the number who was not quietly engaged in helping some one or in giving something to the cause of France. Occasionally, a comrade would come back on leave and hand himself over to the eager hospitality of his beloved little world. There he would sit by the fire in his faded uniform, puffing at one of David's pipes, as if there never had been anything so delicious. Between puffs, he would tell of his experiences until late into the night. Then Cerise's dark-blue eyes would widen and fill with a vague terror, and her heart would beat faster. The peaceful studio would melt away into a chill, gray land of death, against which her Henri stood out wounded and forlorn, turning his sad, reproachful face toward her.

Then David went away for a month, no one knew quite where, and Henri came back on leave. When she saw him, Cerise flew like a homing bird to his arms, and there was no question of anyone or anything else. That was Cerise.

He came back on a muddy, windy February day. Cerise was sitting in her tiny room putting a new ribbon on her hat, for spring was not so very far away. The next moment she was fiercely clasped to Henri's heart, the hat swept to the floor. But this was a new Henri—older, with tight, deep lines connecting nose and mouth, and strangely hungry eyes; a Henri of few words and fewer smiles, who sat in the little café where they went that first evening, and stared for a long while into space; a Henri who stroked her pale-gold hair as if the touch of it were soothing to some inner torment, and who murmured in a singsong voice: "*Ma chérie! Ma chérie!*"

Later on, Cerise tried to tell him about David, but he put a finger up to her thin red lips and said gently,

"*C'est bien—c'est bien, ma petite.*"

They wandered, arm in arm, through the too short days, up and down the boulevard, around the damp, sweet garden, along the Seine to Notre Dame, and back to where the comrades would draw them into some intimate corner of a studio or a café, and smoke and chat of things Henri seemed to have forgotten. There was, at times, a dreadful remoteness about him; at other times, a wildness which frightened Cerise, though it only made her cling the closer. This Henri wakened her soul. He gave her a sense of a kind of male immensity stronger than she had ever realized, neither lovable nor facile, but overwhelming. He roused her to fear, to pity. Through him, as a flower held up by a strong hand to a terrific storm, she quivered with the Thing he was so near, of which he was a part. She was shaken by those nameless winds, torn by the nameless din of battle that echoed in his



DRAWN BY HARRISON FIDLER.

One cannot exactly tell how such things come about, but presently David referred to Rosalie's ingratitude and suggested that Cerise pose for him for the munificent sum of ten francs a day. He was certain, he said, that Cerise would never play him such a shabby trick. And so it was arranged

unfamiliar speech. He offered her up to it, as he had offered his creative hopes and dreams.

The last night he was with her, he took her in his arms and held her by the shoulders, straight before him, looking long and gravely into her eyes and saying:

"Cerise, I love thee, little child. I do not know why I love thee, but in the long, cold nights, I feel thee like a flower lying on my heart."

"I love thee, too," she answered.

Then, very slowly, he said:

"Cerise, do not send me any more things. I cannot take them from you."

"Why not? I have earned the money honestly. Why not?"

"They come from too far away," he said, with a bitter little smile. "I no longer belong in the world where such things are earned—honestly. And you will love me more if you do not send them."

"But, Henri, it's all my joy. You would not deprive me of that. Say, my little Henri, what would you do without me?"

She begged and wept in vain; she stormed and wept again, protested, swore that she would send him those pack-

the comfort of providing for him that she loved him most. And more tragic than himself, even than her loneliness and longing, was the consciousness of all that he was suffering for France. The wound of France was Henri's wound, and her wound, too. From out of it came that love for which she had no name.

David, returning at last, found her in this mood. She did not answer his knock. When he entered the little room so cheerily, she did not turn her listless head.

"Well, little one, here I am back and wanting to get on with the picture," he announced.

Then she looked at him as he stood over her, in kindly amazement at her tumbled gold hair and tear-stained cheeks. He was bigger than Henri, wider of shoulder, and his young face was boyish, free of care, half tender, half mocking.

"*Petite amie*, what is it?" he asked, his hand on her head.

She sprang to her feet and faced him, her fists clenched, her blue eyes darkened to passion.

"What are you doing here—you?" she cried shrilly. "It's Henri I want—Henri I love! You are not of us. You do not understand. He suffers; he bleeds while you are here and do nothing—coward!" she shot at him.

He stepped back in honest bewilderment.

"But what is the matter with you? You are annoyed because I went away? I will tell you why some day very soon, and you will understand."

"I do not care why you went," she snapped. "Henri was with me—do you hear me? Henri! And now he has gone, and perhaps I shall never see him again." She began to sob forlornly.

"Ah, so that is it," said David softly. "Poor little one!"

At that, her passion mounted to a wilder pitch. Strands of long, pale hair clung to her wet cheeks. Her little face twisted in pain, her eyes like gentians soaked down by heavy rains, her shoulders straining upward, she backed away from him, though he made no move to touch her, and stood against the tiny window, outlined by the morning light.

"It was for Henri," she told him fiercely. "I posed for you because I could send him things he needed with the money you gave me. Never, never did I care for you. I—I hated you! You had all that Henri once had, and it was not fair."

"Poor little one!" said David again. "So you can love."

"And now he will take nothing more from me," she went on, her thin, childish voice raised to a wail. "What is there for me to do? *Mon Dieu—mon Dieu*, have I deserved it?"

"Listen, Cerise," said David quietly. "You want work, do you not?"

"What can I do now?" She hid her face in her hands.

"Listen, Cerise," he insisted steadily. "I am your friend. Come back with me and finish your work. It will not be for long. And then—there will be things changed. I

cannot tell you now, but you will not always have me with you. Come back for a while, my little comrade."

Her strength was spent. She let him come near to her, let him take her hands and draw them from her face, stroke back the wet strands of hair, dry her cheeks



Cerise lay in her shabby little room at the top of an old house on the Rue Bréda and read and reread those precious letters

ages, anyway, and that nothing counted in the world but that sweet duty to her *poilu*. He only shook his head without another word. And when she was exhausted, he left her with that same bitter little smile which held so much that Cerise could not read.

For a whole day after his going she stayed in her room and grieved. She had never thought to grieve so for a man. It was now that he had forbidden her



When he had gone, she sat and stared at the picture, and a dull feeling of sadness came over her

with his handkerchief. His arm went round her with a brotherly gesture.

"Come now; be brave," he said, with an edge of authority to his voice. "Your Henri will soon be here again, and meanwhile it is well to work. It may not always be so easy for you. Trust me, Cerise. *Allons!* The light is good this morning. Shall we go over to my studio?"

"If you wish," she answered languidly.

He sat staring out of the window while she made ready and, though her movements at first were mechanical, she omitted none of the small customary vanities, even to red-dening the thin lips, whose downward curve gave her the look of a disconsolate child. Her nose was prettily powdered, her hair smooth and silken under her jaunty hat, her coat smartly adjusted. Still David had not moved or spoken. He sat with rounded back, staring out at the sun on the old, wavering roof-lines, at the tips of a bare tree, at a strip of pale-blue sky.

Not a word from Henri, and the days were slipping by. The picture was nearly finished. David worked in tense concentration, as if his heart were on his brush and with each stroke went out. He was gentle, silent, at times morose. Cerise watched him at first suspiciously, then wistfully. She was very lonely. She had written Henri every day, and she was beginning to resent his silence. After all, why had he treated her so? Often, at night, she woke, crying out his name and weeping into the dark hours because he seemed so far away when she needed him. Once she went to the Red Cross and asked if they would give her work. But when they told her that she would have to pay for her uniform, pay for lessons, pay for any traveling-expenses that might come up, sadly she returned to her posing. Yet the wound of France kept bleeding deep in her perplexed little heart, and her love for Henri was not

less because, in her loneliness, she would have taken bits of tenderness from David.

For now the old, sweet urge of another spring was in the air, and the buds were swelling on the trees and youth stirred underground. It was she who suggested walking out in the evenings, tucking her hand in David's arm and looking up at him occasionally with a swift, shy smile. But when, one evening, standing in scented shadows outside the garden gates, David's grasp tightened on her arm and he bent over her as if to touch her lips, she drew away with a startled motion, heard him sigh, and half regretted. When they came out under the pale rays of a street-lamp, she glanced up and saw that his eyes were oddly shining and that his mouth was set in a stern line that reminded her of Henri. She nestled closer.

"You are very dear to me," he said, after a while. "I wonder—" But he would not tell her what he wondered.

The next day, he finished the picture. He seemed more light-hearted than he had been for a long time. He even sang as he washed his brushes. Then he went over to Cerise and put his hands on her shoulders, as Henri once had done, and held her straight before him. She looked up at him wonderingly.

"Thank you, little one," he said at last, and kissed her on the forehead. "Now I am going out for a bit. I shall have a surprise for you when I come back. Will you wait here for me? I shall not be long?"

When he had gone, she sat and stared at the picture, and a dull feeling of sadness came over her. She thought again of Henri. She did not know what was to become of her now? It was early afternoon. The studio window was open. There was a garden outside, and the fragrance of first budding drifted in, increasing her melancholy.

Then came a knock at the door. Some *copains*, no doubt, with their talk and laughter to intrude (Concluded on page 120)

The Prowler

By Harris Dickson

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

IF the war correspondents had dug somewhat deeper, they must surely have uncovered the woman. As it was, their despatches carried only the flaring head-lines: "Major Guilbert d'Étigny's Exploit in Macedonia," without suspecting a petticoat sensation at the bottom. Guilbert and I kept our mouths shut concerning Mademoiselle Sophie.

It all came back to Paris in that gorgeous spring of 1914. Guilbert was French, of course, and I American, but triflers both. And, as birds of a feather, we nested together in the Rue de Tilsitt.

The boy—he was nothing but a boy—frivole with everything except his rapier, which he loved and mastered. Thrice each week, at fencing school in the Rue Mogador, I saw the trifter toss aside his coat, roll up his sleeves, and take position. He smiled as he doubled his blade, let it swing straight again, and surrounded himself with a hissing wall of steel. Others sneered at Guilbert's accomplishment, but, when I watched him with the rapier, I knew there was manly mettle in the boy. He had served with the Foreign Legion in Algiers, and got into trouble as an attaché in Constantinople before returning to Paris, where the delight of his versatile irresponsibility held me week by week.

"Come, my dear Kirk; we shall dine at Père Buvat's, then go to the Folies-Dramatiques and see the new dancer."

Our dinner was absolute perfection, the theater crowded with pretty women, and Guilbert himself in gala spirits when he first set eyes upon the girl. Of course there had been other women who appealed to him as temporary adventures, but when Mademoiselle Sophie floated across the stage in a diaphanous cloud of *lingerie*, he sat bolt upright, and I knew that something had happened. She was really a marvelous creature, slight, sinuous, with full lips, heavy-lidded eyes, and the oval-faced suggestion of a Slav. But the girl was neither Russ nor Pole. Irresistibly she lured my thoughts farther and farther eastward, into the very heart of the languid Orient. I could only imagine such a face as hers behind some jealous casement, peering out upon the bazaars of Stamboul, or wearing a yashmak and guarded by eunuchs beside the gray sea-wall at Alexandria. Yet she spoke the purest French, and coquetted with the assurance of a born *Parisienne*.

The puzzle piqued me. I leaned forward and touched Guilbert's arm.

"What is she? Russ—Dalmatian—Levantine?"

Guilbert frowned petulantly and shook me off, as if I were some impertinent stranger. There he sat until the play ended, then left me at the door.

Night after night he came back to the theater, always sitting in the same box, and always alone. We rarely met, except by chance at our apartments.

This had been going on for about six weeks until, one morning, I heard such an unusual clatter in Guilbert's bedroom that I thrust my head through his doorway.

"Come in; come in, my friend!" he called. "I am clearing away the past and beginning the new life!"



I had never seen him so exultant, sitting propped in his bed, and giving orders to Philip, the incomparable valet. Philip emptied the *armoires* and the closets, tossing swords and boots and military equipment upon the floor.

"Is that all, Philip?"

"Yes, *monsieur*."

"Everything?"

"The last rag, *monsieur*."

"Now, Philip," Guilbert ordered him, "throw that stuff out of the window."

"But—Guilbert—" I protested.

He checked me with his most disarming smile.

"No, Kirk; I am done with army life. If we have a war, I shall go. It might prove amusing."

Philip staggered out with a wagon-load of uniforms, and for thrifty advancement bartered his master's military career to a second-hand dealer.

Then Guilbert sprang out of bed and embraced me.

"Kirk! Kirk! I shall marry Mademoiselle Sophie!"

"Marry her?"

Now they fronted each other, faces. For one tense moment, bewildered, while the girl grew



and together they lifted their
Guilbert seemed confused and
rigid and breathed very hard

"Yes; she becomes my
wife on the eighteenth."

"What! You will sac-
rifice—"

"Hush!" He lifted a hand so peremptorily that we spoke
no more of the girl.

Again we were strangers—for a week. That final morn-
ing, he strode in abruptly, wearing his lieutenant's uniform,
and held out a hand.

"*Au revoir*, my friend; I rejoin the legion in Algiers."

That was Guilbert's way of doing things—at once—and
Mademoiselle Sophie lay at the bottom of it.

The joy went out of Paris. I had crossed to New York
and was playing the finals in a golf championship when the
war-storm broke. Every time I teed up a ball and swatted
it with a driver, it struck me all the harder that a man
should be using his strength to better purpose. So I crated
a couple of cars, hurried to Belgium, and drove ambulances
instead of golf-balls.

For nearly two years I had gone swearing and splashing
through the bloody mire of Flanders, or dashing by night

across the cratered hills which encircle Verdun,
until I heard of Guilbert in Macedonia. That's
how, on that August morning, I happened to
go skidding northwest out of Saloniki, through
glittering sands along the valley of the Vardar.

From the lowlands, quaint little villages
lifted the slender, white grace of their min-
arets, while tinier hamlets, with roofs of
jeweled red, clung to the mountain-slopes.

After climbing red-hot hills, toiling among
the rubble of blasted aqueducts, waiting
half-way up an impossible ascent while my
car boiled over, and smelling the blistered
tires, I came to where the scorching trail
wound upward between two jagged peaks
that stood like gate-posts flanking the in-
ferno. Beyond lay the hell of slaughtered
Serbia, and through those gates came a
derelict so wretched that even hell had cast
him out.

He was a Serbian, staggering down the rocky
trail, with the tatters of a brilliant uniform hang-
ing about his skeleton. Stumbling toward me,
he neither glanced up nor answered when I spoke.

"Comrade! Comrade!" I hailed. It seemed
unnatural for two lone human beings to pass
without speaking in that sterile waste.

The Serb kept mumbling and muttering to
himself but had not seen me, although I was
near enough to touch his arm.

"Comrade!"

I shook him. Then he halted, gazing upon me
with deep-set, hopeless eyes in which I read all
the wickedness of war.

"Where are the French?" I inquired. He
only stared. "The French—*soldats français*.
Can't you understand?"

A slow flicker of comprehension crossed his face.
Then he straightened up, as if vaguely recalling that
he, too, once had been a soldier.

"Where are the French?"

He turned and pointed with a skinny finger; the
French were to my left.

"And the Turks—the enemy?"

Vaguely he indicated the opposite direction—to the
right. The Turks were there—which was all the informa-
tion I got.

I offered water from a thermos bottle. He emptied it.
My lunch he bolted ravenously, then went plodding his be-
wildered way without a nod or smile of thanks.

By mid-afternoon of the next day I had skirted the base
of a landmark hill to which some *poilus* directed me, and
from whose summit three craggy rocks overlooked a gol-
gotha of burning stone. Beyond this, my trail plunged into
a ravine, the outlet to which was barricaded by an avalanche
of boulders. An alert French sentinel stepped out from
somewhere, bringing my car and journey to a sudden halt.

"Yes," the sentry answered; "this is Major d'Étigny's
quarters."

The barricade of stone was neither an avalanche nor an
accident but the carefully protected dugout of an officer.
Heavy beams supported a mass of cemented boulders, and a
strongly constructed stairway led some twenty feet under-
ground.

At the foot of these steps stood an officer holding a map to
the light. He wore the tropical helmet and a dingy uniform
of horizon blue. I could not recognize d'Étigny, the im-
maculate Parisian, until my shadow darkened his doorway
and he glanced up. Neither would he have known me,
Lawson Kirkpatrick, in a flat British helmet, dust-covered
khaki, and goggles. Most solemnly I saluted.

"Major d'Étigny? American ambulance, sir. Directed
to report to you."

The familiar voice puzzled him, which amused me, and I

laughed. Then he dropped his map and came bounding up the stair with both hands outstretched.

"Hello, Kirk!"

Two spontaneous words swept aside the puny barriers of a dancing girl in Paris. He was the same old Guilbert, every whit as careless, irresponsible, and delightful.

"Come in, Kirk; come in! Now sit down and talk—talk your fool head off. For God's sake, *tell* me something!"

It was a fashionable dugout, as dugouts go. Guilbert possessed a narrow cot, a table, a box cupboard nailed against the wall, and a wash-stand spread with silver-mounted toilet-articles. The rest were maps and books. There we sat talking.

When the cool of evening came, we were still gossiping of the boulevards and our friends. Then Guilbert began brushing his uniform with the same fastidiousness as if he meant to stroll in the Bois. Dirt never stuck to anything that Guilbert wore; but his uniform had suffered from ravages of wind and sun and sand.

"Guilbert, what would you give for those beautiful new uniforms that Philip threw away?"

"Threw away?" Philip *sold* them. He plundered me like a valet, but died like a Frenchman at Hartmannsweilerkopf." Standing erect, d'Étigny saluted the memory of his heroic dead.

D'Étigny had grown slenderer and stronger, with every nerve and muscle turned to wire, and a face well bronzed by scorching suns. As he led the way from his dugout and moved among his men, it also bore in upon me that my frivolous friend had become a soldier—a keen-eyed commander, before whom officers and *poilus* stood rigidly at attention. Moslem hordes assailed his front; the position was of extreme importance, and d'Étigny made no concealment of his anxiety to hold it.

"Come, my dear Kirk; let us go to inspect the lines."

From our rear the ground sloped gently upward until we reached the crooked communication-trench which led directly to the front. Our advanced trenches followed the ridge, overlooking a valley which scarcely exceeded a mile in width. Through loopholes cunningly secreted, Guilbert pointed out a network of entanglements where the Turks were fortified on the gasping hillside beyond.

The earth and heavens were still. Nowhere did a moving creature show sign of life. Yet I knew that fierce black eyes were searching our lines from that seemingly deserted hillside.

"This sector is very quiet," Guilbert observed. "The Turks have learned their lesson, and have not fired across the valley for more than three weeks."

"Then you'd better look sharp for a surprise attack."

"Possibly; but we are ready."

As we approached a boyish sniper, he rose from his post and saluted the commander. He glanced at me, and Guilbert observed his lips twitch.

"My brave Hilaire—you desire something?"

"Permission to speak, sir."

"Be at ease."

The sniper leaned his rifle against a rock and turned to me, "Ah, Monsieur Lawson—my dear *monsieur*! It is I, Hilaire! Hilaire, who always keeps your rifle in order at Gastine's."

It seemed impossible that this hardened sniper in the Balkans should be my clumsy-fingered Hilaire, my loyal friend of the shooting-gallery in the Avenue d'Antin. I caught his hand.

"Ah, well met, Hilaire! We must sit down and talk together, you and I."

"Yes, yes"—he laughed gaily—"we must talk of the famous match in which you beat the Count Chauvigny. He boasted of himself as a fine shot, but I won eight good francs on the wager."

Guilbert nodded approvingly, then drew me on.

"Come, Kirk; but you shall return and visit with Hilaire. Hilaire is a brave soldier."

At such praise, the boy lifted his head very proudly.

"It is a promise, *monsieur*—a promise?"

"Yes; to-night," I assured him; then I followed Guilbert round an angle in the crooked trench.

After supper, Guilbert and I sat talking in front of his dugout beneath a fading moon, talking of the country and of its incomprehensible people. He had fought in Algiers, lived among the Turks in Stamboul, and sensed the devious convolutions of Oriental minds. As he spoke their language, he need not rely upon treacherous interpreters, but could himself question the prisoners who were taken and deserters who came slinking in by night. Many of these mongrels in the lower Balkans were of no definite race, and from time immemorial their land had groveled beneath its load of pagan superstitions. Not far away stood Mount Olympus, home of licentious and warring gods. The hills and caverns about us were the same hills and caverns which primitive imagination had peopled with grotesque monsters. In the half-light and the shadows, I, too, felt its weird influence. Intangible shapes seemed to go flickering along the hillsides, like frenzied processions of satyrs and bacchantes.

From time to time, I noticed Guilbert glancing over his shoulder, as if he, too, experienced the same creepy sensation. Presently he laughed and remarked:

"Queer superstitions get among our troops. Even a hard-headed fighter like Hilaire believes in a certain spy called El Sharr—the Bad. If some stray shot kills a sniper or a shell bursts upon our hidden battery, the *poilus* blame El Sharr—a will-o'-the-wisp, whom the Turks speak of as 'El Ghayib,' 'the Absent.'"

"The Absent?"

"Yes; because it seems impossible to catch him. Twice we had the fellow trapped, but when we closed in on him, he was gone. Turkish prisoners always smile at our efforts, and say, 'El Ghayib—he has vanished.'"

Guilbert's voice unconsciously dropped into a whisper; then both of us hushed as if, like the land, we were bound in a magic spell of silence. After a while, he rose and stretched himself.

"Well, Kirk, it's time to turn in. Your quarters are with me. Aren't you sleepy?"

"No; I'm wide-awake—staring wide-awake. I shall go out and visit with Hilaire."

"Very well; turn in when you like." Guilbert vanished down the black steps of his dugout and left me alone.

I wanted to be alone. I felt restless and uneasy, with a compelling desire to kick among certain suspicious shadows and make sure that El Sharr was not really lurking there. I could not have slept unless I were sure. No; it was only a bit of cast-off uniform, perhaps from a dead man. So I started slowly along the communication-trench, turned in at the front, and walked on until Hilaire stepped out from the pitchy blackness of his sniper's post.

"*Monsieur* has kept his word. He has come."

Hilaire immediately returned to his loophole, and pointed me to another where we could lie side by side and talk frankly, as became good friends and allies.

The night was clear but not brilliant. A formless and waning moon glimmered down upon the valley, where all things seemed so fixed and so immutable that no pebble could have stirred without attracting the eye. Two hundred yards away, angling off to our right, a boulder much larger than its fellows turned a clear, white face toward us.

"We must always keep an eye upon that rock," Hilaire remarked. "Turks creep behind it and rush our trenches."

We lay there talking of the old days in Paris, and the shooting-gallery, and whether America would enter the war—and perhaps it was a trick of the moonshine, but I fancied that something stirred in the shadows beyond the rock. A darker bit of something seemed to move very cautiously and stop.

Earlier that night, while chatting with Guilbert, I had felt nervous, and persisted in seeing things. Now I said nothing—only watched until the object seemed to creep a



She looked up, beautiful in spite of dirt and tears, with big black eyes which pleaded. "Oh, *monsieur*,
I beg you—for the love of Christ, *monsieur*, send me home!"

few yards nearer. Other mysteries of shadow wavered across the valley, but this particular patch of blackness moved always in the same direction, straight toward the big rock.

"Hilaire," I spoke carelessly, "does one's eye play pranks in this light?"

"Surely, *monsieur*; I am forever blinking at what is not there."

"But—look Hilaire—look to the right of the rock, by the breadth of your hand, some three hundred yards! Look well! Does anything move?"

The Prowler

We lay in utter silence until Hilaire gave a start. Just then, the shadow crawled again and came closer.

"Hilaire, Hilaire, did you see that?"

"Perhaps, *monsieur*—or perhaps it is a lie of the moon-shine. Yes; there he is!" Hilaire exclaimed, under his breath, and passed me the rifle. "*Monsieur*, you were the better shot in Paris."

I thrust my weapon through the loophole. Only a few yards more, and the creeping man, if such it really were, must cross a clear space in his path. There I should kill him. I waited coolly. Presently—there could be no mistake—the man was crawling across the clear space, plain as a fly crossing a table-cloth. I covered him accurately; my hand was never steadier. And yet something held me back; I could not pull the trigger. Something within protested against the killing. I felt a singular sense of kinship with this unknown marauder, and permitted him to pass the danger-spot.

"*Monsieur* did not fire." Hilaire grumbled a polite reproach.

"Wait until he comes nearer, and be sure."

"*Monsieur* could always strike a bull's-eye at twice the distance."

It was not because I feared to miss—the shot was easy—and I felt unaccountably foolish as Hilaire showed his disappointment. Suddenly I jerked myself into a crouching position and batted my eyes. The man was gone—utterly vanished. It was unbelievable.

"He's in a gully," Hilaire explained. "He must appear again—at the big rock."

Breathlessly we waited, and I felt the thumping of my heart, although it was not the first time I had watched for midnight prowlers in No Man's Land.

"See!" Hilaire touched my elbow. "Now he puts out a hand. Now he lifts his head. *Shoot!*"

Again I failed to fire. The man reappeared and sprang erect, with both arms lifted high, as if he were crucified against the rock. We could see him plainly—a sharp, brown figure silhouetted as against a wall of whitewash. He intended to be seen, then flattened himself on the ground and wriggled swiftly toward our trenches.

Hilaire's eyes glittered as he marked the prowler's course. He smiled and drew an ugly knife.

"*Comte, monsieur*; the two of us shall welcome our visitor and make less noise."

We moved stealthily along the trench, and crouched, listening as cats listen for the gnawing of a mouse. First, we heard a cautious rustling of stones as the fellow dragged his body across them. Then we saw a hand—it was a small hand—appear above our top. Hilaire's big fingers stole up to grasp it, and paused until the other hand showed. Together we caught both the fellow's wrists and jerked him over the top—a helpless heap in the bottom of our trench. It was prettily done, and Hilaire planted a knee upon his chest before he could struggle or cry out. But he made no attempt to do either.

"Search him, *monsieur*."

I ran through the Turk's clothes but found nothing.

"He is unarmed."

Hilaire raised our prisoner to his feet, holding both hands

above his head. Then I saw that he was a mere boy, a beardless stripling that either of us could have handled.

"Look carefully, *monsieur*; these devils possess no end of pockets."

His pockets were empty. Neither belt nor baggy trousers concealed a weapon.

"Make sure, *monsieur*; they hide knives in their breasts. Make sure."

Quickly I made sure, positively certain, then stepped back, shamed and astounded.

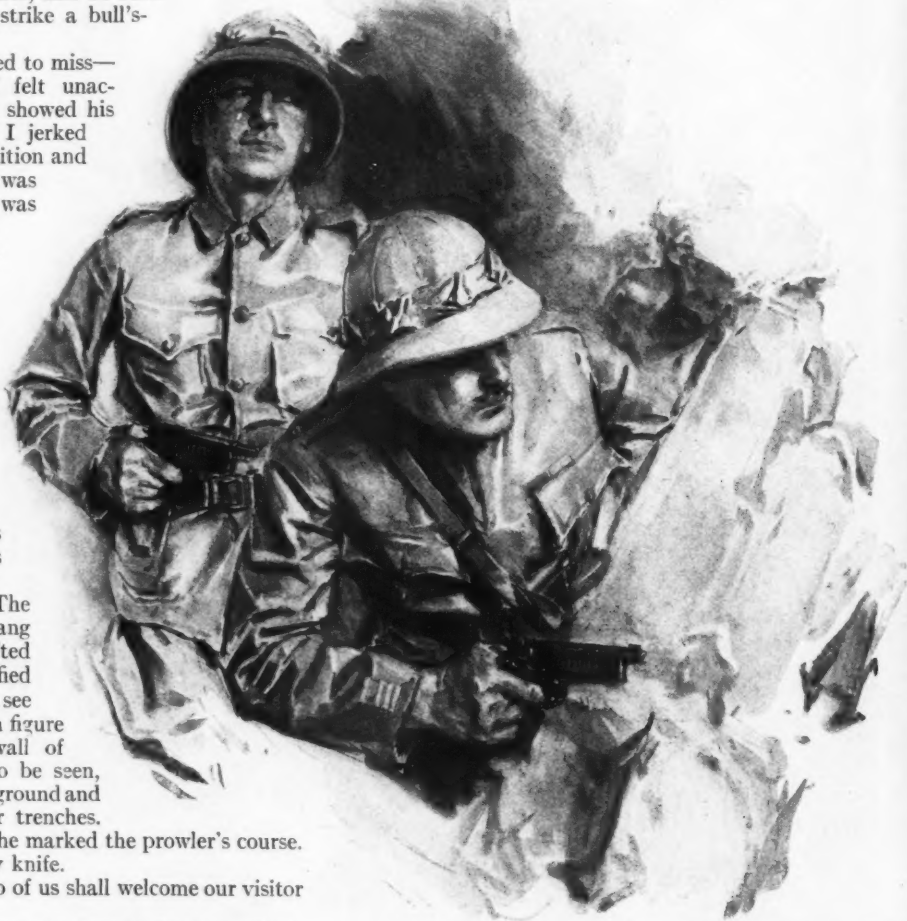
"Hilaire, it is a woman!"

"A woman?"

He loosed the girl's wrists, allowing her to drop in a huddle upon the stones.

"Sweet Mother of Christ, I thank you," she murmured, in perfect French.

"*Mademoiselle*," I begged, "a thousand pardons!"



Like some pagan priestess of maledictions, she stood arms uplifted, hurling anathema and reviling

"A Frenchwoman, by God!" Hilaire blurted out.

Both of us stared down with pity upon the girl, whose face we could not see. We had used her roughly, and her turban fell, leaving the long black hair to uncoil like a serpent in her lap. She swayed to and fro as a demented creature, sobbing hysterically.

"They held me captive, *monsieur*—they—oh, the horror, the horror of it! I saw French prisoners captured from your raiding parties. It is but a few steps across the valley, and I came to my own people."

I remembered with a shiver that it was she at whom my rifle had been pointed, with finger pressing upon the

trigger. Now I bent over her and spoke with all the pity of my soul.

"France will protect you, *mademoiselle*."

She looked up, beautiful in spite of dirt and tears, with big black eyes which pleaded.



frenziedly upright, with hair blowing in the wind and the Turks. "You beasts! You brutes!"

"Oh, *monsieur*, I beg you—for the love of Christ, *monsieur*, send me home!"

"Yes, yes; you shall go home. Now come with me."

As one well accustomed to such service, she extended her hand for assistance. When she rose and took my arm, the black hair draped about her in a *portiére* of night.

"Wait, wait, *monsieur*," Hilaire suggested. "It is better for *mademoiselle* to bind up her hair and wear the turban. Escort her with your pistol instead of your arm, so that our men will ask no questions. It is far better so, *monsieur*."

"A prisoner," I announced to the orderly at d'Étigny's quarters.

"Never fear, *monsieur*; we'll hold him safe enough with the other prisoners until morning."

The girl clenched her hands and appealed pitifully to me. With the others? Until morning? It was not to be thought of.

"No," I said quickly, and went groping down the dark stairway; "I shall wake your *commandant*."

It had always required heroic treatment to rouse Guilbert d'Étigny in Paris. Here I needed only to touch his arm and he sprang up.

"What is it, Kirk?"

"A prisoner."

"Go to the devil, and the guard. I'm sleepy."

"But, Guilbert," I whispered, "it is a girl—a French girl who has escaped from the Turks." "What!" He bounded to his feet. "A French girl held by those fiends. Where is she?"

"Waiting outside."

Guilbert started running up the steps, but I caught his arm.

"Stop! Our men do not suspect her for a woman.

It may be wiser—"

"Yes, yes."

I lighted the candle while Guilbert was dressing and while he spread a blanket over his bunk. Then he took his seat at the table and called,

"Guard, bring down the prisoner!"

I checked myself and permitted the guard to thrust our prisoner down the stair instead of extending a gallant hand.

The girl was clever and played the game. Perhaps from long captivity she had learned the Oriental virtue of submission. Now she stood with head bowed and arms at her side, waiting for what might happen.

The guard retired, and I took my position at the door, while Guilbert, for the first time, looked keenly at the prisoner. Except for my forewarning, he might have seen only a very young and slender Turk in dull-brown turban, and baggy trousers, a reddish girdle round his waist. But no turban could hide the graceful poise of her head, and no baggy uniform conceal the shapeliness of her figure. Instinctively, Guilbert rose, removed his cap, and offered a chair.

"*Mademoiselle*, I pray you be seated. We are French, and there is nothing to fear."

They were standing quite near together, but she held her head away, as if ashamed to appear before her own countrymen in a man's attire.

However, at the courtesy of Guilbert's tone, she began turning toward him, and I felt the tingle of something

that was about to happen.

Guilbert stood half bowing over the chair that he had offered. The girl turned slowly, very slowly, toward him. A single candle flickered upon the table, but her face had not yet come within its light. Now they fronted each other, and together they lifted their faces. For one tense moment, Guilbert seemed confused and bewildered, while the girl grew rigid and breathed very hard. She stood stiff and straight, then utterly relaxed. In pulsing bosom and hips and figure, I was conscious not of a captured Turk but of the palpitating and throbbing woman.

"*Mademoiselle*, be seated." Guilbert repeated the words mechanically, unaware of what he said and gazing directly into her eyes—those big, shining black eyes. Suddenly he turned white and staggered back a pace. The girl took

one impulsive step toward him and stretched forth her hand.

"Oh, Guilbert, Guilbert, it is you!"

"Sophie!"

I stood and stared, speechless as the wooden post against which I leaned.

What she hoped for I do not know, but Guilbert allowed her proffered hand to tremble and fall without touching it. She steadied herself, then wavered and sank into a chair.

"Sophie, how came you here?"

In sobbing fragments, she told her story.

"Dancing in Belgrade—the war broke—caught in a whirl of refugees—retreating through Montenegro—starving, cold, half naked—escaped from the Austrians. Then the Turks, the frightful Turks—the trenches—and the terror—"

The muscles tightened in Guilbert's arms while wrath gathered in his face. Then his expression softened, and he laid a hand upon her shoulder.

"My poor, poor Sophie!"

Neither of them noticed me as I stumbled backward up the stair and went to sit beside a cairn of stone some fifty yards away. God—how I pitied Guilbert! And pitied the woman as she cowered in that wretched dugout, confessing her degradation to the man who once had loved her.

They must have talked for an hour before Guilbert appeared in the doorway with armful of blankets, tossing them upon the ground.

"Oh, Kirk!" he called. "We shall sleep outside." Then he turned and let fall the curtain that hung from the beam above his door.

Asking no questions, I spread my pallet at the base of the cairn and laid down. Guilbert seated himself, watching a chink of light that flickered beneath the curtain at his doorway. Presently the chink went dark.

At daylight, Guilbert and I had our breakfast together.

"Kirk," he said hesitantly, "our prisoner possesses valuable information, and we are going to the observation-hill. I prefer that you accompany us."

The faint dawn overspread Macedonia. *Poilus* who sat about on the rocks, scraping the last morsel from their mess-kits, observed nothing more than a Turkish prisoner being escorted toward the rear, marching between a French major and an American ambulance-driver.

Behind the observation-hill, Guilbert paused and warned us.

"Keep your heads down and go as I go. It is very dangerous."

Mademoiselle Sophie followed him up the hill, and I came after, walking when Guilbert walked, dodging as he dodged from boulder to boulder, or crawling flat upon my face. The girl went writhing forward like a snake, with her cheeks brushing the hot stones. Just below the summit, Guilbert rose and waited behind a rock until we joined him.

"Don't show yourselves," he urged us. "The Turks watch this hill. Keep behind the stones and follow me."

One by one, we squeezed between the boulders until we reached a crevice through which we could peer upon the rocky terrane that lay spread before us. At our feet ran the French communication-trenches, our own front lines, entanglements, and the gentle valley across which *mademoiselle* had escaped. Somewhat beyond, on the slant of the farther hill, we saw the Turkish wires and the zigzag gashes of their trench. *Mademoiselle* crouched at Guilbert's side, pointing out positions in the Turkish rear, and

indicating the various troop-movements that were being carried on.

To fix the locations clearly in mind, Guilbert spread a map upon his knee.

"But," he insisted, "their batteries are here—and here—and here—"

"No; no," she corrected. "They are there—and there—and there."

"Are you very sure?"

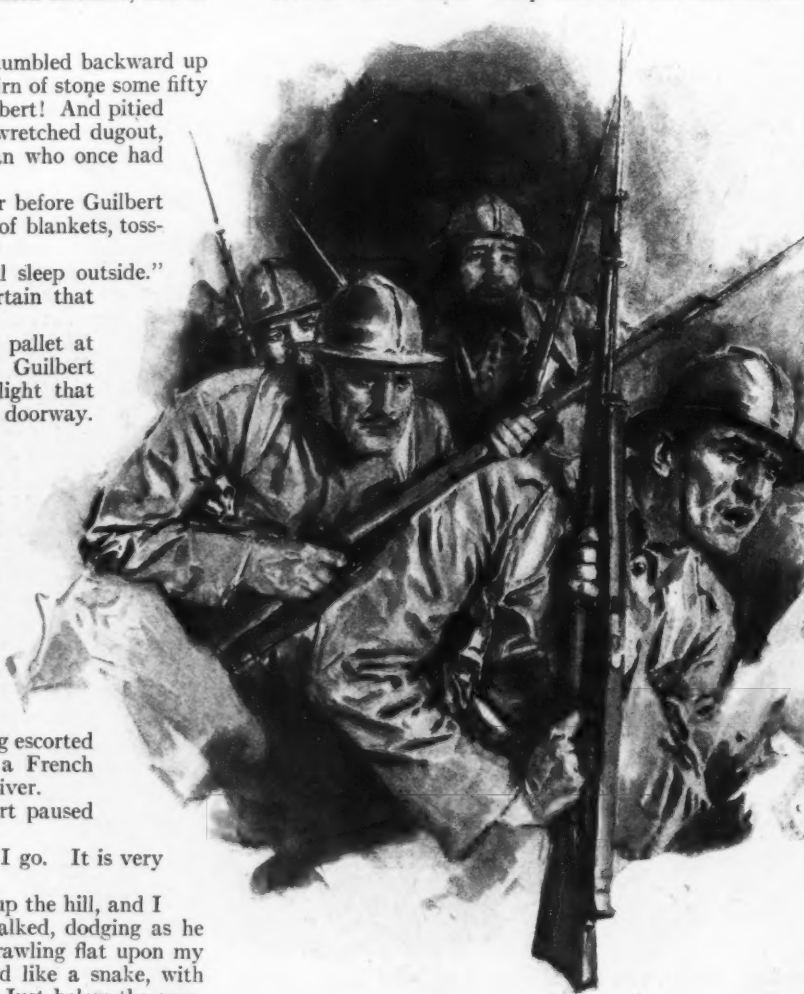
"Positive. These old emplacements are mere dummies, left to deceive. New ones are built at these points where I show you."

"This would alter our plan of defense."

"I do not understand its military significance," she answered; "but I do know that these Turkish guns have been removed."

"So they plan to attack us from another quarter."

"Not for three weeks. They wait until the next moon."



"No, Sophie; you *must* be mistaken."

"Guilbert, it is impossible for me to be mistaken. I have seen with my own eyes. And—and—the man who knows—he told me."

"Told you what?"

"That there would be no attack until the next moon."

"Who is he? A ranking officer?"

"Yes." Her eyes dropped; then she lifted them again and met his bravely. "Guilbert, I discovered this from—from the man who knows."

The girl's voice quivered with shame. Both of us understood, and Guilbert spared her feelings. She moved apart,

and sat with averted face while Guilbert sketched the new locations upon his map.

"Kirk," he whispered, "her information is of tremendous importance. Our batteries must be advanced at this point, if the opposing artillery has been withdrawn, and—"

He became thoroughly engrossed in noting down the altered dispositions of the enemy, while I bent over his shoulder.

"*Mademoiselle*," he said presently, without looking back, "*mademoiselle*, you have rendered your country a service; the republic will be grateful. And—" He rose, turned, and his face went utterly blank. "*Mademoiselle Sophie! Where is she?*"

One moment before, the girl had been sitting behind us, within arm's reach. Now she was gone. We stood dumfounded, staring at each other.

"She has started back alone," d'Étigny suggested. "Sophie does not realize her peril, wearing a Turkish uniform within our lines. Hurry; we shall overtake her."

Together we squeezed between the boulders and dodged

round exposed corners until we gained a view of the path. *Mademoiselle* knew only one path, and had not taken that.

"Kirk, we must find her quickly, *quickly*. A woman is in danger anywhere."

But where should we find her in all that labyrinth of chaos? No human being was in sight. Suddenly we heard something.

"What's that? What's that?" I exclaimed. It sounded like a scuffle among the rocks, yet nobody except ourselves should have been upon the hill.

"Listen!" D'Étigny tossed his head like a stag, for we heard it again—a clatter of stones and a stamping of feet. Sophie's voice burst out, upraised in furious imprecations.

"You brutes! You beasts!" Again the scuffle and the stamping.

D'Étigny snatched his automatic and ran shouting,

"I come, Sophie; I come!"

Holding my weapon ready, I leaped behind him. He had no thought of caution, but darted across open spaces, exposed to fire from the Turkish lines, seeking the voice of Sophie.

"You beasts! You beasts!" The screams were closer now, immediately to our left.

Elbow to elbow, d'Étigny and I rushed round the big rock

and came upon *mademoiselle*. At the very crest,

where the enemy could see her, *Mademoiselle*

Sophie had torn off her turban and was

trampling it in the dirt. Like some pagan

priestess of maledictions, she stood frenziedly upright, with

hair blowing in the wind and arms up-

lifted, hurling anathema and reviling the

Turks.

"You beasts! You brutes!"

Guilbert sprang forward and caught her by the arm.

"Come back, Sophie; come back!"

The woman seemed to have gone hysterically mad, and could not

comprehend; she lifted her free arm and shouted

defiance as we dragged her safely into shelter.

"Sophie, have you lost your wits? You'll be

killed!"

She wheeled upon him like a fury, with face

flushed and bosom heaving.

"Killed, *monsieur*—killed? What have I to lose?"

"We must leave at once," he said very

gently; "they know we are here, and may be-

gin shelling."

This excited woman, with long hair falling below her waist, could not go among our men. So I ran out (Continued on page 110)



"Steady, my lads; steady!" Guilbert laughed as his bayonet scintillated, and his teeth gleamed



WHEN OUR MEN

By Elinor Glyn

REALIZE it at once, my sisters! The war is a hideous tragedy—a frightful monster which is eating our happiness, which is claiming all that we hold most dear. The cruel pain of it all should purify our souls and help us to see more clearly the meaning of things, and where we have been, and where we are going—we, as women.

For us, as a sex, a new era has been born. We have, at last, in some measure been given freedom. The bondage imposed upon Woman by Man's superior physical force is broken, possibly forever.

For eons of time it has kept her in the background, and forced her to use cunning or an appeal to the senses as the only means of obtaining what she desired from Man, who possessed all power through his greater strength.

Woman has been obliged to evolve ways which Man has half contemptuously characterized as "feminine."

She had no choice; the male lord of creation ruled, and could only be placated by cajolements, cunning, and flattery. He was aware always that he was the master, and could club his mate back into obedience whenever she became too importunate. The only things he could not control in her were her affection and her power to give himself joy. Therefore, when her character was strong enough to accord or withhold pleasure, Man knelt before her and gave power into her hands.

This was the rough, far-away, primitive beginning of the relation between Man and Woman.

Will the women of America find a change abroad? They will have learned some- and England, which, each in its own way, established at home. Moreover, the stances of martial life tend to free the primi- from the repression imposed by civilizing possesses a brilliant intellect, which she soul, declares that "no thoughtful per- France, England, and America can ever relations of the sexes in the new era she Our readers may not be willing to follow but, at all events, she gives them some-



COME HOME

Decoration by W.T. Benda

in their men when they return from thing of the position of Woman in France is very different from that which has been brutal business of warfare and the circumtutive instincts and impulses of the male education and culture. Mrs. Glyn, who uses to probe unsparingly into the human son can imagine that the homes of again be what they have been." Upon the records here some remarkable speculations. her to the extreme of her conclusions, thing of mighty interest to think about.

It is all quite glorious that we have emerged; but there is one thing which we must none of us ever forget, and that is that we are given our new freedom because we seem to have made good in this awful moment, that we are being allowed it because we have shown that we are worthy of it. But it must be remembered at the same time that this freedom has been accorded and permitted, *not conquered and*

won, and that Man still possesses brute force, which can club us back again into bondage if we irritate him too greatly by overarrogance in our demands.

War is a powerful stimulant to all male qualities. The returning soldier is not likely to be a meek creature in any country, and no thoughtful person can imagine that the homes of France, England, or America can ever again be what they have been. A totally new point of view will have become natural, both to returning husband and emancipated wife, and the situation will have to be faced with common sense.

From every class, girls have flocked to their country's call, and are now steadily working, often at uncongenial tasks, either by strenuous exercise of brain or exhausting manual labor. Their free time has grown to be considered their own. Almost every pre-war restriction as to the intermingling of the sexes has been swept away. An entirely new order of things, socially, morally, and economically, has come into being.

It is possible that the war will cause a different alteration in America to that which may take place in England or (Continued on page 114)



W.T. Benda

April Folly

By Cynthia Stockley

Author of "Blue Aloes," "The Leopard," etc.

Photographic Illustrations by Lejaren A. Hiller

LADY DIANA SANDILANDS, daughter of Lord Roscannon, travels with April Poole in the same compartment of the boat-train to Southampton, whence they are to sail for Cape Town. Lady Diana is going to make a visit—a flight from uncongenial home surroundings—while April is to be a governess at the Cape. The two girls discuss their respective positions, and finally Diana proposes, in order that she may have freedom to enjoy herself, that she and April exchange identities for the voyage. To this, April somewhat hesitatingly agrees—and she realizes her mistake in a short time, because Diana's conduct is so reckless and unconventional that she is soon the talk of the ship. She is dubbed the "April fool" by her fellow passengers, and the real April begins to tremble for her good name and reputation. She meanwhile becomes greatly interested in a Major Sarle, the owner of a large ranch in Rhodesia, while Diana settles down to exclusive association with a Captain Bellew. One night, shortly before reaching Cape Town, Mrs. Stanislaw, one of the passengers, when asking for an autograph, tells April (thinking her, of course, to be Lady Diana) that she has discovered that the "April fool" is to be governess to the children of one of her intimate friends, and also that Captain Bellew is a married man.

PART II

APRIL closed the book and handed it back without writing anything.

"If that is true, I really do not see what it has to do with you—or me," she said coldly.

"Oh, I know it is true!" said Mrs. Stanislaw, airily ignoring the rest of April's remark. "I had it from a lady who is traveling second-class because she has a bevy of children. She knows Mrs. Bellew quite well, and, curiously enough, is a friend also of Cora Janis, who wrote to her some time ago, asking her to look out for Miss Poole on the voyage. Naturally, Cora thought her governess would also be traveling second." Mrs. Stanislaw smiled dryly. "She little knows our April fool."

The girl's fascinated eyes watched the line of her smile. It was like a thin, curved knife, all the crueler for being artificially reddened.

"Why should you have such a down on her?"

The older woman's hard, handsome eyes took an expression of surprise.

"A down on her?" You are mistaken. I am only sorry that a girl should so cheapen herself and her sex generally."

April could have shaken her, but it seemed wiser to try and propitiate her instead. Her own career, as well as Diana's reputation, was at stake.

"After all, she has harmed no one but herself, Mrs.

Stanislaw. As for Captain Bellew, I dare say he told her long ago about his being married."

"If you think that, you think worse of her than I do," said Mrs. Stanislaw acidly, "and I could hardly suppose that."

"I do not think badly of her at all" retorted April indignantly. "She is only a girl, and if she

has been misled—well, it seems to me that the situation calls for a little human charity instead of condemnation."

"Of course," said the soft-voiced one.

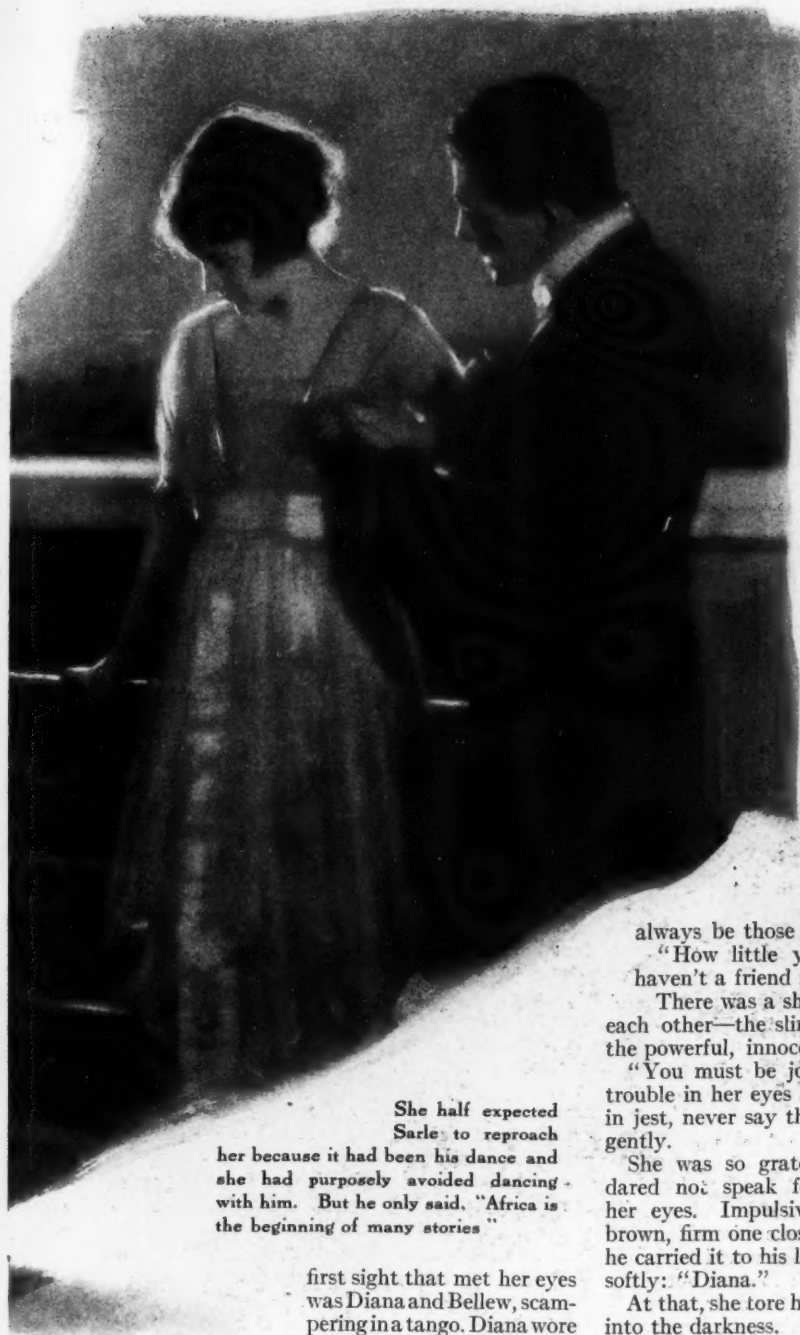
"I quite agree. Far be it from me to condemn. One has, however, certain duties to one's friends."

April saw clearly what she meant, and that it was as useless to try to divert her from her intention as to argue with an octopus. The very fact that she knew Mrs.



Janis would probably put an extinguisher on her career as a governess. Her impersonation of Lady Diana was bound to come out, and if Mrs. Janis was cut on the same pattern as her friend, she would be truly outraged by such an impertinence in a mere governess. There was little to do but keep a tight lip and hope for the best. For the moment, indeed, her troubles were swamped by a flood of pity for Diana. She felt sure that Diana was in love with Bellew, and feared that he had not told her the truth. On the other hand, he might honorably have done so, and Diana, being the reckless scatterbrain she was, still chose to dally on the primrose path of danger. It was hard to know what to do.

On the main-deck, dancing was in full swing, and the



She half expected Sarle to reproach her because it had been his dance and she had purposely avoided dancing with him. But he only said, "Africa is the beginning of many stories."

first sight that met her eyes was Diana and Bellew, scampering in a tango. Diana wore a satin gown of a curious blue that gleamed and shone

like the blue light of sulphurous flames, and, as she danced, she trilled a little French song that was often on her lips:

"*Tout le monde
Au salon,
On y tan-gue, on y tan-gue.
Tout le monde
Au salon,
On y tan-gue, tout en rang.*"

It was a parody on an old South-of-France *chanson*, and everyone was singing it in Paris that year. Someone far down the deck who had evidently read the original in Alphonse Daudet's "*Lettres de Mon Moulin*" took up the refrain:

"*Sur le pont,
D'Avignon,
On y dan-se, on y dan-se.
Sur le pont
D'Avignon
On y dan-se, tout en rond.*"

Small use trying to stop her and speak serious things to her in that mad frolic. April herself was whirled into the pool of music and movement, and did not emerge until the band, at a late hour, struck up the national anthem. By special dispensation of the captain, dancing had been prolonged, because it was the last ball of the voyage. The next two nights were to be respectively devoted to a bridge-drive and a grand farewell concert. However, only a score or so of the most ardent dancers were left on deck when the final note of music sounded and the lights went out with a click. Figures became wraithlike in the moonlight, and April gave a sigh as her partner's arm fell from her waist and they drew up by the ship's rail, where Vereker Sarle stood watching them and smoking.

"And that's the end of the story," said she, laughing a little ruefully. Her partner went away to get her a cold drink, and she half expected Sarle to reproach her because it had been his dance and she had purposely avoided dancing with him. But he only said,

"Africa is the beginning of many stories."

She shivered a little, though the night was warm.

"I am beginning to be afraid of her—this Africa of yours."

"No need for *you* to be afraid anywhere," he smiled. "There will

always be those who will stand between you and fear."

"How little you know!" she said abruptly. "I haven't a friend in the world."

There was a short silence, and they looked straight at each other—the slim, tall girl in her diaphanous tulle; the powerful, innocent-eyed man.

"You must be joking—" he began. Then he saw the trouble in her eyes and her quivering mouth. "But, even in jest, never say that while I am in the world," he added gently.

She was so grateful for the chivalrous words that she dared not speak for fear the tears should rush out of her eyes. Impulsively she put out her hand, and his brown, firm one closed on it and held it very close. Then he carried it to his lips. She heard him say one word very softly: "Diana."

At that, she tore her hand from his and sped away swiftly into the darkness. Once in her cabin, she locked the door, turned out the lights, and flung herself on to the bed. For a long time she lay there, a crumpled heap of tulle and misery, weeping because life was a cruel brute who kept her gifts for the rich and well-born or the old and indifferent, mockingly withholding from those who were young and eager and could better appreciate them.

"What is the use of youth and good looks when one is poor and lonely?" she sobbed. "They only mock one. It is like having a Paris hat put on your head while your feet are bare and bleeding and your stomach is empty."

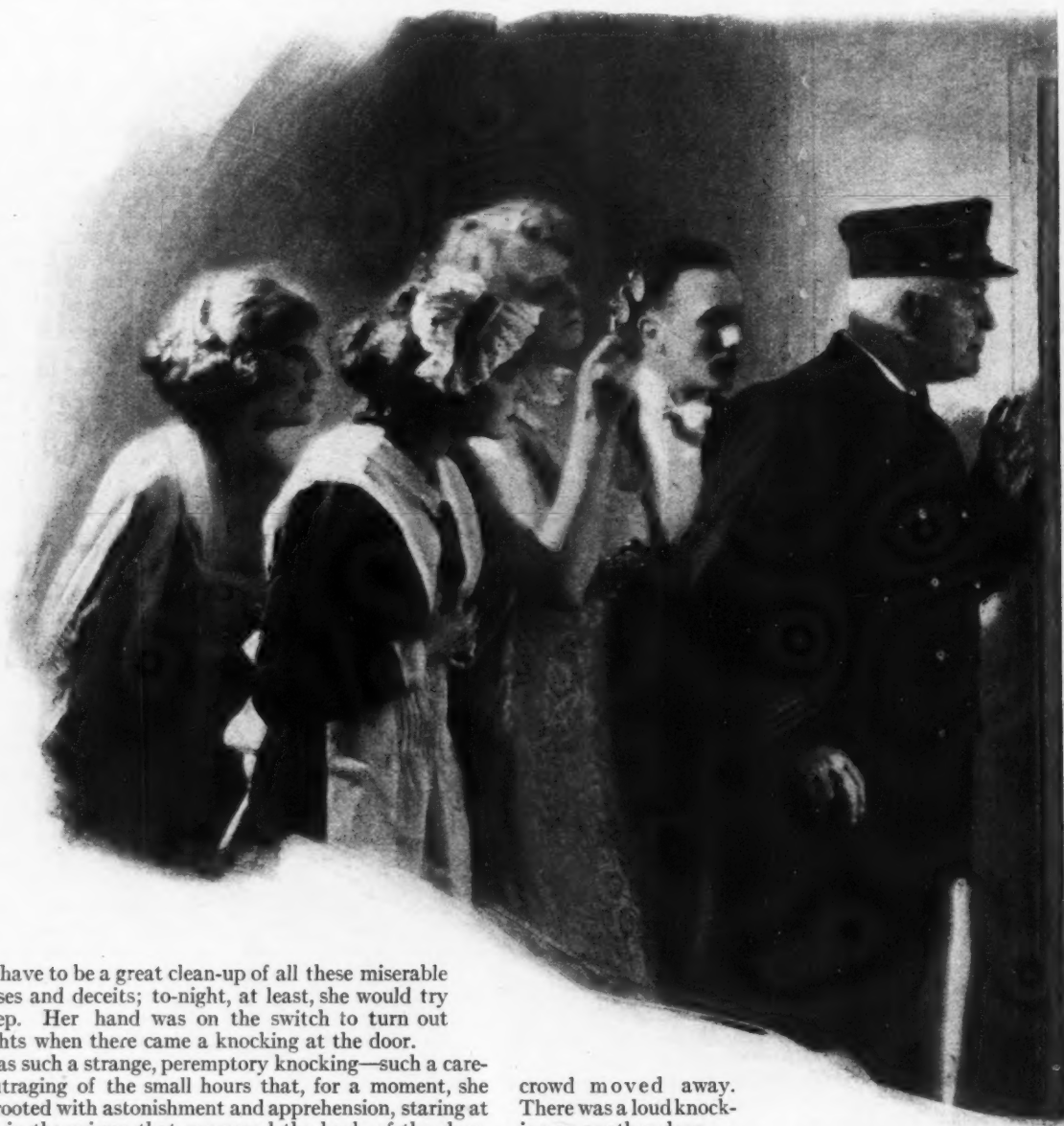
She wished she had never begun this miserable game of Diana Sandilands', never tasted the power of rank and place, the joy of jewels and pretty clothes. She wished she had never left England, never seen Vereker Sarle, and, above all, she wished she were dead.

It was about two in the morning before she had finished wishing and sobbing. Youth began to reassert itself then, and she thought of what a sight she would be in the morning

with tangled hair and swollen eyes, and languidly at last she rose. The tulle dress was ruined, but little she recked. Rather she felt a fierce satisfaction in the thought that it was done for and Diana could never wear it. That wretched Diana! But when her flushed face was bathed and her hair brushed out, she thought more kindly of Diana, remembering that she, too, was in trouble. Well, to-morrow there

"Don't be alarmed, my dear Lady Diana," he said, in his tender Irish voice, from which all sternness had vanished. "It is only that we are looking for Miss Poole, and we thought that possibly she might be in here with you."

Miss Poole! The girl's face stiffened and blanched. She put out a hand to support herself against the dressing-table. The captain signed to a stewardess, and the little



would have to be a great clean-up of all these miserable pretenses and deceptions; to-night, at least, she would try to sleep. Her hand was on the switch to turn out the lights when there came a knocking at the door.

It was such a strange, peremptory knocking—such a careless outraging of the small hours that, for a moment, she stood rooted with astonishment and apprehension, staring at herself in the mirror that composed the back of the door.

"Who is it?" she stammered at last.

"The captain," said a stern voice, and in the glass she saw her cheeks and lips become pale. What on earth could be wrong? Was the ship on fire or wrecked? Had their last hour come? "I am sorry to bother you, but will you please open the door for a moment?"

By a great effort she composed herself and did as she was bid. A little group of people with strained faces and staring eyes presented themselves behind the captain. She recognized several men, the stewardesses, and Mrs. Stanislaw; while in the shadows beyond them was whispering and much shuffling. The whole ship seemed to be afoot. Captain Carey gave one swift look round the cabin; then his eyes rested on her startled face, and he patted her arm gently and reassuringly.

crowd moved away. There was a loud knocking on another door.

"Why are they searching?"

The stewardess patted her arm, even as the captain had done, but, being a simple woman, she spoke simply and without waste of words.

"There is a fear that she is not on the ship."

"Not on the ship!" whispered April. "But where else could she be? What other place—"

Then she understood. There was no other place. Her knees trembled, and the stewardess supported her to the sofa. She sat down with chattering teeth, smitten by a great and bitter cold. Diana—the sea! Warm, merry, gay Diana in the cold sea!

"I don't believe it. It can't be true!"

"Mrs. Stanislaw had reason to think that she intended to commit suicide to-night; and when she did not come to

bed by two o'clock, she thought it her duty to inform the captain, who is, of course, bound to search the ship."

"It can't be true! I don't believe it!" repeated April mechanically, but all the time her heart was in terror, remembering Diana's pale looks and the news she had heard to-night of Bellew's marriage. Had he told Diana, then, and was this the result? All at once, it became impossible



A little group of people with strained faces and staring eyes presented themselves behind the captain

to sit still any longer. She must know the truth. She jumped up, searched feverishly for a cloak to put on, and, pulling the stewardess with her, hurried on deck. But after a few steps they came to a standstill, for the crowd following the captain had suddenly and curiously broken up and separated before the door of one of the deck-cabins. Men and women who, a moment before, had been clustering and whispering agitatedly together were now hurrying apart, apparently intent on reaching their own cabins in the quickest time possible. For one horrible moment April thought it was some tragic discovery that was scattering them; but a moment later she realized that tragedy had gone from the air. The deck was flooded with electric light, and people's faces could plainly be seen. Many

expressions were written there, but none of pity or sorrow. The men, for the most part, looked embarrassed; the women's expressions varied from frozen *hauteur* to scornful rage. They behaved like people who had been bitterly wronged by some lying tale. The one predominating emotion shared by all seemed to be an intense desire to escape from the scene. In less than two minutes not a soul was left on the deck save the dazed and astounded April. She remained wondering what on earth it was all about, why, without visible reason, the search had come to such a sudden end, and what could be the meaning of the phrase Mrs. Stanislaw had flung at her as she passed:

"The April fool has surpassed herself!"

A sickening apprehension crept over the girl. That Diana was not overboard seemed certain; but what new folly had she committed? As if in answer to the gloomy query, the lights were once more switched out, and a strange, vapory grayness took possession of the ship. It was that still, small hour when the yellowing east adds pallor to the night without dispersing its darkness.

Then two things happened. The door of that cabin before which the crowd had so mysteriously disintegrated opened very softly, and through the aperture stole forth a woman's figure. For a swift moment the light from within rested on yellow hair and gleaming blue satin; then the door closed, and the figure became part of the stealing dimness which was neither night nor morning. But April, who stood in its path, had seen and recognized.

"Diana!" she cried.

The other girl stood stock still. Her face showed ghostly in the grayness. She peered at April, clutching at her arm and whispering,

"For God's sake, take me to your cabin!"

They crept down the deck like a pair of thieves, hardly breathing till they were behind the locked door. Without looking at her, April knew that there was trouble to meet. She remembered the faces of the other women, and the instinct to protect a fellow creature against the mob rose in her.

"Tell me what it is. I'll help you fight it out."

But Diana had flung herself down with a defiant air on the sofa.

"Don't you know? Weren't you one of the hounds on my track?" she demanded, in a high-pitched whisper.

April looked at her steadily.

"The whole thing is an absolute mystery to me. I know nothing, except that first you were missing and then, apparently, they found you."

"Yes; in Geoffrey Bellew's cabin."

The April fool had indeed surpassed herself! April blenched, but she took the blow standing. After all, she had been as great a fool as the girl sitting there, for she, too, had handed over her good name into the 'careless hands of another, had sold her reputation for a song—a song that had lasted seventeen days, but seemed now in the act of becoming a dirge.

"Do you mind telling me what happened, so that I know exactly where we stand and what there is to be done?"

Diana laughed.

"There is nothing to be done." April forgave her the laugh, because it was not composed of merriment or any elements of joyousness. "I went to Geoffrey's cabin, because we had things to talk over, and it seemed the only place where we could get away from prying eyes. Somehow, I stayed on and on, not realizing it was so late—and then—and then"—she began to stammer; defiance left her—"then that awful knocking—those faces staring in—all those brutes of women!" She covered her eyes with her hands and broke down utterly. "My God, I am done for!"

April thought so, too. It seemed to her they were both done for, but there was not much help in saying so. Diana's confession horrified her, and she saw that her own future at the Cape was knocked as flat as a house of cards that is demolished by the wayward hand of a child.

Yet, at the moment, her principal feeling was one of compassion for the girl on the sofa, who alternately laughed and covered her eyes, and now, with a pitiful attempt at bravado, was attempting to light a cigarette with hands that shook like aspen leaves.

"I suppose it was that cat Stanislaw who started the search for me."

"It appears that she got into a panic when you did not return to your cabin, and went and told the captain she feared you were overboard."

"The she fiend! Much she cared if I was at the bottom of the sea! She had pried out where I was, and that was her crafty way of advertising it to the whole ship."

"I believe you are right," said April slowly, "though it is hard to understand how anyone could do anything so studiously cruel."

"Cruel! She is a fiend, I tell you!" cried Diana. "One of those women who have nothing left in their natures but hatred for those who are still young and pretty. I realized long ago that she would ruin my reputation if she could, but I did not give her credit for so much cleverness."

"Well, at any rate, she is not so clever as she thinks," said April dryly. "For she hasn't ruined your reputation, after all—only mine."

Diana started; terror came into her eyes.

"My God, April! You don't mean to give me away?"

April knew very well what she meant to do. She had tasted of "the triumph and the roses and the wine," and the bill had been presented. Even though it left her bankrupt and disgraced, she was going to honor that bill; but she could not resist finding out what point of view was held by Diana as to similar obligations.

"You think, then, it is my name that should be left with the smirch on it?" she asked dispassionately.

Diana grew crimson and then very pale.

"The scandal—" she stammered. "My people—you don't know what it would mean to have such a story attached to me."

"It would be better to have it attached to me, of course," April agreed, with an irony that was entirely wasted on Diana.

"You see that, don't you?" she said eagerly. "After all, nobody knows your name, and it will soon be forgotten. But mine—"

April could only smile. She saw that pity was entirely wasted here. Diana was eminently able to look after herself when it came to the matter of self-preservation.

"And it will only be for another couple of days. After that, we shall never see Mrs. Stanislaw or any of this rotten crew of women again."

"You are an optimist," was April's only comment.

"After all, it is I who will have to bear the brunt of their insolence to-morrow, whatever name I go under," complained Diana.

"I'm afraid I cannot give you my face as well as my name to help you to bear it," said April dryly. Unexpectedly the retort pierced, for Diana suddenly burst into tears.

"I know you think me a beast. But I really *am* thinking more of my father than of myself. He is terribly proud. It would break his heart to hear this story of my being found in a man's cabin. Oh, how I could have done such an awful thing! You think I don't care, but I tell you I could simply die of shame."

April was softened.

"Don't cry, Diana, and don't worry any further. Of course, your name shall never come out. That is quite settled. Come now, and let me help you into bed. You had far better stay here than face that tigress Stanislaw in her den."

Nevertheless, when she had safely tucked the still weeping and collapsed Diana into her berth, she thought it advisable to make an excursion herself to the den of the tigress, ostensibly to fetch Diana's night-things, in reality to let

her know where Diana was spending the night, and that the girl had one woman friend at least to stand by her. Even as she expected, Mrs. Stanislaw was awake and lying in wait, ready to spring. It must have been a disagreeable surprise to see April instead of the victim. The former's manner was all suavity.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but I have come for Miss Poole's things. She is not at all well, and I have persuaded her to spend the night with me." Tranquilly she began to collect night-wear, slippers, hair- and tooth-brushes. The tigress, being thoroughly taken aback, could do nothing for the moment but breathe heavily and glare. April, with the wisdom of the serpent, made haste to escape before the feline creature had regained the use of claw and fang.

But there were worse things to face in the morning. Even though Diana postponed the evil hour by pretending she was ill and having her breakfast in bed, she could not stay in the cabin forever. Once the first days of seasickness are over, there is a rule against people stopping in their berths all day except under doctor's orders, and the stewardesses are very rigid in enforcing this. Besides, the captain and first officer inspect cabins between ten and eleven A. M., and Diana had no particular yearning to see them again just then.

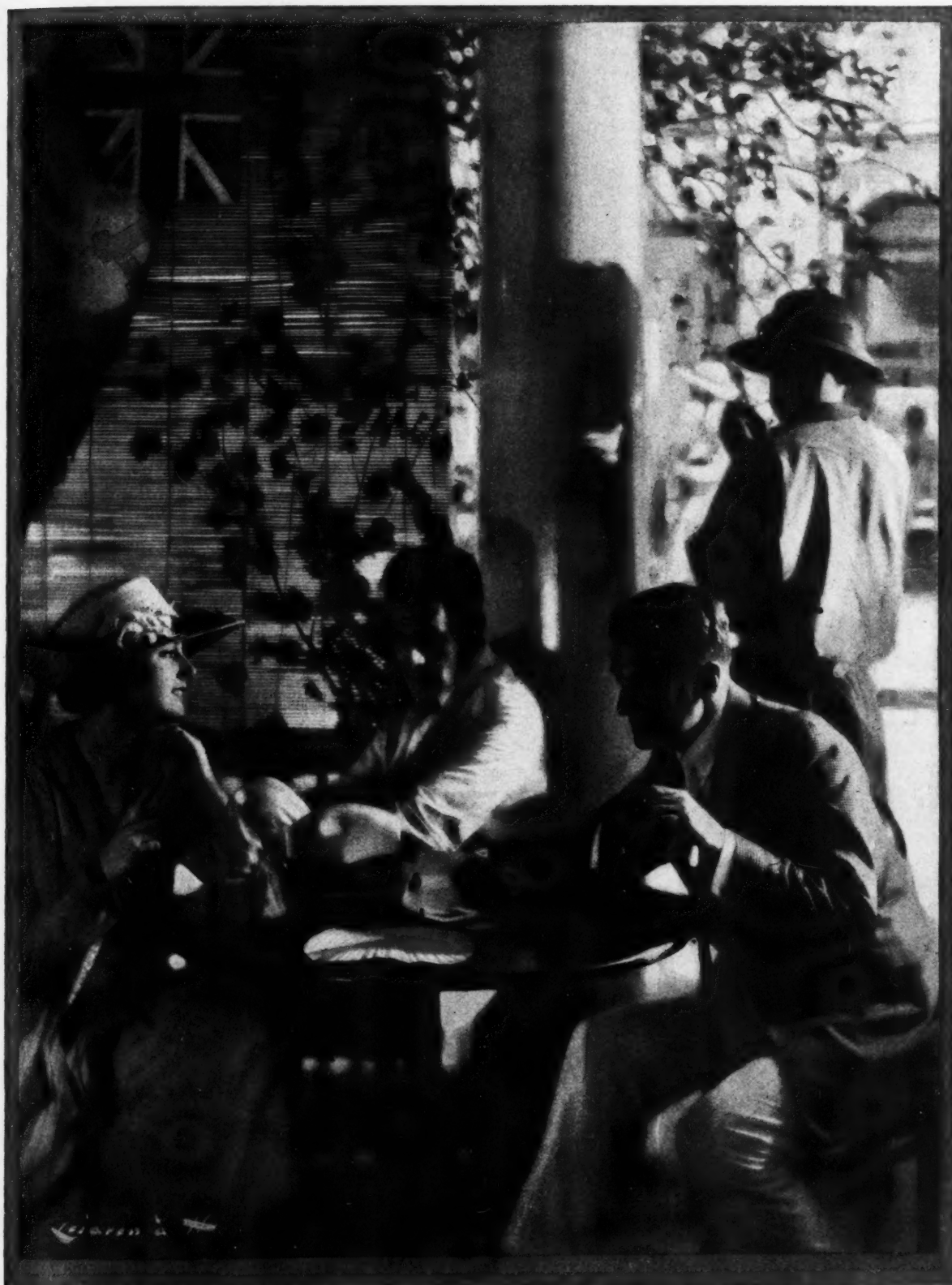
April went down to breakfast as usual, outwardly composed but with an eye secretly alert to spy out the land. It did not take her long to discover that all the women were in arms, with their stabbing knives ready for action. Mrs. Stanislaw had evidently not been idle, and the name of "Lady Diana" was already bracketed with that of the "April fool." To send her entirely to Coventry was rather too drastic treatment for an earl's daughter, but many a cold glance came her way.

"Birds of a feather nest together," was one of the tart observations that fell upon her ears as she passed a group of women who only yesterday were fawning upon her. Plainly, it was considered a fresh outrage upon womanhood that she should have given the protection of her name and cabin to the heroine of last night's scandal.

She did not mind very much. With a clear conscience on this count at least, she was able to meet their displeasure imperturbably. But she could not help feeling sorry for the real Diana.

That unfortunate creature, on venturing forth to her own cabin, was met by the sight of Mrs. Stanislaw dragging all her possessions into the corridor. It appeared that, even for the two remaining days at sea, the tigress could not lie down with the black sheep. A sweet and sympathetic soul who also lived down the same alley and had the same horror of contaminating influences had therefore offered to take her in. The picturesque incident was being witnessed and silently approved by women in the neighboring cabins, who, curiously enough, all happened to be busy packing with their doors wide open, so as not to miss anything.

It must be remembered that most of these people had been persistently flouted, even insulted, by Diana during the voyage. Some of them, matrons with daughters of their own, were really shocked by the "bad example" her behavior had established. So it was perhaps not to be wondered at that a sort of combined sniff of holiness and self-righteousness went up to heaven when the culprit came barging down the passage, nose in air and a defiant flush upon her cheek. Stumbling over the trunks and piles of clothes which littered the place, she managed to gain her room and close the door behind her with a resounding bang, to show how little she cared about any of them. But it was immediately reopened by Mrs. Stanislaw, come to fetch more of her things and not averse to taking as long as possible over the business. By continually going backward and forward for small armfuls of articles, and always leaving the door open, she managed to deprive Diana of all privacy. The latter bore with it for as long as her patience lasted, which was about five minutes.



PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATION BY LEZAREN A. MILLER

She had her back to the wall and resolved to die fighting rather than make an ignominious surrender before the man she loved. Sarle looked from one to the other contentedly. For once, his far-seeing veld eyes played him false. "I am glad you two are friends," he said

Then she flung out of the room, hoping to find refuge elsewhere. But wherever she went it was the same. In the writing-room, everyone bent suddenly over their blotting-pads, and the balmy morning air took on an arctic chill. Music and conversation faded away when she sauntered into the music-saloon. On deck, even the sailors looked at her curiously. The story of her indiscretion had penetrated to every corner of the vessel. The miserable girl fetched a book from the library and tried to hide herself behind it, seated in her deck-chair. She soon had that side of the ship to herself.

Later, it was discovered that a lady with whom she was engaged to play off a final in deck-quoits had "scratched." The same thing happened with regard to the bridge-drive. The girl who was cast as her opponent in the opening round publicly withdrew her name from the competition. There it was, up on the games' notice-board—a girl's name with a big black pencil-mark drawn through it. All who ran might read, and a good many did run to read. Clearly, the April fool had become the object of the most unanimous tabu ever set in motion on a ship. Her name was mud. Even the men did not rally to her aid, though she had been popular enough with them before. There are few men who will not crumple up before a phalanx of women with daggers in their hands and feathers in their hair—even as the big-game hunter thinks it no shame to flee before a horde of singing ants. The only two who behaved with natural decency were Bellew and Sarle. The latter appeared utterly unconscious of anything unusual when he came and sat down by the two girls. There might have been a little more deference in his manner to Diana—that was all. As for Bellew, he had not been trained in the diplomatic service for nothing. He possessed to a marked

degree the consummate *sang-froid* that is a natural attribute of aides-de-camp. Nothing could have been more cool than his manner when he joined the group and suggested a game of quoits. The whole world of the ship had its ears cocked to listen to these two, and was watching them acutely, with eyes that gazed at the horizon. If only Diana could have comported herself in a rational manner, the situation might at least have been decently salvaged, if not carried with triumph. But she had lost her nerve. Intrepid throughout the voyage in committing every possible folly, now, when a little real courage was needed, she crumpled. The fierce white light of public disapproval withered her. It was pitiful to see the way she went to pieces, to hear her hysterical laughter and foolish remarks.

"For goodness' sake, have the courage of your sins! Show some blood!" was the rebuke April longed to administer, together with a sound shaking. But anger was futile, rebuke out of the question. The only wise thing was to retreat in as good order as possible to the cabin of which Diana now enjoyed sole possession, and there reconsider the position.

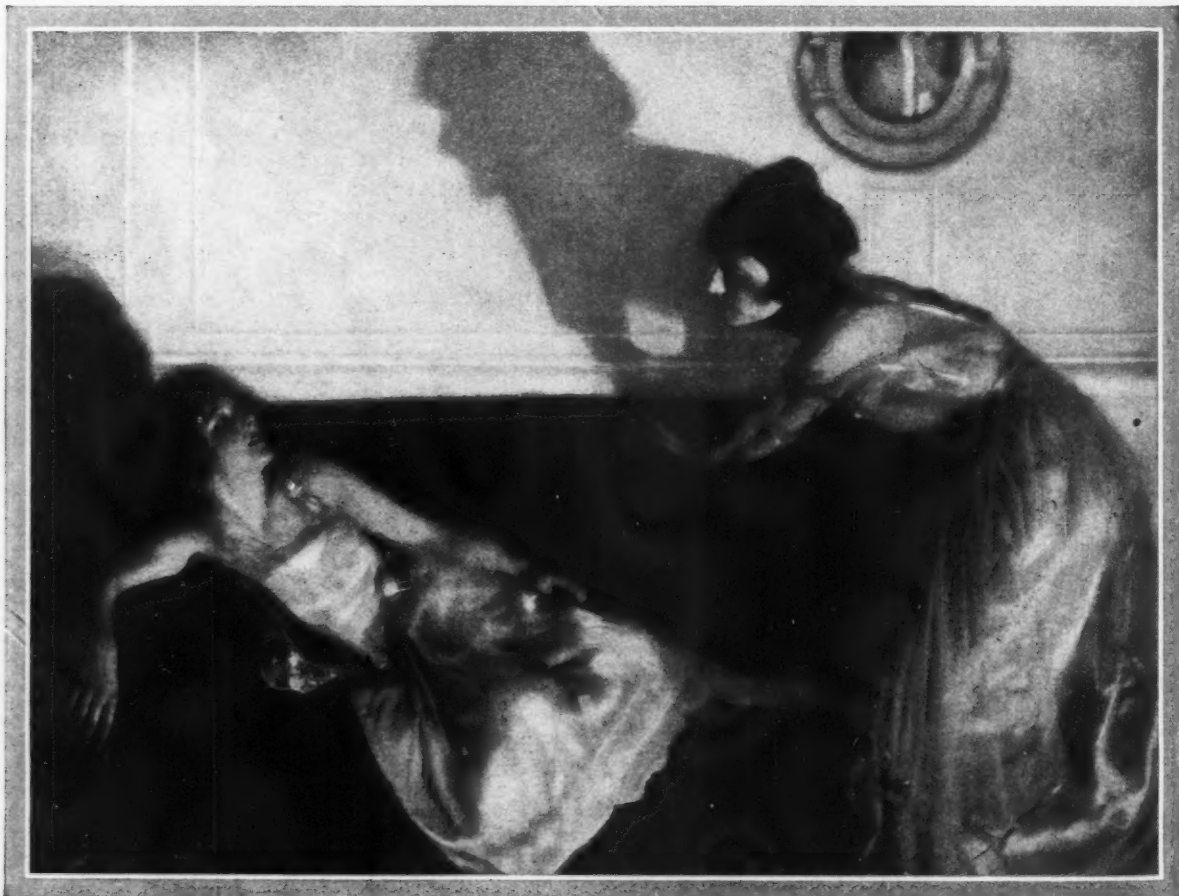
"I can't bear it!" she whimpered desperately. "I can't stand another two days of it! I tell you I shall go mad!"

"Nonsense!" April responded, with a cheerfulness that found no echo in her heart. "You must take a pull on yourself, Diana. As you said last night, you owe these women nothing and will probably never see them again."

But Diana's lay had changed tune.

"Oh, won't I? I feel they will haunt me all my days. What is that couplet:

"He who hath a thousand friends hath not a friend to spare.
But he who hath an enemy shall meet him everywhere."



"Do you mind telling me what happened, so that I know exactly where we stand and what there is to be done?"



It took a long time for April's stricken mind to absorb the meaning of it all

"A man said to me yesterday that what is done on the voyage to the Cape is known at Cairo within a week if it is sufficiently scandalous." She wept.

"A blue lookout for me!" thought her listener, dismally imagining the name of April Poole flashing from one end of the great continent to another. Not only at the Cape would she be debarred from earning her living. This impression was confirmed by some of the remarks women made to her later in the day. They were all quite willing to be friendly as long as she was not in the company of the black sheep.

"She might just as well take ship back to England," one said. "No one will employ her as a governess after this. The story will be all over Cape Town within an hour of our arrival."

"You can't live these things down in Africa," said another. "Of course, she might get a job up-country, where people are not particular, and only want a kind of servant to look after their children."

It was no use April's protesting against the cruelty of condemning a girl forever because of one indiscretion. Her listeners only looked at her suspiciously. One old Englishwoman, who had lived many years in South Africa, put the case more cynically than kindly.

"Girls who earn their living are not allowed the luxury of indiscretions. If it had been *you*, now——"

"Do you mean that I should have been forgiven by reason of my position?"

"My dear," was the dry reply, "it is the same old snobbish world wherever you go. What constitutes a crime in one strata of society is only eccentricity in another."

April communicated the gist of this worldly wisdom to Diana, half hoping that it might give the latter courage to disclose herself and perhaps clear them both of any worse indictment than upon the count of foolishness. But it was a futile hope, and nothing came of it except more tears and another wild appeal not to be "given away." All sense of justice had left Diana, or been swamped by the newly born fear for her family's honor.

Thus the miserable day wore to its close. A steward, no doubt heavily subsidized, spent most of the afternoon carrying notes backward and forward between Diana and Bellew. April stayed in her cabin as much as possible, and, for the rest, was careful to be always near other people, so that Sarle would find no opportunity of giving expression to the things to be seen in his eyes. It was a precarious joy to read those sweet things; but she dared not let him utter them. For when the *débâcle* came at Cape Town, he must have nothing to regret. The moment they were quit of the ship and its scandal, she would be relieved of her promise to Diana and able to tell him the truth. If he had spoken no word of love to her before then, he would be free as air to go his way without speaking one; while she just slipped away and disappeared, to be seen of him no more. But if he chose not to go his ways? If, when he had heard all, he still wished to stay? Ah, what a sweet, perilous thought was that! She dared not dwell on it, and yet if she banished it utterly from her mind, all the thrill went out of life, and every throb of the engine bringing them nearer land seemed a beat of her heart soon to be silenced forever.

Evening came at last. An evening of dinner-parties and best frocks, with an early commencement of the bridge-drive afterward. Sarle, several days before, had arranged to have a special small table for four with a special dinner, asking April to be his hostess and choose the other two guests. She, with an instinct that they would be left out in the cold by everyone else, had chosen Diana and Bellew. Now, at the last moment, Diana shirked the ordeal, and from behind her locked door announced in muffled tones that she had a headache and was going to bed. So April sent a message to Sarle, giving him the chance of filling the gap if he so wished. When she went down, she found him waiting for her with Bellew and Dick Nichols, the old poker-playing, battle-scarred warrior of the smoking-room, whose acquaintance she was delighted to make. He was a little bit shy at first at sitting down, in his worn though spotless white-duck slacks, opposite the (Continued on page 121)

"EVEN as Ziff was telling me, and I was groping round in the dark for my trousers, I thought of the Forbidden Valley as the best place to hide in until the captain of the Susan B. Cushing had given up all hope of finding me and had squared his vessel for the open sea.

"At the same time, nobody had ever returned from the Forbidden Valley, and it had a dark name. Only the fear of death and of being eaten after death, or the fear of being put back into the forecandle of a whaler could screw a man's courage up to the pitch of visiting the place.

"I didn't tell Ziff where I was going. His first impulse had been to warn me of my danger; his second might very well be to betray me, for the sake of the reward which Captain Coffin had offered.

"And I didn't tell the girl who, ever since I came ashore, had been taking care of me. All day, the blows of Aola's tapa-mallet had sounded musically in the palm grove before our hut, and after supper she had curled up like a tired kitten and fallen into a dreamless, soundless sleep. I had a look at her, though, before I stepped out into the perfumed night, and a lovely creature she was by the glimmer of the struck match—a black-haired maiden of a deep honey-color, touched here and there with vermillion. Where her eyes would find them when she waked at dawn, I placed the half of my matches, all my money (nearly two dollars in copper and silver—an island fortune), and my ditty-bag, with its needles, thread, thimble, and much grooved lump of beeswax.

"And then such an anguish of impending and perhaps final separation went aching through me that I nearly waked her. But, though she returned my kiss and her eyes may have half opened for a moment, she did not actually waken. And I had shaken hands with Ziff and thanked him, and was alone, hurrying through a grove of coco-palms, whose hairy stems were white in the light of the great tropic stars.

"Narrow ridges, evenly spaced like the spokes of a wheel, rose with a sharp inclination from the forest levels near the sea, and were as green buttresses to the towering black peak of the island's one (and unclimbed) volcano. By these ridges, the island was divided into five triangular valleys, three of which supported as many tribes of loafing, water-delighting Polynesians. Of the remaining two, one, having a soil inhospitable to the breadfruit tree (that combined butcher shop, grocery store, and dairy of the South Seas), was consequently uninhabited, and the other, of course, was that which they called the 'Forbidden Valley.'

"Tradition had it that, at various times, persons, aggregating some dozens in number, had, for one reason or another, taken refuge in the Forbidden Valley. But tradition could not recall that any of them had ever returned to the safe and unmysterious places of the island. It was, in short, a good valley to talk about and to avoid.



"I could see the outlying hut in which I had lived with Aola, and breast and grieved at my departure, or if she went, with

"Dawn found me astride of one of the ridges, half-way to the old volcanic cone, and I might very well have descended into the valley adjoining the one from which I had climbed during the night, and supported myself in idleness until the departure of the Susan B. Cushing with her bullying captain, but the mystery of the Forbidden Valley drew me as a magnet draws an iron filing. I could not understand how it could be a place from which there was no possibility of return. And, not understanding, I was not more than half afraid. A normal man does not believe in death until he is forty. I was twenty-two.

"Seated astride of the narrowed ridge, I could see, far off and far below, the smoke of the settlement from which I had fled, and beyond, floating like a duck upon the still waters of the harbor, the dark hull and the heavy spars of the Susan B. Cushing. But she looked no bigger than the boats which you make with your knife for a child. And I was glad I had brought the field-glasses. Swung from my shoulder by a leather strap, they had been a swinging, bumping nuisance during the hard climb, but now, focused and bringing closer those things of which I had so lately been a part, they were a pleasure and a comfort. On the ship and in the village no one was yet astir, but I could see the outlying hut in which I had lived with Aola, and if she had come to the door, I could have seen if she beat

An Immortal

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by George Gibbs



if she had come to the door, I could have seen if she beat her water-delighting cheerfulness, about the business of the day"

her breast and grieved at my departure, or if she went, with water-delighting cheerfulness, about the business of the day.

"But the sun was growing hot, and though I wished very much to see her honey-colored face once more, I rose, swung the glasses over my shoulder, and went on.

"Aola might have admired my appearance, but, to the civilized eye, I must have seemed a figure of fun. The top of my head, thrust through the split midrib of a large breadfruit leaf, was exposed to the sun, but the flapping, scalloped edges of the leaf itself shaded my eyes and the top knobs of my spine from the dangerous rays. Below the waist, I had an old and tarry pair of canvas trousers, and, upon sockless feet, a pair of light canvas shoes. Above the waist, save for the field-glasses, I had nothing but a fine coat of tropic tan, embellished in front by a boldly colored eagle perched upon a striped shield. Now in one hand and now in the other, I carried a mottled red-cotton cloth handkerchief that contained matches in a bit of oilskin, a little prepared breadfruit, tobacco, and an old pipe. I had in my trousers' pockets a clasp-knife, a cheap watch, and a largish pearl of good orient.

"I came to the end of the ridge, some thousands of feet above sea-level, and began to pick my way along the crumbling and precipitous sides of the volcano toward the beginning of the next ridge, much as a fly might crawl, over the

curve of the hub, from one spoke of a wheel to another.

"In this way, but not until late afternoon of the second day, I came to the third ridge and had my first look into the Forbidden Valley. But, save that it was narrower all the way to the sea and had steeper sides, it was almost disappointingly like the other valleys into which I had looked from their boundary-ridges. It was but a long and narrow trough of undulating, bright-colored greer, from which there rose a sound of falling waters.

"Water that oozed from a thousand cracks in the dark volcanic cliffs joined forces here and there and became a hundred tiny falls; and these, in turn, half a thousand feet below, became three heavy falls, from whose bold and long plunge

downward rose a rainbowed mist and a roaring. A thousand feet below—though, because of sagging tree-tops, I could not see this from my present aerie—these three strong streams became one and dropped a sheer three hundred feet more into a gorge wet as a rain-storm and cold as an ice-box, and then, brown and sharply muscled like an athlete, rushed off slantwise toward the lower levels of the valley.

"The line of my descent skirted this fine and typical generation of an island river, and, even to a whaler accustomed to the jerking heights of a ship's upper courses, presented considerable difficulties and anxieties, and once, a stone coming loose under my hand, I slipped down a sharp and rotten slope and was saved from going over a precipice by the slender stem of a tree. And once I had to risk my leg-bones in a sheer drop of fifteen feet. But the last fifty feet of the cliff was a tangle of strong vines, and among these I was as safe as in the rigging of the Susan B. Cushing.

"I followed the river until night, and, after eating half my remaining food, pulled a mass of leaves to lie on and to cover me, and damply slept till daylight.

"Then followed a fight, which lasted for many miles, against enemy masses of hickory, tough and sometimes thorn-armed bushes, and it was high noon before I had won through to a fine stretch of tropic forest almost free from undergrowth. My trousers were in ribbons; my coat of tropic tan was torn and scratched, and I was tired nearly to death. And, to make matters worse, I could not, in that land of plenty, find anything to eat.

"Then, quite suddenly, I found that I was crossing a narrow but well-beaten trail. In which direction I had

better follow it was, of course, guesswork, and, after a brief hesitation, I turned to the right.

"The forest became more open, the undergrowth more floriferous; the change of landscape was from mystery and sullenness to charm and gaiety. Tired and hungry as I was, I carried a heart which became continually lighter, and then, suddenly, the path ended in a wide, hard beach of yellow sand, which surrounded a miracle of sky-colored water.

"It was a fountain rather than a pool, for, owing to subterranean springs, the center was raised like the boss of a shield, down whose sides the up-shot water flowed with a serene bubbling. And, indeed, all the waters of this fountain—it was perhaps a hundred feet across—were in a state of gentle unrest. They sparkled like charged waters; they were as if eternally renewed and revived. But the place had no outlet.

"The circle of firm sand was nowhere broken save by the luscious shadows of trees that were heavy with white and red and yellow fruit, and by the shadows of other trees gorgeous with flowers.

"And such flowers and such fruit! In a brief survey, I saw no traces of imperfection, of withering or decay. It was as if I had arrived at an hour chosen by nature herself to exhibit her resources.

"When I stripped and went into the water, I was a man nearly broken with fatigue, smarting from a hundred scratches and aching from falls and strains. A little later, when I came out and sat in the sunlight, slowly drying and slowly munching strange and nectareous fruits, I realized suddenly that I no longer seemed to have a care in the world.

"A little back from the fountain I found, aimlessly wandering, a little hidden place of soft, warm sand, dry and almost as fine to the touch as linen. And there, at the coming of darkness, I lay down for the night, and fell asleep to the lilt of waters and the scent of flowers."

The speaker paused and dug his toes gloomily into the sand. With every least motion, the muscles rippled like water under his fine brown skin. And I thought, not for the first time, that I had never seen a Hercules to compare with him, or any man so bubbling over with vitality. I should like to have had him trained and matched against Jeffries in the latter's palmy days. But, of course, the notion that this preposterous young giant had come to the island in a whaler was pure buncombe.

"The old Susan B. Cushing," I said, "is laid up alongside a wharf in New Bedford. I had occasion to go all over her a year ago. I was planning a story about whaling." Then I played what I considered to be an ace. "Her last voyage," I said sweetly, "was in 1876."

To my horror, almost, the Hercules showed no surprise.

"The Centennial year," he agreed; "that's right. She touched here. I saw her. But I came out in 'Seventy."

"My dear fellow," I said, "that is forty-six years ago!"

"I was twenty-two," he said; "that would make me sixty-eight, wouldn't it? God! What a lot of years!"

He made this extraordinary statement with no more effort than if he had told me that Wang Lo, the copra merchant, lived in the last house but one on the main street of the village.

"You don't look a day over twenty-two at this moment," I said severely.

"Well, friend," he said quietly, "I don't know how old you are, but you are too old to jump at conclusions. Ask any of the old men how long I've been here, and how long I've looked the way I look now."

"If it doesn't make you angry to have me doubt you," I said, "I'll do that. I'll ask that man yonder, just beaching his canoe."

"But that is not an old man."

"You may have bribed all the old men," I laughed, "to bear you out. That man is middle-aged, by his paunch and the set of his shoulders and what he says will be gospel."

I shouted to the man, and he came up from the beach with pleasant alacrity and good nature. He was a splendid specimen of islander, a little too well covered with blubber, like all fine swimmers, but graceful and smooth-moving.

"Thank you for coming," I said. "I have a question to ask you. How long have you known my friend here?"

"Why," said the man, in curiously good English, "ever since I can remember."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" I said. "It's an outrageous conspiracy."

To make matters worse, the newcomer added,

"He's my father."

If that was true, the father looked about half the age of the son.

"Is that all?" asked the son. "Because I have taken some fish, and the sun is hot."

He bowed gravely and went back to his canoe. I expressed no further doubts, and Hercules resumed his narrative.

"Laughter, shouting, and splashing waked me. It sounded like children at play. But I looked out between the leaves and saw that there were no children. That was the pity of it—the fountain is too strong for children. It kills children. There was one old man, but most of the bathers were young—in the early twenties. They weren't all joyous. There were two, and they appeared to be the youngest couple of all, who sat apart and looked as if they were going to cry at any moment. I learned afterward that the girl had had a baby and that the fountain had killed it. Usually the babies don't get born alive.

"I came out from hiding after a while, a little anxious as to what sort of a reception I would get; but they were a jolly, good-natured lot. One of the girls waded close to where I stood, and suddenly splashed me all over, and then, laughing, she dove and swam off under water. The others shouted to me and laughed, but it was only from their gestures that I gathered what they were saying. 'Come in,' they were saying; 'the water is great!'

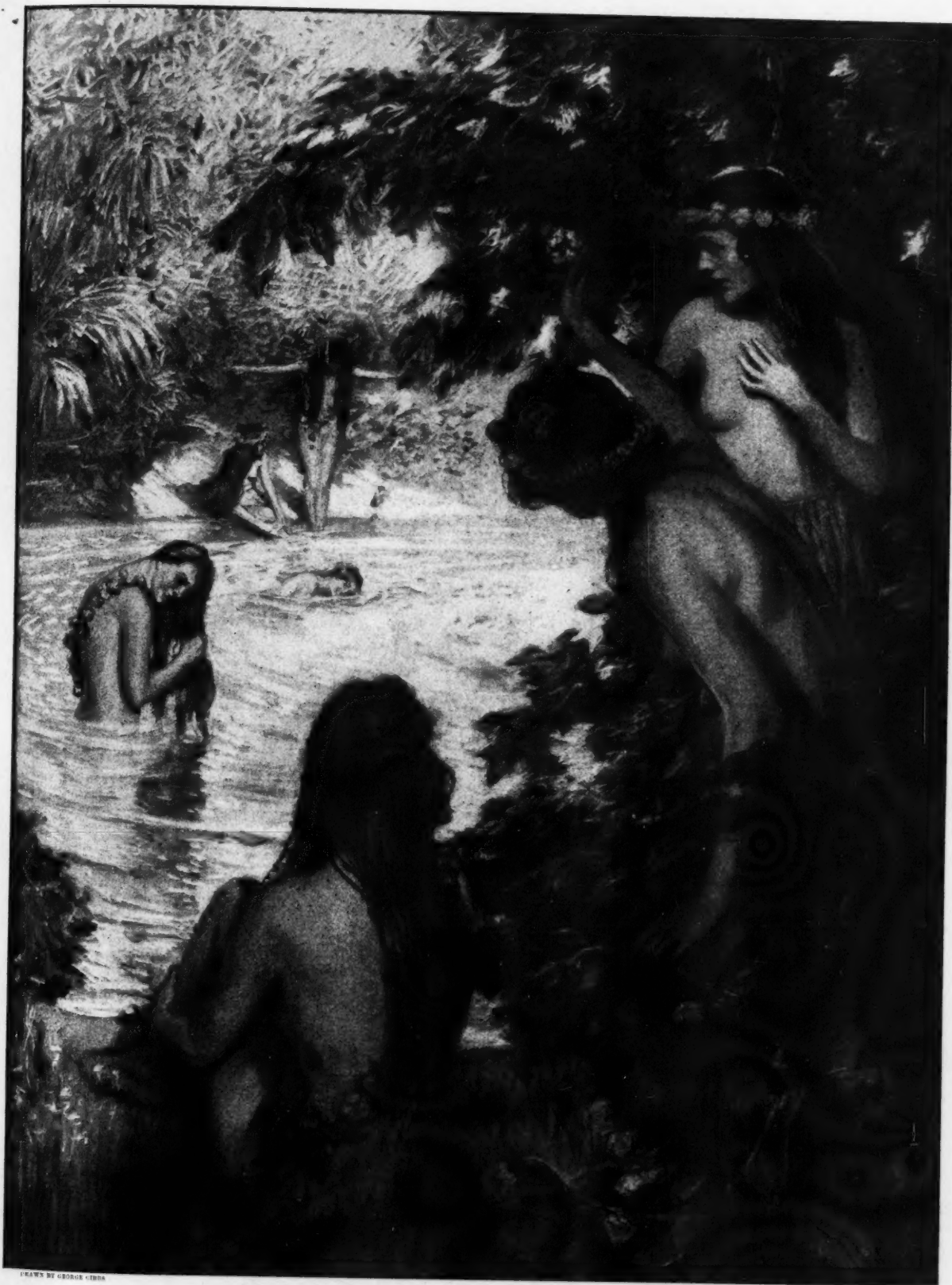
"So I stripped off my rags and went in. I was hazed some, ducked, and tripped and splashed—but all in fun, and I didn't mind a bit. And the exhilaration, mental and physical, which came of bathing in those waters was too extraordinary for description. We pulled out after a while and had a jolly breakfast under the trees. The men shook the trees, and the white and red and yellow fruits that had reached perfection fell heavily on the sand. It was the old man who started pulling flowers and pelting them around. We had a regular battle, and, after that, some of us bathed again, and others wandered off in the forest, and returned with strings of flowers round their necks.

"There was nothing but play and love in that valley—play and love—and the sadness of the two who had lost their baby. Sometimes the girl just hid her face against the boy's breast and burst out crying. And he would frown in his anguish and stroke her dark hair.

"The old man had long passed the age of love, and, as for me, I had made the discovery that in all the world there was only one girl that I cared to think about—Aola. Queer! A relationship entered into so lightly, so carelessly, so sinfully, if you like, had blossomed into something very big and very serious. I thought about her all the time, except when we got romping and playing tricks and only remembered how young we were.

"There was no permanent encampment or village. There was an acreage, though, where most of us went at night to sleep. There grew a thick and delicious moss that smelled like wild thyme; and there was a kind of umbrella-tree of so dense a thatch that, even in the rains, those who slept beneath remained dry. You were never cold; you were never hot. Cuts healed in a day. There were no fevers possible, no inflammations, no indigestions—no setbacks to the wonderful life that throbbed in your veins and that built up muscles like mine.

"It was all talking and laughter, play and love, battles with flowers, and joyous dancing over the firm, yellow sand.



DRAWN BY GEORGE JONES

"Laughter, shouting, and splashing waked me. It sounded like children at play"

"I learned very quickly the simple and pretty language that they spoke. It was a happy language, that grew as it pleased.

"I lived among them for a number of months until I had become one of them. Then I told them that I was going away for a while, but that I would come back with Aola, whom they must all promise to love. And they promised. The girls made some wreaths of many-colored flowers and hung them about my neck, and laughed and kissed me, and the men patted me on the back and wished me a swift journey and a swift return.

"When I had gone a mile or so, I came upon the lovers who had lost their baby.

"We, too," said the girl, acting as spokesman, "wish you a swift journey and a swift return; but you must not bring Aola to this place without telling her what the fountain does to the babies. It may be that, when she knows, she will not wish to come here with you. It is a terrible thing to lose a little son."

"If we did not love each other," said the boy shyly, "we should wish to die. Only, in this place grown folk never die. There was Taloa, it is true, who climbed a high place in sport, and fell and was so broken that she could not live, and many years ago—how many, I do not remember—there was the white man—he also had to climb. He climbed high, and then, with his hands resting on his thighs, he dove, and came down upon the flat rock, first striking it with his head."

"You will tell her about the babies, won't you?" said the girl.

"The last I saw of them, they had turned to each other, and the girl had laid her face against the boy's breast.

"I did not return to Aola by the hub of the island, but by the beaches, swimming round the headlands and laughing aloud, sometimes, with the sheer joy of knowing that

I was stronger than any wave. You don't know the joy of being able to swim, to swim in the way that fish swim,—the strong fish, dolphins and porpoises—when every muscle of your body and your skin, even, seems to drive you forward without any conscious effort. I rounded the last headland in a gale. I was under water more than half the time, and breaking records, and thinking nothing about it. The tricks are easy; it's the strength and the peculiar fiber that count. Even the islanders haven't got them—only the boys and girls who live in the Forbidden Valley and bathe in the fountain.

"Aola screamed when she saw me. She thought I was a ghost. I did not speak. I just stood and looked at her. She got up slowly and heavily. And she had a good look at me. She was trembling all over. She took a step forward, and then she said,

"Even if you are a ghost, I love you."

"If I am a ghost," I said, and tried to speak like one, "and you touch me, you know that you will turn cold and die."

"If you are a ghost," she said, "I want to die."

"And she flung her arms round me. And I remembered a play I'd read and I said,

"Hang there like fruit, my soul, till the tree die."

"It wasn't easy to speak to Aola about the Forbidden Valley and the fountain. Whenever I tried to broach the subject, I seemed to see the girl who had lost her baby, and she seemed to say, 'You promised.'

"Now, I hadn't actually promised, but I felt in duty bound; and it was very disconcerting to know that Aola's life and mine were no longer complicated by mere possibilities. It had not even been necessary for Aola to tell me. I knew.

"But one night—it's easier to say certain things at night—I took the business up with her.

"How much do you love me?" I asked.

"More than anything on the island or in the sea."

"If we could stay just as we are, young, strong—not for a few years but forever, Aola—or
(Concluded on page 134)



"Aola screamed when she saw me. She thought I was a ghost"



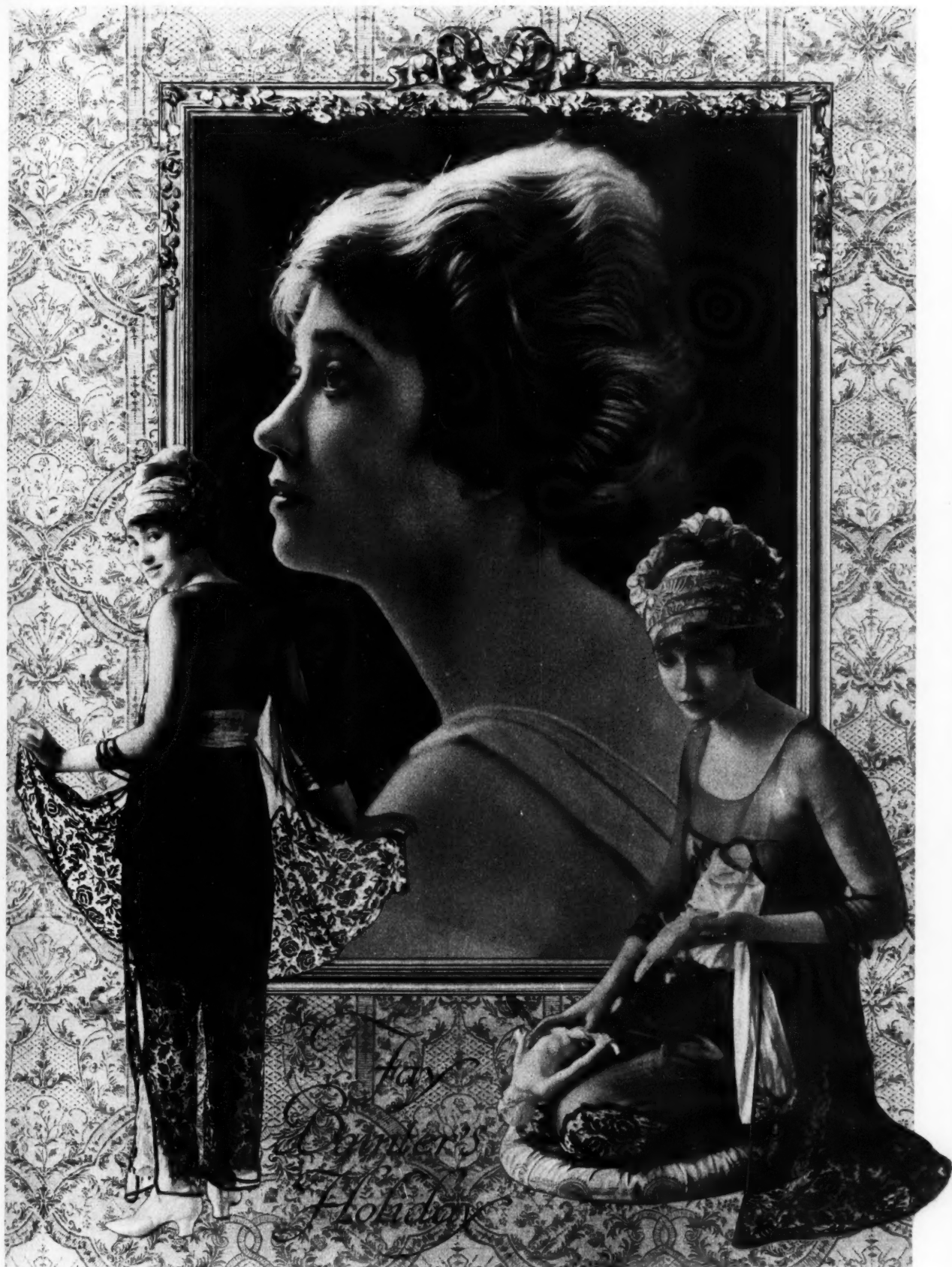
KATHERINE PERRY, clever and vivacious dancer, has never had to seek a new engagement since making her stage debut with the "Ziegfeld Follies." This is her fifth season with that famous organization, and, when in New York, she is one of the galaxy of beautiful and talented entertainers at the same management's "Midnight Frolic."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



A Beauty of the Southland

TALLULAH BANKHEAD is no languid beauty of the South, but is putting every ounce of a big fund of youthful energy into reaching picture-play stardom. In "When Men Betray," produced for the Graphic Film Corporation by Ivan Abramson, this Alabama girl of a Congressional family clearly displays the special gifts of the successful screen-artist.



Fay Bainter's Holiday

FAY BAINTER worked so hard for a year in her double rôle in "The Willow Tree" that, needing a holiday, she took it in the original manner of singing and dancing through a new musical romance, "The Kiss Burglar," which, she says, has so rested her that she is quite ready again for the serious grind of straight drama.



MABEL WITHEE, who plays in the New York Winter Garden's amusing travesty, "Sinbad," the important part of an American girl who returns to a former incarnation of a Bagdad princess, is an ambitious maid of eighteen who began her career of singer and dancer nine years ago by appearing in vaudeville during the summer-vacation months.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS

The Moonlit Way

By Robert W. Chambers

Illustrated by W. D. Stevens

GARRET BARRES, a painter, lives in Dragon Court, a studio-building in New York city, attended by two servants—Aristocrates, a negro valet and butler, and Selinda, a Finnish maid. The superintendent of the building is Lawrence Soane, an irresponsible and dissipated Irishman, who has a charming daughter, Dulcie, still a school-girl. The child is on a plane of refinement far above that of her father, and Barres, taking pity on her loneliness (her only companions are three cats), makes a friend of her, for which she is profoundly grateful, and she becomes his model.

One day, early in 1916, Barres meets a girl whom he had encountered just once, under somewhat unusual circumstances, two years before in France. She was then a famous dancer, known as Nihla Quellen, but her real name is Thessalie Dunois, and she is of Alsatian origin. She has risen to prominence under the patronage of Count d'Éblis, a senator of France, who is involved in German plots against his country. D'Éblis wants to marry her, but she does not love him and will not do so. Finally, the traitor accuses her of betraying him and, in fear, she escapes in disguise, to New York. D'Éblis sends word to Max Freund, a German agent in America, to get rid of her at the first favorable opportunity, and she is closely watched by a sinister-looking, one-eyed man.

A few months later, Thessalie calls Barres on the telephone, tells him she is in trouble, and has sent him a letter the day before. Barres has not received it. He is giving a party that evening for Dulcie, in honor of her graduation from high school, and asks Thessalie to be one of the guests. She accepts somewhat reluctantly.

The party is a great success, and Dulcie is much admired. In the course of the evening, Thessalie tells Barres that she is constantly being watched in New York. Her room has been searched; she has been prevented from getting employment; and it is strange that Barres had not received her letter.

At an early hour Barres takes Dulcie down to her rooms. She takes off the party dress that Barres has given her and goes to the desk at the entrance of the building to wait for the late post. Thessalie lingers in the studio after the other guests have gone.

XII

THE LAST MAIL

THE postman's lively whistle aroused Dulcie. The Prophet, knowing him, observed his advent with indifference.

"Hello, girlie!" he said—he was a fresh-faced and flippant young man. "Where's pop?" he added, depositing a loose sheaf of letters on the desk before her and sketching in a few jig-steps with his feet.

"I don't know," she murmured, patting, with one slim

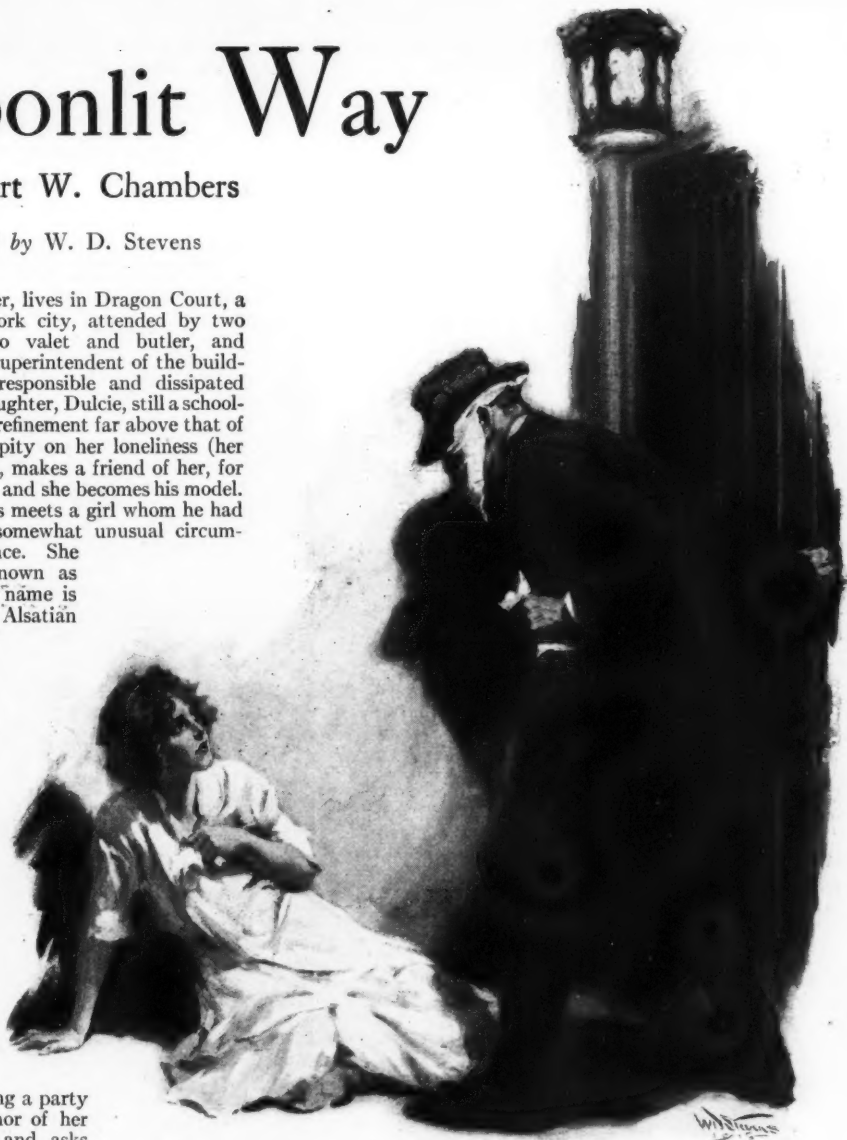
hand, her pink and yawning lips. The postman lingered a moment to stroke The Prophet, who endured it without gratitude.

"You better go to bed if you want to grow up to be a big, sassy girl some day," he advised Dulcie. "And hurry up about it, too, because I'm going to marry you if you behave." And, with a last affable caress for The Prophet, the young man went his way, singing to himself and slamming the iron grille smartly behind him.

Dulcie, rising from her chair, sorted the mail, sleepily tucking each letter and parcel into its proper pigeonhole. There was a thick letter for Barres. This she held in her left hand, remembering his request that she call him up when the last mail arrived.

This she now prepared to do—had already reseated herself, her right hand extended toward the telephone, when a shadow fell across the desk and The Prophet turned, snarled, struck, and fled.

At the same instant, grimy fingers snatched at the letter, which she still held in her left hand, twisted it almost free of her desperate clutch, tore it clean in two at one violent jerk, leaving her with half the letter still gripped in her clenched fist.



Against the whitewashed wall she collapsed to her knees

She had not uttered a sound during the second's struggle. But instantly an ungovernable rage blazed up in her at the outrage, and she leaped clean over the desk and sprang at the throat of the one-eyed man.

His neck was bony and muscular; she could not compass it with her slender hands, but she struck at it furiously, driving a sound out of his throat, half roar, half cough.

"Give me my letter!" she breathed. "I'll kill you if you don't!" Her furious little hands caught his clenched fist, where the torn letter protruded, and she tore at it and beat upon it, her teeth set and her gray Irish eyes afire.

Twice the one-eyed man flung her to her knees on the pavement, but she was up again and clinging to him before he could tear free of her.

"My letter!" she gasped. "I shall kill you, I tell you—unless you return it!"

His solitary yellow eye began to glare and glitter as he wrenched and dragged at her wrists and arms about him.

"*Schweinstück!*" he panted. "Let *los, mioche de malheur!* Eh! *Los*—or I strike! No? *Also! Attrape—sale galopin.*"

His blow knocked her reeling across the hall. Against the whitewashed wall she collapsed to her knees, got up, half stunned, the clang of the outer grille ringing in her very brain.

With dazed eyes she gazed at the remnants of the torn letter, still crushed in her rigid fingers. Bright drops of blood from her mouth dripped slowly to the tessellated pavement.

Reeling still from the shock of the blow, she managed to reach the outer door, and stood swaying there, striving to pierce, with confused eyes, the lamplit darkness of the street. There was no sign of the one-eyed man. Then she turned and made her way back to the desk, supporting herself with a hand along the wall.

Waiting a few moments to control her breathing and her shaky limbs, she contrived finally to detach the receiver and call Barres. Over the wire she could hear the gramophone playing again in the studio.

"Please may I come up?" she whispered.

"Has the last mail come? Is there a letter for me?" he asked.

"Yes. I'll bring you w-what there is—if you'll let me."

"Thanks, sweetness. Come right up." And she heard him say: "It's probably your letter, Thessa. Dulcie is bringing it up."

Her limbs and body were still quivering, and she felt very weak and tearful as she climbed the stairway to the corridor above.

The nearer door of his apartment was open. Through it, the music of the gramophone came gaily, and she went toward it and entered the brilliantly illuminated studio.

Soane, who still lay flat on the roof overhead, peeping through the ventilator, saw her enter, all disheveled, grasping in one hand the fragments of a letter. And the sight instantly sobered him. He tucked his shoes under one arm, got to his stocking feet, made nimbly for the scuttle, and from there, descending by the service-stair, ran through the courtyard into the empty hall.

"Be gorry," he muttered, "thot dommed Dootchman has done it now!" And he pulled on his shoes, crammed his hat over his ears, and started east, on a run, for Grogan's.

Grogan's was still the name of the Third Avenue saloon, though Grogan had been dead some years, and one Franz Lehr now presided within that palace of cherry-wood, brass, and pretzels.

Into the family entrance fled Soane, down a dim hallway past several doors, from behind which sounded voices join-

ing in guttural song, and came into a rear room. The one-eyed man sat there at a small table, piecing together fragments of a letter.

"Arrah, then," cried Soane, "phwat th' divil did ye do, Max?"

The man barely glanced at him:

"Vy iss it," he inquired tranquilly, "you dond vatch Nihla Quellen by dot wentilator some more?"



He returned in a few moments with a very good-looking dreamer and the delicate

"I axe ye," shouted Soane, "what ye done to Dulcie?"

"Vat I haf done already yet?" queried the one-eyed man, not looking up and continuing to piece together the torn letter. "Vell, I tell you, Soane, dot kid she keep dot letter in her handt, und I haf to grab it. *Sacré saligaud de malheur!* Dot letter she tear herself in two. *Pas de chance!* Your kid, she iss mad like tigers. *Voici* all zat rests me *du sacré nom de sacréminton de lettre*—"

"Ah, shut up, y'r Dootch headcheese—wid y'r gillipin' gallopin' gabble!" cut in Soane wrathfully. "D'ye mind phwat ye done? It's not petty larceny, ye omadhaun—it's highway robbery ye done—bad cess to ye!"

The one-eyed man shrugged.

"*Pourtant*, I must haf dot letter—" he observed, undisturbed by Soane's anger; but Soane cut him short again fiercely.

"You an' y'r dommed letter! Phwat do you care if I'm fired f'r this night's wurruk? Y'r letter, is it? An' what about highway robbery, me bucko? An' me off me post!"

How'll I be explaining that? Ah, ye sicken me entirely, ye Dootch squarehead! Now, phwat'll I say to them? Tell me that, Max Freund! Phwat'll I tell th' aygent whin he comes runnin'? Phwat'll I tell th' po-lice? Arrah; phwat do ye care, anyway?" he shouted. I've a mind f'r to knock the block off ye——"

"You shall say to dot agent you haf gone out to smell," remarked Max Freund placidly.

Soane's scowl had altered, and a deeper red stained his brow and neck.

"Well, by God!" he muttered, jerking up a chair from behind him and seating himself at the table, but never taking his fascinated eyes off the torn bits of written paper.

Presently Freund got up and went out. He returned in a few moments with a large sheet of wrapping-paper and a pot of mucilage. On this paper, with great care, he arranged the pieces of the torn letter, neatly gumming each bit and leaving a space between it and the next fragment.

"To fill in iss the job of Dave Sendelbeck," remarked Freund, pasting away industriously. "Iss it not time we learn how much she knows—this Nihla Quellen? Iss she sly like mice? I ask it."

Soane scratched his curly head.

"Be gorry," he said, "av that purty girrl is a Frinch spy, she don't look the parrt, Max."

Freund waved one unclean hand.

"Vasiss it to look like somedings? Nodding! Also, you Sinn-Fein Irish talk too much. Why iss it in Belfast you march mit drums und music? To hold our tongues und vatch vat iss we Germans learn already first! Also! Sendelbeck shall haf his letter."

"An' phwat d'ye mean to do with that girrl, Max?"

"Vatch her. Vy you dond go back by dot ventilator already?"

"Me? Faith, I'm done f'r th' evenin', an' I thank God I wasn't pinched on the leads!"

"Vait. I catch dot Nihla somevares," muttered Freund, regarding his handiwork.

"Ye'll do no dirrty thrick to her? Th' Sinn Fein will shtand f'r no burkin'; mind that!"

"Ach, was?" grunted Freund. "Iss it your business vat iss done to somebody by Ferez? If you Irish vant your rifles und machine guns, leaf it to us Germans und don'd speak nonsense about nodding." He leaned over and pushed a greasy electric button. "Now ve drink a glass beer. Und after, you go home und vatch dot girl some more."

"Av Misther Barres an' th' yoong lady makes a holler, they'll fire me f'r this," snarled Soane.

"Sei ruhig, mon vieux! Nihla Quellen keeps like a mouse quiet. Und she keeps dot yoong man quiet—you see! No! No! Not for Nihla to make some foolishness und



but pallid man in rather careless evening dress, who had the dark eyes of a features of a youthful acolyte

"Smell, 'is it? Smell what, ye——"

"You smell some smoke. You haf fear of fire. You go out to see. Das iss so simble—*acht!* Take shame, you Irish Sinn Feiner! You behave like rabbits!" He pointed to his arrangement of the torn letter on the table. "Here iss sufficient already—*regardez!* Look once!" He laid one long, soiled, and bony finger on the fragments. "Read it vat iss written!"

"G'wan now!"

"I tell you—read!"

Soane, still cursing under his breath, bent over the table, reading, as Freund's soiled finger moved:

"Fein plots, . . . German agents . . . disloyal propa . . . explo . . . bomb fac . . . shipping munitions to . . . arms for Ireland can be . . . destruction of interned German li . . . disloyal newspapers which . . . controlled by us in Pari . . . Ferez Bey . . . bankers are duped. . . I need your advi . . . bounded day and ni . . . d'Eblis or govern . . . not afraid of death but indignant . . . Sinn Fei"

The Moonlit Way

publicity. French agents iss vatching for her, too—*l'affaire du Mot d'Ordre*. She iss vat you say, 'in Dutch.' Iss she, *vielleicht*, a German spy? In France they believe it. Iss she a French spy? *Ach!* Possibly some day—not yet! And it iss for us Germans to know always vat she iss about. Dot iss my affair, not yours, Soane."

A heavy-jowled man in a soiled apron brought two big mugs of beer and retired on felt-slipped feet.

"*Hoch!*" grunted Freund, burying his nose in his frothing mug.

Soane, wasting no words, drank thirstily. After a long pull, he shoved aside his sloppy stein, rose, cautiously unlatched the shutter of a tiny peep-hole in the wall, and applied one eye to it.

"Bad luck!" he muttered. "There do be wan av thim secret-service lads drinkin' at the bar. I'll not go home yet, Max."

"Dot big vone?" inquired Freund, mildly interested.

"That's the buck. Him wid th' phony whiskers an' th' Dootch get-up."

"Vell, vot off it? Can he do somedings?"

"And how should I know phwat that lad can do to th' likes o' me, or phwat the devil brings him here at all, at all? Sure he's been around these three nights' runnin'—"

Freund laughed his contempt for all things American, including police and secret-service, and wiped his chin with the back of his hand.

"Look, once, Soane! Do these Yankees know vat it iss a police, a gendarme, a military intelligence? Vat they call secret service, wass iss it? I ask it. *Schweinerei! Dummheit! Imbéciles!* Of the Treasury they haf a secret service; of the Justice Department, also another, and another of the army, and yet another of the *postes*. Vot kind of foolish system iss it—mitout no minister, no *chef*, no center, no head, no organization—und everybody interfering in vot eferybody iss doing—und nobody knowing vot nobody is doing—*ach, was? Je m'en moque!*—I make mock myself at dot secret service, which iss too dam dumm!" He yawned. "*Trop bête,*" he added indistinctly.

Soane, reassured, lowered the shutter, came back to the table, and finished his beer with loud gulps.

"Lave us go up to the lodge till he goes out," he suggested. "Maybe th' boys have news o' thim rifles."

Freund yawned again, nodded, and rose, and they went out to an unlighted and ill-smelling back stairway. It was so narrow that they had to ascend in single file.

Half-way up, they set off a hidden bell by treading on some concealed button underfoot, and a man, dressed only in undershirt and trousers, appeared at the top of the stairs, silhouetted against a bright light burning on the wall behind him.

"Oh, all right," he said, recognizing them, and turned on his heel carelessly, pocketing a black-jack.

They followed to a closed door, which was made out of iron and painted like quartered oak. In the wall on their right, a small shutter slid back noiselessly, then was closed without a sound; and the iron door opened very gently in their faces.

The room they entered was stifling—all windows being closed—in spite of a pair of electric fans whirling and droning on shelves. Some perspiring Germans were playing skat over in a corner. One or two other men lounged about a center-table, reading Irish and German newspapers published in New York, Chicago, and Milwaukee.

Two lithograph portraits hung side by side over the fireplace—Robert Emmet and Kaiser Wilhelm II. Otherwise, the art gallery included photographs of Von Hindenburg, Von Bissing, and the King of Greece.

A large map, on which the battle-line in Europe had been pricked out in red pins, hung on the wall. Also, a map of New York city on a very large scale, another map of New York state, and a map of Ireland. A dumb-waiter, on duty and astonishingly noiseless, slid into sight, carrying half a dozen steins of beer and some cheese sandwiches, just

as Soane and Freund entered the room, and the silent iron door closed behind them of its own accord and without any audible click.

The man who had met them on the stairs in undershirt and trousers went over to the dumb-waiter, scribbled something on a slate which hung inside the shelf, set the beer and sandwiches beside the skat-players, and returned to seat himself at the table to which Freund and Soane had pulled up cane-bottomed chairs.

"Well," he said, in rather a pleasant voice, "did you get that letter, Max?"

Freund nodded, and sketched in the episode at Dragon Court in a leisurely manner.

The man, whose name was Franz Lehr, and who had been born in New York of German parents, listened with lively interest to the narrative. But he whistled softly when it ended.

"You took a few chances, Max," he remarked. "It's all right, of course, because you got away with it, but—" He whistled again thoughtfully.

"Sendelbeck must haf his letter. Yess? *Also—*"

"Certainly. I guess that was the only way—if she was really going to take it up to young Barres. And I guess you're right when you conclude that Nihla won't make any noise about it, and won't let her friend Barres, either."

"Sure I'm right!" grunted Freund. "We got the goots on her now. You bet she's scared! You tell Ferez—yess?"

"Don't worry; he'll hear it all. You got that letter on you?" Freund nodded. "Hand it to Hochstein." He half turned on his rickety chair and addressed a squat, bushy-haired man with very black eyebrows and large, angry blue eyes. "Louis, Max got that letter you saw Nihla writing in that hotel. Here it is"—taking the pasted fragments from Freund and passing them over to Hochstein. "Give it to Sendelbeck, along with the blotter you swiped after she left the writing-room. Dave Sendelbeck ought to fix it up all right for Ferez Bey."

Hochstein nodded, shoved the folded brown paper into his pocket, and resumed his cards.

"Is thim rifles—" began Soane; but Lehr laid a hand on his shoulder:

"Now, listen: They're on the way to Ireland now. I told you that. When I hear they're landed, I'll let you know. You Sinn Feiners don't understand how to wait. If things don't happen the way you want and when you want, you all go up in the air."

"An' how manny hundred years would ye have us wait f'r to free th' ould sod?" retorted Soane.

"You'll not free it with your mouth," retorted Lehr. "No—nor by drilling with banners and arms in Cork and Belfast, and parading all over the place."

"Is—that—so?"

"You bet it's so! The way to make England sick is to stick her in the back, not make faces at her across the Irish Channel. If your friends in the Clan-na-Gael, and your poets and professors who call themselves Sinn Feiners will quit their childish circus-playing and trust us, we'll show you how to make the Lion yowl."

"Ah, bombs an' fires an' shtrikes is all right, too. An' proppygandy is fine as far as it goes. But the Clan-na-Gael is all afire f'r to start the shindy in Ireland—"

"You start it," interrupted Lehr, "before you're really ready, and you'll see where it lands the Clan-na-Gael and the Sinn Fein. I tell you to leave it to Berlin."

"An' I tell ye lave it to the Clan-na-Gael!" retorted Soane excitedly. "Musha—"

"For why you yell?" yawned Freund, displaying a very yellow fang. "Dot big secret-service slob, he iss in the bar *hinunter*. Perhaps he hear you if, like a pig, you push forth cries."

Lehr raised his eyebrows, then, carelessly:

"He's only a state agent. Johnny Klein is keeping an eye on him. What does that big piece of cheese expect to get by hanging out in my bar?"



DRAWN BY W. D. STEVENS

Dulcie was lying deep in an armchair, her eyelids closed, and Thessalie sat beside her on one of the padded arms, smoothing the ruddy, curly hair from her forehead

The Moonlit Way

Freund yawned again appallingly; Soane said,

"I wonder is that purty Frinch girl agin' us Irish?"

"What does she care about the Irish?" replied Lehr.

"Her danger to us lies in the fact that she may blab about Ferez to some Frenchman, and that he may believe her, in spite of all the proof they have in Paris against her. Max," he added, turning to Freund, "it's funny that Ferez doesn't do something to her."

"I haf no orders."

"Maybe you'll get 'em when Ferez reads that letter. He's certainly not going to let that girl go about blabbing and writing letters——"

Soane struck the table with doubled fist.

"Ye'll do no vi'lence to annywan!" he cut in. "The Sinn Fein will shtand for no dirrty wurruk in America. Av you set fires an' blow up plants an' kidnap ladies an' do murther, g'wan, ye Dootch scuts! It's your business—God help us!—not ours."

"All we axe of ye is machine goons an' rifles, an' ships to land them; an' av ye don't like it, why th' divil d'ye come botherin' th' likes of us Irish wid y'r proppygandy? Sorra the day," he added, "I tuk up wid anny Dootchman at all, at all!"

Lehr and Freund exchanged expressionless glances. The former dropped a propitiating hand on Soane's shoulder.

"Can it," he said good-humoredly. "We're trying to help you Irish to what you want. You want Irish independence, don't you? All right. We're going to help you get it——"

A bell rang; Lehr sprang to his feet and hastened out through the iron door, drawing his black-jack from his hip-pocket as he went.

He returned in a few moments with a very good-looking but pallid man in rather careless evening dress, who had the dark eyes of a dreamer and the delicate features of a youthful acolyte.

He saluted the company with a peculiarly graceful gesture, which recognition even the gross creatures at the skat-table returned with visible respect.

Soane, always deeply impressed by the presence of Murtagh Skeel, offered his chair and drew another one to the table.

Skeel accepted, with a gently pre-occupied smile, and seated himself gracefully. All that is chivalrous, romantic, courteous, and brave in an Irishman seemed to be visibly embodied in this pale young man.

"I have just come," he said, "from a dinner. A common hatred of England brought together the dozen-odd men with whom I have been in conference. Ferez Bey was there, the military attachés of the German, Austrian, and Turkish embassies, one or two bankers, officials of certain steamship lines." He sipped a glass of plain water which Lehr had brought him, thanked him; then, turning from Soane to Lehr, "To get arms and munitions into Ireland in substantial quantities

requires something besides the U-boats which Germany seems willing to offer.

"That was fully discussed to-night. Not that I have any doubt at all that Sir Roger will do his part skilfully and fearlessly——"

"He will that!" exclaimed Soane. "God bless him!"

"Amen, Soane," said Murtagh Skeel, with a wistful and involuntary upward glance from his dark eyes. Then he laid his hand of a young aristocrat on Soane's shoulder.



She was on her feet now, flushed, lovely.

"What I came here to tell you is this: I want a ship's crew."

"Sorr?"

"I want a crew ready to mutiny at a signal from me and take over their own ship on the high seas."

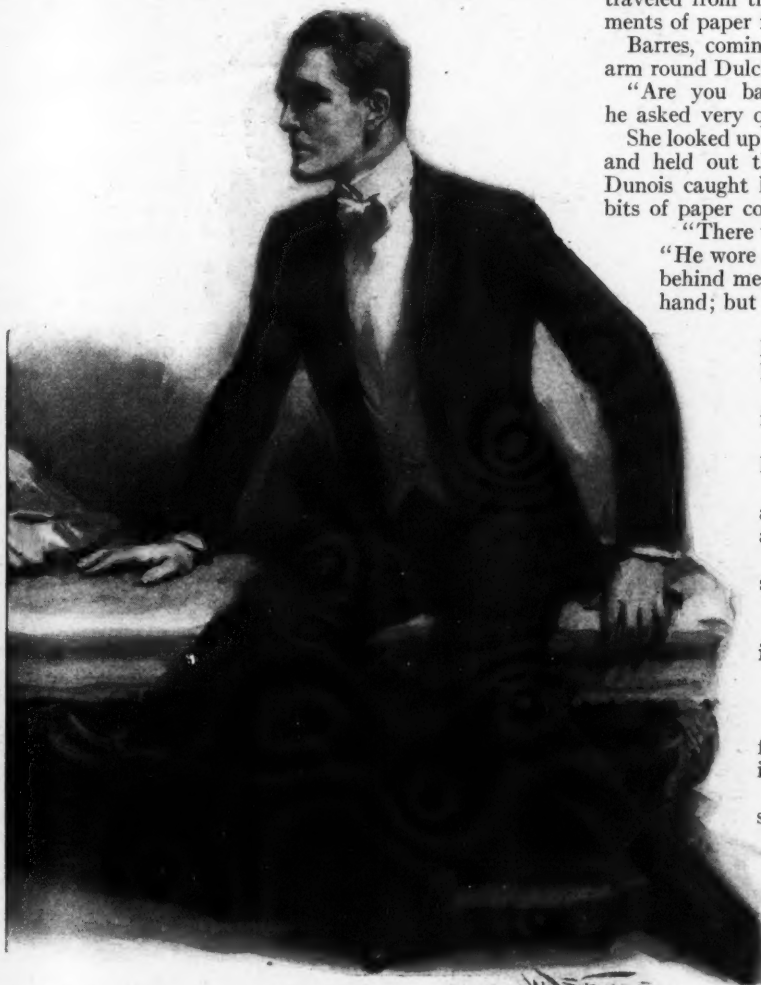
"Their own ship, sorr?"

"Their own ship. That is what has been decided. The ship to be selected will be a fast steamer loaded with arms and munitions for the British government. The Sinn Fein and the Clan-na-Gael between them are to assemble the crew. I shall be one of that crew. Through powerful friends, enemies to England, it will be made possible to sign such a crew and put it aboard the steamer to be seized."

"Her officers will, of course, be British. And I am afraid there may be a gun-crew aboard. But that is nothing. We shall take her over when the time comes—probably off the Irish coast at night. Now, Soane, and you, Lehr, I want you to help recruit a picked crew, all Irish, all Sinn Feiners or members of the Clan-na-Gael."

"You know the sort. Absolutely reliable, fearless, and skilled men, devoted soul and body to the cause for which we all would so cheerfully die. Will you do it?"

There was a silence. Soane moistened his lips reflectively. Lehr, intelligent, profoundly interested, kept his keen, pleasant eyes on Murtagh Skeel. Only the droning electric fans, the rattle of a newspaper, the slap of greasy cards at the skat-table, the slobbering gulp of some Teuton, guzzling beer, interrupted the sweltering quiet of the room.



superb in her deep and controlled excitement

"Misther Murtagh, sorr," said Soane, with a light, careless laugh, "I've wan recruit f'r to bring ye."

"Who is he?"

"Sure, it's meself, sorr—av ye'll sign the likes o' me."

"Thanks, of course," said Skeel, with one of his rare smiles, and taking Soane's hand in comradeship.

"I'll go," said Lehr coolly; "but my name won't do. Call me Grogan, if you like, and I'll sign with you, Mr. Skeel."

Skeel pressed the offered hand.

"A splendid beginning," he said. "I wanted you both. Now see what you can do in the Sinn Fein and Clan-na-Gael for a crew which, please God, we shall require very soon."

XIII

A MIDNIGHT TÊTE-À-TÊTE

WHEN Dulcie entered the studio that evening, her white face smeared with blood and a torn letter clutched in her hand, the gramophone was playing a lively two-step, and Barres and Thessalie Dunois were dancing there in the big, brilliantly lighted studio, all by themselves.

Thessalie caught sight of Dulcie over Barres's shoulder, hastily slipped out of his arms, and hurried across the polished floor.

"What is the matter?" she asked breathlessly, a fearful intuition already enlightening her as her startled glance traveled from the blood on Dulcie's face to the torn fragments of paper in her rigidly doubled fingers.

Barres, coming up at the same moment, slipped a firm arm round Dulcie's shoulders.

"Are you badly hurt, dear? What has happened?" he asked very quietly.

She looked up at him, mute, her bruised mouth quivering, and held out the remains of the letter. And Thessalie Dunois caught her breath sharply as her eyes fell on the bits of paper covered with her own handwriting.

"There was a man hiding in the court," said Dulcie.

"He wore a white cloth over his face, and he came up behind me and tried to snatch your letter out of my hand; but I held fast, and he only tore it in two."

Barres stared at the sheaf of torn paper, lying crumpled up in his open hand; then his amazed gaze rested on Thessalie.

"Is this the letter you wrote to me?" he inquired.

"Yes. May I have the remains of my letter?" she asked calmly.

He handed over the bits of paper without a word, and she opened her gold mesh bag and dropped them in.

There was a moment's silence; then Barres said,

"Did he strike you, Dulcie?"

"Yes; when he thought he couldn't get it away from me."

"You hung on to him?"

"I tried to."

Thessalie stepped closer impulsively, and framed Dulcie's pallid, blood-smeared face in both of her cool, white hands.

"He has cut your lower lip inside," she said. And, to Barres, "Could you get something to bathe it?"

Barres went away to his own room.

When he returned with a finger-bowl full of warm water, some powdered boric acid, cotton, and a soft towel, Dulcie was lying deep in an armchair, her eyelids closed, and Thessalie sat beside her on one of the padded arms, smoothing the ruddy, curly hair from her forehead.

She opened her (Continued on page 116)

Friends and Critics

A Chapter of an Autobiography

The World and I

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Mrs. Wilcox gives here an entertaining account of a certain literary circle into which she was introduced when she became a resident of New York city. She also tells of the foundation of her permanent seashore home and of the interesting activities she engaged in after moving into it.

DURING the first two years of my marriage, while living in Meriden, I had made the acquaintance of a number of literary people in New York. My very first introduction to any social life in the metropolis had been at a reception given by "Jenny June" Croly, who was then at the height of her popularity. She was the president of Sorosis, and her writings, speeches, and active works for the advancement of women made her a conspicuous figure in the intellectual world of that time and surrounded her with brilliant people. Therefore I felt highly flattered when she asked me to be the guest of honor at one of her Sunday evenings. At her home I met many celebrities, and was invited to various other entertainments from time to time. So, when I became resident of the metropolis, I was not a stranger.

I began to ask a few of the people I had met to come to my apartment on an occasional Sunday afternoon; and in my little handbox of a drawing-room was frequently gathered a bevy of poets, artists, actors, musicians, and always a circle of charming girls. It has been my good fortune all my life to have as close friends young women of unusual beauty and brain and moral worth.

Young people of both sexes made much of me those first years in New



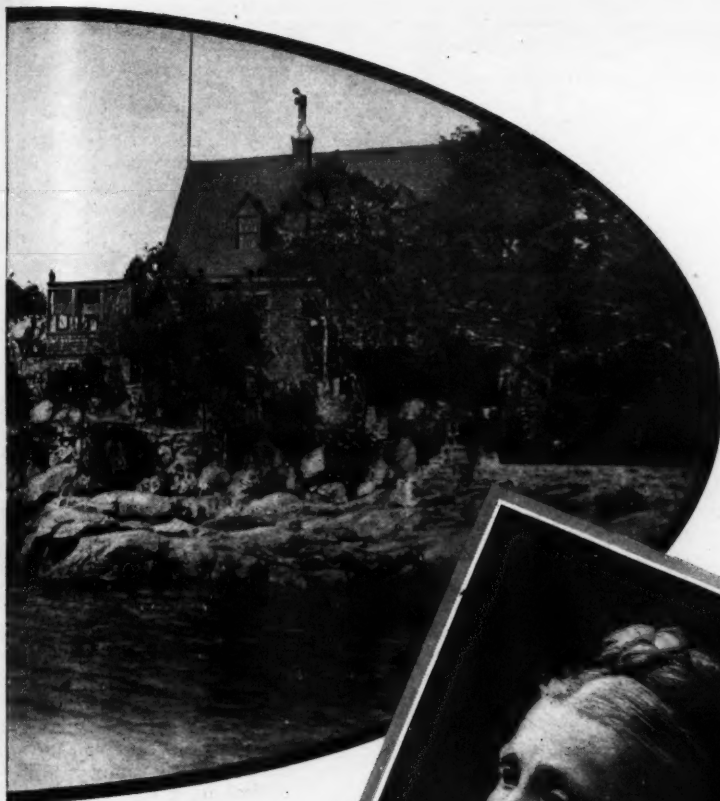
The Bungalow. Mrs. Wilcox's first

York, for "Poems of Passion" was still in the public eye, and was much read and talked about, and in the East seldom criticized. All the lovers and brides and bridegrooms and dreamers of dreams wanted to meet the writer of the ardent love-verses; and many of the literary drawing-rooms made a feature of having some actor or elocutionist recite selections from my book. I followed this volume the first year I lived in New York with "Poems of Pleasure," and many of the verses from this volume became extremely popular for recitation, particularly "The Birth of the Opal."

This poem came into form through the following chain of circumstances: The year preceding my marriage, I had been made the poet of the day at a large banquet, "a Woman Congress" given for Julia Ward Howe and other Eastern women of note at the Palmer House, Chicago. There I met Mrs. Sophia Hoffman, of New York, a beautiful and motherly woman of much intellectual charm, who at once became my devoted friend. (I remember feeling the wind go out of my sails that afternoon by something she told me Mrs. Howe had said—that Miss Wheeler evinced considerable ability, and she thought it

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A recent portrait of Mrs. Wilcox



home at Short Beach, Connecticut

might be developed into real talent with study and hard work. As I had worked with unflagging zeal and persistence ever since I could hold a pen, and had already received many words of commendation from high sources, I felt very much set back by Mrs. Howe's words; but these setbacks have ever come to me periodically, in order, no doubt, to save me from that most offensive and blighting sin, conceit and self-satisfaction.)

After I came East, I met Mrs. Hoffman at many functions; and one day (to be exact, it was December 13, 1886), while I was on a shopping-trip in New York, Mrs. Hoffman asked me to lunch with her and then took me to the jewelry establishment of Marcus & Sons, at that time on Union Square. She introduced me to Mr. Marcus, senior, and asked him to show me the wonderful opal he had in a large piece of rock from somewhere in Honduras. I had never before seen an opal and was much impressed by it. Mr. Marcus said to me:

"I wish you would write a poem about it; it has always seemed to me that the opal was the child of the sunbeam and the moonbeam. I have told several of our New York poets of my idea, but not one of them has grasped it in all its beauty. I think you could."

"Yes," I replied; "I am sure I can."

"If you do," Mr. Marcus said, "let me see the poem as soon as it is done. I am getting out a little book on gems which it would suit."

I went back to Meriden, and in my little study, on December fourteenth, I wrote, in perhaps a half-hour's time—

THE BIRTH OF THE OPAL

The Sunbeam loved the Moonbeam,
And followed her low and high,
But the Moonbeam fled and hid her head,
She was so shy—so shy.

The Sunbeam wooed with passion;
Ah, he was a lover bold!
And his heart was afire with mad desire,
For the Moonbeam pale and cold.

She fled like a dream before him;
Her hair was a shining sheen;
And oh, that Fate would annihilate
The space that lay between!

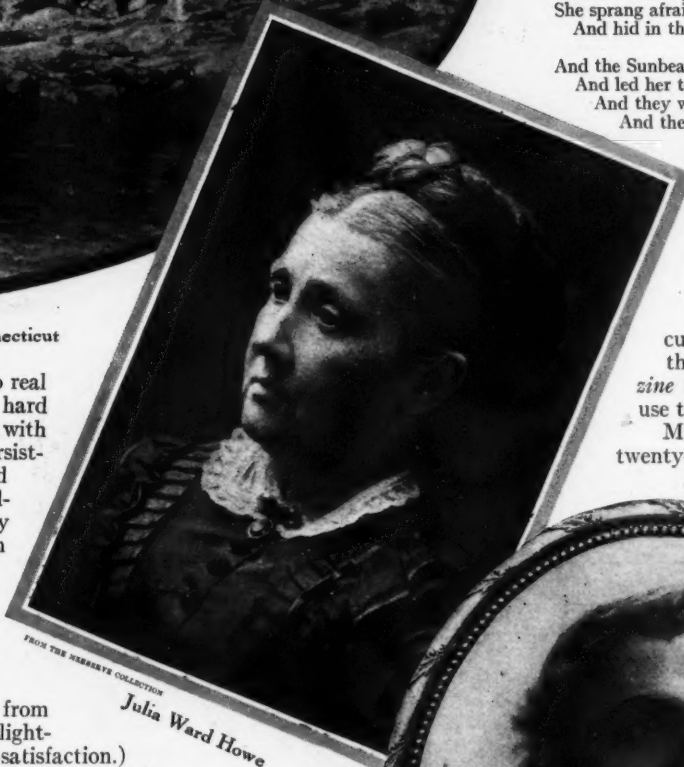
Just as the day lay panting
In the arms of the twilight dim,
The Sunbeam caught the one he sought
And drew her close to him

But out of the warm arms, startled
And stirred by Love's first shock,
She sprang afraid, like a trembling maid,
And hid in the niche of a rock

And the Sunbeam followed and found her,
And led her to Love's own feast;
And they were wed on the rocky bed,
And the dying day was their priest.

And lo! the beautiful Opal—
That rare and wondrous
gem—
Where the moon and sun blend
into one,
In the child that was born to
them.

I sent the verses to Mr. Marcus, saying I wished to publish them in the *Century Magazine* first, after which he could use them in his booklet on gems. Mr. Marcus sent a check of twenty-five dollars and said he de-

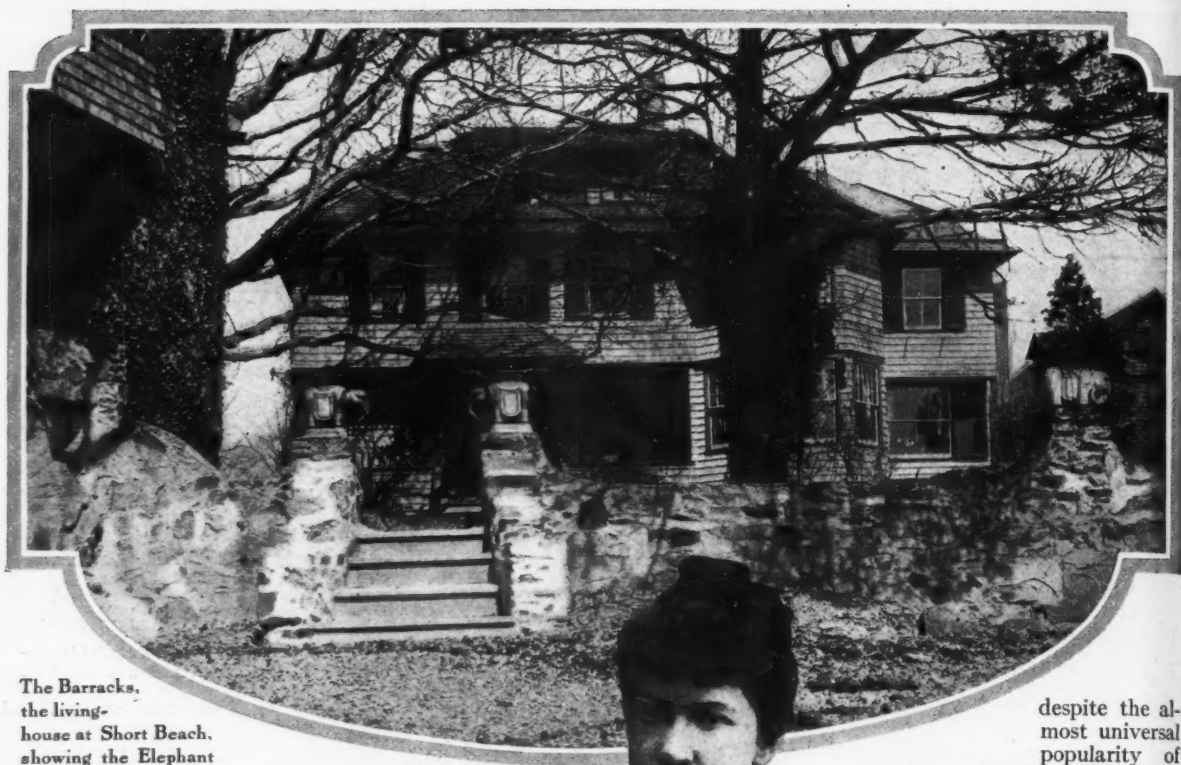


FROM THE HERBERT COLLECTION
Julia Ward Howe



FROM THE HERBERT COLLECTION

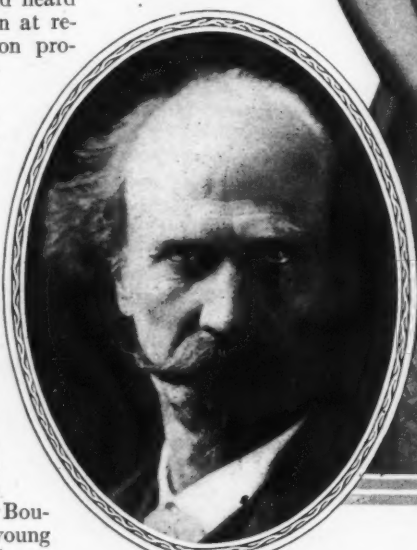
Courtney Thorpe



The Barracks,
the living-
house at Short Beach,
showing the Elephant
Gate

sired to be the first publisher of the poem. Fortunately, I obtained his permission to allow the verses to be recited in two or three drawing-rooms during the time he was preparing his booklet; for when it appeared, my verses were without my name. Mr. Marcus explained that it was owing to an error in the printing-room. But, naturally, it was a bitter disappointment to me. It caused me much annoyance, as when, a few months later, I included them in my new volume, "Poems of Pleasure," several letters came to me from people who said they had seen these lines before and asked for proof of their authorship. This proof was forthcoming in the word of the many people who had heard the poem given at receptions and on programs of recitals.

Aubrey Boucicault was then a beautiful lad, a sort of child prodigy in the artistic circles of New York; he was like a young Apollo, and at many entertainments that winter, the *pièce de résistance* was "The Birth of the Opal," given by Boucicault, and a young English actor, Courtney Thorpe, made it a specialty. But



FROM THE MERRIVE COLLECTION
Joaquín Miller



Mrs. Wilcox, wearing the gown in
which she recited "The Birth
of the Opal" at Mrs.
Frank Leslie's, 1887

despite the almost universal popularity of these verses, I found my little poetical bark was not yet out of the choppy waves of criticism. Although I had been made a welcome guest in many literary salons, there was one woman, the wife of a successful author, whom I met frequently at receptions and who gave charming evenings at her own home, but she distinctly ignored me. She even went so far as to invite a protégée staying in my own home without including me. I was afterward told that the good lady objected to "The Birth of the Opal." She said I had laid bare all the secrets of married life in that poem.

It was some time after this that a Spanish poet was expressing his enthusiastic admiration for my verses, and I could not refrain from telling him the incident above related, to which the witty Spaniard replied,

"My God, madam, did the lady think she alone knew those secrets?"

The one and only time I was ever induced to recite in public was that winter, and it was that

poem. Before I relate the incident, I must go back to the beginning of my career. It has already been told how Frank Leslie's publishing house sent me my first check for ten dollars, the price of three poems. A benign old gentleman, Benjamin Smith, was the Leslie secretary; he had been many years in the employ of the house, and he was a gallant devotee at the shrine of Mrs. Frank Leslie, who, after the death of her husband, took the business into her own hands and was able to leave at her death, a few years ago, a fortune of nearly two million dollars.

Mr. Smith wrote me, after I had been a contributor to the Leslie periodicals for a year or two, that my first poems had been regarded by him and Mrs. Leslie with considerable suspicion, as my penmanship was crude and childish and the merit of the verses suggested an older hand. He often used to write me very chatty letters; and always was there some complimentary reference to Mrs. Leslie, or some clipping telling of her beauty



Mrs. Frank Leslie



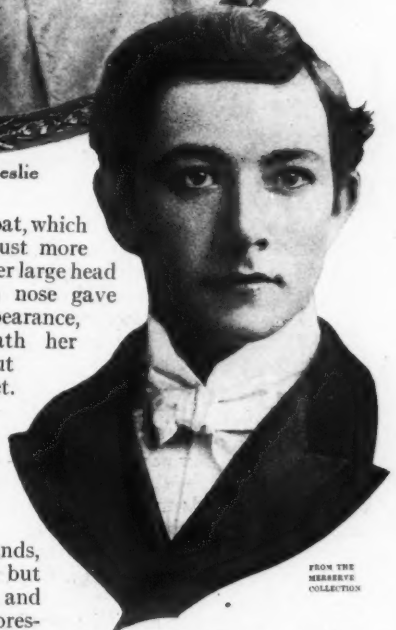
FROM THE HERBERT COLLECTION
Rose Hawthorne
(Mrs. George Parsons Lathrop)

and brilliancy—which naturally appealed to my imagination. Therefore, it was with a tense interest that I made my first call at the Leslie publishing house, where Mrs. Leslie had written me she spent all her daylight hours.

I confess to a feeling of disappointment at the first sight of the lady. The newspaper descriptions of her and those of Benjamin Smith seemed overdrawn. She looked older and less radiant than I had imagined; and her pronounced Roman nose, while it indicated her Napoleonic business prowess, militated against her beauty. But her skin, of exquisite texture, was like the finest marble and with that peculiar luster which seems to shine from within. Her eyes were large and blue, and her mouth almost too small for beauty—too thin-lipped. Her form was molded upon Spanish lines—a little too slender in the waist and too full in the bust for modern ideas of symmetry perhaps, but, at that time, small waists were regarded as a necessary accompaniment to beauty. Her feet, too, were out of drawing, so tiny were they. I once saw her crossing a street, attired

in a heavy fur coat, which made her full bust more prominent; and her large head and large Roman nose gave her a Juno-like appearance, while from beneath her skirt peeped out those infantile feet.

It was an inartistic effect. Mrs. Leslie, however, felt very proud of her feet, and was very sensitive about her hands, which were small but unlovely in shape, and gave one the impression of claws. She made a feature of long sleeves and lace falling



FROM THE HERBERT COLLECTION
Aubrey Boucicault, who recited "The Birth of the Opal" with great success

over her hands in her dressing. Mr. Abraham Wakeman, a one-time postmaster of New York, told me that he saw Mrs. Leslie when she was Mrs. Squires and in the full bloom of early womanhood, and he said she was, without any exception, the most magnificent specimen of female beauty he had ever beheld. Her brilliant beauty (Continued on page 143)



Kohokumu and I dipped our paddles and raced the little outrigger canoe to the dancing pole

The Water-Baby

By Jack London

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

I LENT a weary ear to old Kohokumu's interminable chanting of the deeds and adventures of Maui, the Promethean demigod of Polynesia who fished up dry land from ocean depths with hooks made fast to heaven, who lifted up the sky whereunder previously men had gone on all fours, not having space to stand erect, and who made the sun, with its sixteen snared legs, stand still and agree thereafter to traverse the sky more slowly—the sun being evidently a trade-unionist and believing in the six-hour day, while Maui stood for the open shop and the twelve-hour day.

"Now this," said Kohokumu, "is from Queen Liliuokalani's own family *mele*:

"Maui became restless and fought the sun
With a noose that he laid.
And winter won the sun,
And summer was won by Maui——"

Born in the Islands myself, I knew the Hawaiian myths better than this old fisherman, although I possessed not his memorization that enabled him to recite them endless hours.

"And you believe all this?" I demanded, in the sweet Hawaiian tongue.

"It was a long time ago," he pondered. "I never saw Maui with my own eyes. But all our old men from all the way back tell us these things, as I, an old man, tell them to my sons and grandsons, who will tell them to their sons and grandsons all the way ahead to come."

"You believe," I persisted, "that whopper about Maui roping the sun like a wild steer, and that other whopper of heaving up the sky from off the earth?"

"I am of little worth, and am not wise, O Lakana!" my fisherman made answer. "Yet have I read the Hawaiian

Bible the missionaries translated to us, and there have I read that your Big Man of the Beginning made the earth and sky and sun and moon and stars, and all manner of animals from horses to cockroaches and from centipedes and mosquitoes to sea-lice and jellyfish, and man and woman and everything, and all in six days. Why, Maui didn't do anything like that much! He didn't *make* anything. He just put things in order—that was all—and it took him a long, long time to make the improvements. And, anyway, it is much easier and more reasonable to believe the little whopper than the big whopper."

And what could I reply? He had me on the matter of reasonableness. Besides, my head ached. And the funny thing, as I admitted it to myself, was that evolution teaches in no uncertain voice that man did run on all fours ere he came to walk upright, that astronomy states flatly that the speed of the revolution of the earth on its axis has diminished steadily, thus increasing the length of day, and that the seismologists accept that all the islands of Hawaii were elevated from the ocean floor by volcanic action.

Fortunately, I saw a bamboo pole, floating on the surface several hundred feet away, suddenly up-end and start a very devil's dance. This was a diversion from the profitless discussion, and Kohokumu and I dipped our paddles and raced the little outrigger canoe to the dancing pole. Kohokumu caught the line that was fast to the butt of the pole, and underhanded it in until a two-foot *ukikiki*, battling fiercely to the end, flashed its wet silver in the sun and began beating a tattoo on the inside bottom of the canoe. Kohokumu picked up a squirming, slimy squid, with his teeth bit a chunk of live bait out of it, attached the bait to the hook, and dropped line and sinker overside.



The stick floated flat on the surface of the water, and the canoe drifted slowly away. With a survey of the crescent composed of a score of such sticks, all lying flat, Kohokumu wiped his hands on his naked sides and lifted the wearisome and centuries-old chant of Kualī:

"Oh, the great fish-hook of Maui!
Manai-i-ka-lani—'made fast to the heavens!'
 An earth-twisted cord ties the hook,
 Engulfed from lofty Kauiki.
 Its bait the red-billed *alae*,
 The bird to Hina sacred.
 It sinks far down to Hawaii,
 Struggling and in pain dying.
 Caught is the land beneath the water,
 Floated up, up to the surface.
 But Hina hid a wing of the bird
 And broke the land beneath the water.
 Below was the bait snatched away
 And eaten at once by the fishes,
 The *ulua* of the deep, muddy places."

His aged voice was hoarse and scratchy from the drinking of too much swipes at a funeral the night before, nothing of which contributed to make me less irritable. My head ached. The sun-glare on the water made my eyes ache, while I was suffering more than half a touch of *mal de mer* from the antic conduct of the outrigger on the blobby sea. The air was stagnant. In the lee of Waihee, between the white beach and the reef, no whisper of breeze eased the still sultriness. I really think I was too miserable to summon the resolution to give up the fishing and go in to shore.

Lying back with closed eyes, I lost count of time. I even forgot that Kohokumu was chanting till reminded of it by his ceasing. An exclamation made me bare my eyes to the stab of the sun. He was gazing down through the water-glass.

"It's a big one!" he said, passing me the device and slipping overside, feet first, into the water.

He went under without splash and ripple, turned over,

and swam down.

I followed his progress through the water-glass, which is merely an oblong box a couple of feet long, open at the top, the bottom sealed water-tight with a sheet of ordinary glass.

Now, Kohokumu was a bore, and I was squeamishly out of sorts with him for his volubleness, but I could not help admiring him as I watched him go down. Past seventy years of age, lean as a toothpick, and shriveled like a mummy, he was doing what few young athletes of my race would do or could do. It was forty feet to bottom. There, partly exposed but mostly hidden under the bulge of a coral lump, I could discern his objective. His keen eyes had caught the projecting tentacle of a squid. Even as he swam, the tentacle was lazily withdrawn, so that there was no sign of the creature. But the brief exposure of the portion of one tentacle had advertised its owner as a squid of size.

The pressure at a depth of forty feet is no joke for a young man, yet it did not seem to inconvenience this oldster. I am certain it never crossed his mind to be inconvenienced. Unarmed, bare of body save for a brief *malo*, or loin-cloth, he was undeterred by the formidable creature that constituted his

The Water-Baby

prey. I saw him steady himself with his right hand on the coral lump and thrust his left arm into the hole to the shoulder. Half a minute elapsed, during which time he seemed to be groping and rooting around with his left hand. Then tentacle after tentacle, myriad-suckered and wildly waving, emerged. Laying hold of his arm, they writhed and coiled about his flesh like so many snakes. With a heave and a jerk appeared the entire squid, a proper devil-fish, or octopus.

But the old man was in no hurry for his natural element, the air above the water. There, forty feet beneath, wrapped about by an octopus that measured nine feet across from tentacle-tip to tentacle-tip, and that could well drown the stoutest swimmer, he coolly and casually did the one thing that gave to him his empery over the monster. He shoved his lean, hawklike face into the very center of the slimy, squirming mass, and with his several ancient fangs bit into the heart and the life of the matter. This accomplished, he came upward slowly, as a swimmer should who is changing atmosphere from the depths. Alongside the canoe, still in the water and peeling off the grisly, clinging thing, the incorrigible old sinner burst into the *pule* of triumph which had been chanted by the countless squid-catching generations before him:

"O Kanaloa of the tabu nights,
Stand upright on the solid floor!
Stand upon the floor where lies the squid!
Stand up to take the squid of the deep sea!
Rise up, O Kanaloa!
Stir up! Stir up! Let the squid awake!
Let the squid that lies flat awake!
Let the squid that lies spread out——"

I closed my eyes and ears, not offering to lend him a hand, secure in the knowledge that he could climb back unaided into the unstable craft without the slightest risk of upsetting it.

"A very fine squid," he crooned. "It is a *wahine* [female] squid. I shall now sing to you the song of the cowry-shell, the red cowry-shell that we used as a bait for the squid——"

"You were disgraceful last night at the funeral," I headed him off. "I heard all about it. You made much noise. You sang till everybody was deaf. You insulted the son of the widow. You drank swipes like a pig. Swipes are not good for your extreme age. Some day you will wake up dead. You ought to be a wreck to-day——"

"Ha!" he chuckled. "And you, who drank no swipes, who was a babe unborn when I was already an old man, who went to bed last night with the sun and the chickens—this day are you a wreck. Explain me that. My ears are as thirsty to listen as was my throat thirsty last night. And here to-day, behold! I am, as that Englishman who came here in his yacht used to say, I am in fine form, in devilish fine form."

"I give you up," I retorted, shrugging my shoulders. "Only one thing is clear, and that is that the devil doesn't want you. Report of your singing has gone before you."

"No"—he pondered the idea carefully—"it is not that. The devil will be glad for my coming, for I have some very fine songs for him, and scandals and old gossips of the high *aliis* [chiefs] that will make him scratch his sides. So, let me explain to you the secret of my birth. The sea is my mother. I was born in a double canoe during a *kona* gale, in the channel of Kahoolawe. From her, the sea, my mother, I received my strength. Whenever I return to her arms, as for a breast-clasp, as I have returned this day, I grow strong again and immediately. She, to me, is the milk-giver, the life-source——"

"Shades of Antæus!" thought I.

"Some day," old Kohokumu rambled on, "when I am really old, I shall be reported of men as drowned in the sea. This will be an idle thought of men. In truth, I shall have returned into the arms of my mother, there to rest under the heart of her breast until the second birth of me, when I

shall emerge into the sun a flashing youth of splendor, like Maui himself when he was golden young."

"A queer religion," I commented.

"When I was younger, I muddled my poor head over queerer religions," old Kohokumu came back. "But listen, O young wise one, to my elderly wisdom. This I know: As I grow old I seek less for the truth from without me, and find more of the truth from within me. Why have I thought this thought of my return to my mother and of my rebirth from my mother into the sun? You do not know. I do not know, save that, without whisper of man's voice or printed word, without prompting from elsewhere, this thought has arisen from within me, from the depths of me that are as deep as the sea. I am not a god. I do not make things. Therefore I have not made this thought. I do not know its father or its mother. It is of old time before me, and therefore it is true. Man does not make truth. Man, if he be not blind, only recognizes truth when he sees it. Is this thought that I have thought a dream?"

"Perhaps it is you that are a dream," I laughed. "And that I, the sky, and sea, and the iron-hard land are dreams—all dreams."

"I have often thought that," he assured me soberly. "It may well be so. Last night, I dreamed I was a lark-bird, a beautiful singing lark of the sky, like the larks on the upland pastures of Haleakala. And I flew up, up, toward the sun, singing, singing, as old Kohokumu never sang. I tell you now I dreamed I was a lark-bird singing in the sky. But may not I, the real I, be the lark-bird? And may not the telling of it be the dream that I, the lark-bird, am dreaming now? Who are you to tell me aye or no? Dare you tell me I am not a lark-bird asleep, and dreaming that I am old Kohokumu?" I shrugged my shoulders, and he continued triumphantly. "And how do you know but what you are old Maui himself asleep, and dreaming that you are John Lakana talking with me in a canoe? And may you not awake old Maui yourself, and scratch your sides and say that you had a funny dream in which you dreamed you were a *haole* [white man]?"

"I don't know," I admitted. "Besides, you wouldn't believe me."

"There is much more in dreams than we know," he assured me, with great solemnity. "Dreams go deep, all the way down, maybe to before the beginning. May not old Maui have only dreamed he pulled Hawaii up from the bottom of the sea? Then would this Hawaii-land be a dream, and you, and I, and the squid there only parts of Maui's dream? And the lark-bird, too?" He sighed and let his head sink on his breast. "And I worry my old head about the secrets undiscoverable," he resumed, "until I grow tired and want to forget, and so I drink swipes and go fishing and sing old songs, and dream I am a lark-bird singing in the sky. I like that best of all, and often I dream it when I have drunk much swipes."

In great dejection of mood, he peered down into the lagoon through the water-glass.

"There will be no more bites for a while," he announced. "The fish-sharks are prowling around, and we shall have to wait until they are gone. And so that the time shall not be heavy, I will sing you the canoe-hauling song to Lono. You remember:

"Give to me the trunk of the tree, O Lono!
Give me the tree's main root, O Lono!
Give me the ear of the tree, O Lono——"

"For the love of mercy, don't sing!" I cut him short. "I've got a headache, and your singing hurts. You may be in devilish fine form to-day, but your throat is rotten. I'd rather you talked about dreams or told me whoppers."

"It is too bad that you are sick, and you so young," he conceded cheerily. "And I shall not sing any more. I shall tell you something you do not know and have never heard—something that is no dream and no whopper, but is what I know to have happened. Not very long ago there



DRAWN BY G. PATRICK NELSON

With a heave and a jerk appeared the entire squid, a proper devil-fish, or octopus

The Water-Baby

lived here, on the beach beside this very lagoon, a young boy whose name was Keikiwai, which, as you know, means "water-baby." He was truly a water-baby. His gods were the sea- and fish-gods, and he was born with knowledge of the language of fishes, which the fishes did not know until the sharks found it out one day when they heard him talk it.

"It happened this way: The word had been brought, and the commands, by swift runners, that the king was making a progress round the island, and that, on the next day, a *luau* [feast] was to be served him by the dwellers here of Waihee. It was always a hardship, when the king made a progress, for the few dwellers in small places to fill his many stomachs with food. For he came always with his wife and her women, with his priests and sorcerers, his dancers and flute-players and hula-singers and fighting men and servants, and his high chiefs with their wives and sorcerers and fighting men and servants.

"Sometimes, in small places like Waihee, the path of his journey was marked afterward by leanness and famine. But a king must be fed, and it is not good to anger a king. So, like warning in advance of disaster, Waihee heard of his coming, and all food-getters of field and pond and motun-tain and sea were busied with getting food for the feast. And, behold! everything was got, from the choicest of royal taro to sugar-cane joints for the roasting, from *opihis* to *limu*, from fowl to wild pig and *poi*-fed puppies—everything save one thing: the fishermen failed to get lobsters.

"Now, be it known that the king's favorite food was lobster. He esteemed it above all *kao-kao* [food], and his runners had made special mention of it. And there were no lobsters, and it is not good to anger a king in the belly of him. Too many sharks had come inside the reef. That was the trouble. A young girl and an old man had been eaten by them. And of the young men who dared dive for lobsters, one was eaten, and one lost an arm, and another lost one hand and one foot.

"But there was Keikiwai, the water-baby, only eleven years old, but half fish himself and talking the language of fishes. To his father the head men came, begging him to send the water-baby to get lobsters to fill the king's belly and divert his anger.

"Now, this what happened was known and observed, for the fishermen and their women, and the taro-growers and the bird-catchers, and the head men, and all Waihee came down and stood back from the edge

of the rock where the water-baby stood and looked down at the lobsters far beneath on the bottom.

"And a shark, looking up with its cat's eyes, observed him, and sent out the shark-call of 'Fresh meat' to assemble all the sharks in the lagoon. For the sharks work thus together, which is why they are strong. And the sharks answered the call till there were forty of them, long ones and short ones and lean ones and round ones, forty of them by count; and they talked to one another, saying, 'Look at that titbit of a child, that morsel delicious of human-flesh sweetness without the salt of the sea in it—of which salt we have too much—savory and good to eat, melting to delight under our hearts as our bellies embrace it and extract from it its sweet.'

"Much more they said, saying: 'He has come for the lobsters. When he dives in, he is for one of us. Not like the old man we ate yesterday, tough to dryness with age, or like the young man whose members were too hard-muscled; but tender, so tender that he will melt in our gullets ere our bellies receive him. When he dives in, we will all rush for him, and the lucky one of us will get him, and, gulp! he will be gone, one bite and one swallow, into the belly of the luckiest one of us.'

"And Keikiwai, the water-baby, heard the conspiracy, knowing the shark language, and he addressed a prayer in the shark language to the shark-god, Moku-halii, and the sharks heard and waved their tails to one another and winked their cat's eyes in token that they understood his talk. And then he said: 'I shall now dive for a lobster for



By the time they discovered they had missed him, he had gone



the king. And no hurt shall befall me, because the shark with the shortest tail is my friend and will protect me.

"And, so saying, he picked up a chunk of lava rock and tossed it into the water with a big splash, twenty feet to one side. The forty sharks rushed for the splash, while he dived, and by the time they discovered they had missed him, he had gone to bottom and come back and climbed out, within his hand a fat lobster, a *wahine* lobster, full of eggs, for the king.

"Ha!" said the sharks, very angry. "There is among us a traitor. The titbit of a child, the morsel of sweetness, has spoken, and has exposed the one among us who has saved him. Let us now measure the lengths of our tails."

"Which they did, in a long row, side by side, the shorter-tailed ones cheating and stretching to gain length on themselves, the longer-tailed ones cheating and stretching in order not to be outcheated and outstretched. They were very angry with the one with the shortest tail, and him they rushed upon from every side and devoured till nothing was left of him.

"Again they listened while they waited for the water-baby to dive in. And again the water-baby made his prayer in the shark language to Moku-halii, and said, 'The shark with the shortest tail is my friend and will protect me.' And again the water-baby tossed

in a chunk of lava, this time twenty feet away off to the other side. The sharks rushed for the splash, and in their haste ran into one another, and splashed with their tails till the water was all foam and they could see nothing, each thinking some other was swallowing the titbit. And the water-baby came up and climbed out with another fat lobster for the king.

"And the thirty-nine sharks measured tails, devouring the one with the shortest tail, so that there were only thirty-eight sharks. And the water-baby continued to do what I have said, and the sharks to do what I have told you, while for each shark that was eaten by his brothers, there was another fat lobster laid on the rock for the king. Of course there was much quarreling and

argument among the sharks when it came to measuring tails; but, in the end, it worked out in rightness and justice, for, when only two sharks were left, they were the biggest two of the original forty.

"And the water-baby again claimed the shark with the shortest tail was his friend, fooled the two sharks with another lava chunk, and brought up another lobster. The two sharks each claimed the other had the shorter tail, and each fought to eat the other, and the one with the longer tail won——"

"Hold, O Kohokumu!" I interrupted. "Remember that that shark had already——"

"I know just what you are going to say," he snatched his recital back from me. "And you are right. It took him long to eat the thirty-ninth shark, for inside the thirty-ninth shark were already the nineteen other sharks he had eaten, and inside the fortieth shark were already the nineteen other sharks he had eaten, and he did not have the appetite he had started with. But do not forget he was a very big shark to begin with.

"It took him so long to eat the other shark, and the nineteen sharks inside the other shark, that he was still eating when darkness fell and the people of Waihee went away home with all the lobsters for the king. And didn't they find the last shark on the beach next morning, dead and burst wide open with all he had eaten!"

Kohokumu fetched a full stop and held my eyes with his own shrewd ones.

"Hold, O Lakana!" He checked the speech that rushed to my tongue. "I

know what next you would say. You would say that with my own eyes I did not see this, and therefore that I do not know what I have been telling you. But I do know, and I can prove it. My

father's father knew the grandson of the water-baby's father's uncle. Also, there, on the rocky point to which I point my finger now, is where the water-baby stood and dived. I have dived for lobsters there myself. It is a great place for lobsters. (Concluded on page 133)

to the bottom and come back, within his hand a fat lobster

Hot Indian Blood

*A New Adventure of
Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford*

By George Randolph Chester

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

DISCOURAGEMENT glum and grim was in every line of the man whose huge bulk seemed so out of proportion to the lobby of the small hotel. He sat with his wooden armchair tilted against the column in the center, his feet on the rung of the chair, his silk hat pushed down over his eyes, and the stump of a cold cigar in the corner of his motionless lips. This inert mass was all which remained of the usually energetic J. Rufus Wallingford. Ill luck had pursued him for a solid month. On his finger still glowed his big diamond, but its twin was absent from his rich cravat. The twin had been eaten, and one barren day in barren Spinksville had sealed the future fate of the ring on which his moody gaze now rested.

A cheerful gentleman paused beside the inert mass—a lean, lank individual, with sharply pointed black mustaches and keen, beadlike black eyes—Horace G. Daw, in his glove-fitting Prince Albert.

"Great excitement, Jim! A soda-fountain has been installed where the bar used to be. I'll shake you poker-dice for a nut sundae."

"Go to blazes!" was the rumbled response of J. Rufus, the only movement in him being the wobbling of his cold cigar stump.

Mr. Daw jerked nervously, and a flash of temper spread his lips and displayed his even white teeth.

"Look here, you dyspeptic squash," he snarled: "It's you and your fat pride that keeps us broke, when all we have to do for a grub-stake and a new start is touch the wives by wire. All right. I let you hold us on Stony Street, but I won't let you curdle me with your putrid disposition. I'm happy, I am!" And he smacked his fists. "I'm cheerful, confound you! Go to blazes!" And he stalked away.

No hope of diversion anywhere; no excuse for Mr. Daw's determined cheerfulness. Two chandeliers with cracked gas-mantels dimly illuminated the lobby; the railroad-maps and the time-grimed art calendars on the walls; behind the desk, a fish-eyed clerk with a face so unresponsive that whiskers refused to grow in such cold soil; at the end of the desk, in one of the wooden armchairs, a farmer-looking man placidly engaged with a cud of tobacco and occasionally using the distant brass cuspidor with startling accuracy; at the pine writing-table, with goose-flesh in its mahogany-tinted varnish, sat a beak-nosed and bald-headed little traveling salesman, writing a letter to his firm with a voluminousness which distinctly betrayed small business in Spinksville; at the window, gazing speculatively up and down the gaslit street, a stranger with distinctly Eastern clothes. Him Mr. Daw suddenly approached, with,

"I'll shake you poker-dice for a nut sundae."

The stranger gave Mr. Daw a swift, sidelong glance, and thawed beneath the white-toothed grin.

"I've cut gambling," he smiled. "You don't happen to be acquainted here, do you? Of course not," he added

apologetically, viewing Blackie's precise garb with an experienced eye.

"Wrong again," replied Blackie, hastily seizing his opportunity for amusement. "I am the only living descendant of the original Spinks, founder of Spinksville."

The stranger looked him in the beady black eye, but saw there no gleam of jesting.

"I see. Back to the old homestead occasionally," he guessed.

"Sentimental attachment," returned Blackie nonchalantly, immediately interesting himself in portraying the character of the imaginary descendant of the original Spinks. They had turned now, and were walking idly across the lobby. "Romance calls me here. Down near the river is a cave, where my ancestor—" He hesitated, while he swiftly ran over an assortment of names, Absalom—Benjamin—Cuthbert—Daniel— That was it! He decided instantly on Daniel, and saw him with a short, upturned red beard and a scar across one bushy eyebrow. "Where my ancestor, Daniel Spinks, resided when he first wrenched Spinksville out of the aboriginal wilderness."

The stranger stared at him hard, but the only living descendant of the original Spinks was as grave as a pelican.

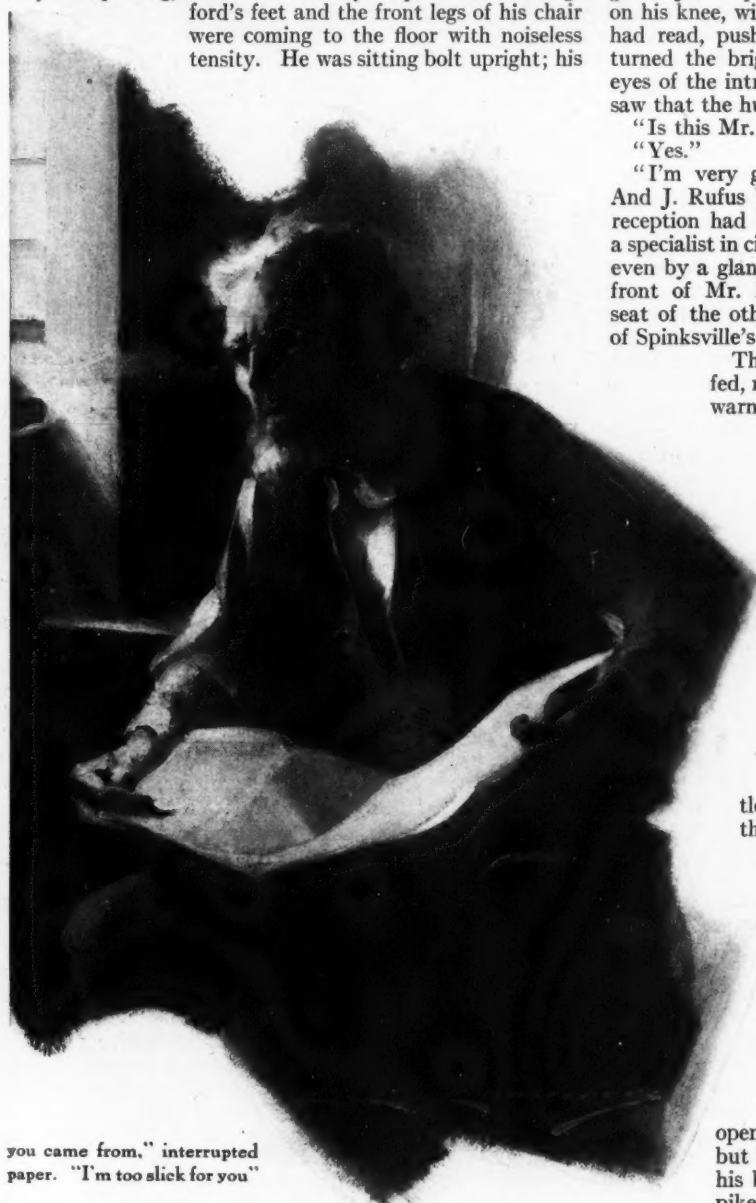
"Yes; I know about that cave. If you still retain an interest in the property, Mr. Spinks, and will get down to cases, I might be induced to negotiate a thirty-day option on it."

Blackie Daw was just opening his mouth to say something elaborate concerning his attachment to that prop-



"You can go right back where Mr. Hopperty, folding his

erty when he happened to notice J. Rufus Wallingford, whom they were passing, and his mouth stayed open. Mr. Wallingford's feet and the front legs of his chair were coming to the floor with noiseless tensivity. He was sitting bolt upright; his



you came from," interrupted paper. "I'm too slick for you"

hat was pushed on the back of his head; his huge, round face was resuming its wonted pinkness, and the glumness and grimness in his small eyes were replaced with a distinct glitter as he passed Blackie the high sign to "stall."

"First, I must tell you our ancient family history," began Mr. Daw, his nonchalance giving way to alert consideration as his pace quickened toward the lonely sitting-room.

Mr. Wallingford rose noiselessly and walked over to the desk. He waited until Blackie and the stranger had passed through the door; then he leaned toward the clerk.

"Who owns that property down near the river—the big vacant stretch with the cave at the edge of the road?"

II

OLD JOE HOPPERTY sat on his front porch, and, beneath the glaring light of a buggy-lantern which hung against the wall, his deeply grained brown forefinger followed the fine print, line by line, of "The Gold-Hunter's Sacrifice"

in the Spinksville *Weekly Bugle*. Somebody clicked the gate. Joe Hopperty looked up with a frown, put his paper on his knee, with his hard finger nail held the last word he had read, pushed his spectacles up on his forehead, and turned the bright reflector of the buggy-lantern into the eyes of the intruder. His lips squared and tightened as he saw that the huge stranger was well dressed—and pleasant.

"Is this Mr. Hopperty?"

"Yes."

"I'm very glad indeed to meet you, Mr. Hopperty." And J. Rufus Wallingford was as happy of voice as if his reception had been gushing. "I'm J. Rufus Wallingford, a specialist in city improvements." There was no invitation, even by a glance, but he came up on the porch, crossed in front of Mr. Hopperty, and sat in the sagging carpet seat of the other splint chair. "I understand you're one of Spinksville's most responsible citizens."

The responsible citizen gazed on that richly fed, round pink countenance which had awakened warmth in so many frigid breasts, which had inspired confidence in the suspicious and recklessness in the timid, and he drew himself a little closer together.

"Who told you so?"

The sickening realization that he had tackled an enameled-iron nest-egg abated the courageous Mr. Wallingford's enthusiasm not one jot, since this was the last ground-hog hole for Blackie and himself, and there simply had to be meat in it.

"You will have your little joke. Why, Mr. Hopperty, if a stranger mentions property or improvements or public welfare in Spinksville, all he hears is Hopperty, Joseph Hopperty."

"Old Joe Hopperty," corrected that gentleman, with almost a snarl. "Come down to the point. What do you want?"

J. Rufus moistened his lips and beat down his rising temper, and he smiled.

"You are a man of few words. So am I. You have a stretch of vacant, unproductive land down by the river. You would be glad to sell it at a good price. If you will make me your agent—"

"You can go right back where you come from," interrupted Mr. Hopperty, folding his paper. "I'm too slick for you."

The enthusiasm oozed out of the aforetime princely Wallingford as if he had opened his northeast window to a wintry blast; but the heat of indignation brought moisture to his brow. It was bad enough to try to become a piker through his desperation, but it was unbearably humiliating to fail in the attempt.

"If you think, sir, that for a few paltry dollars of commission—"

"Oh, tush!" scorned Mr. Hopperty, putting his spectacles in his pocket. "You ain't after any commission; you're after my land. I spotted you for another fellow from the railroad the minute I saw your plug hat. I'm through talkin'."

Oh, so it was a railroad! Wallingford's active mind began to frame possibilities.

"But I am not from the railroad," he hastily stated. "The railroad, Mr. Hopperty, is only one of the improvements which will come to Spinksville and bring an era of unexampled prosperity to your city." He pulled down his vest and put his plump hands on his plump knees as he prepared to glow with fresh enthusiasm over the roseate future of Spinksville. There had to be some way to crack Hopperty's shell. "If I show you enormous profits, you'll listen." He laughed. "If I help you to take advantage of the railroad; if I help—"

The New Adventures of Wallingford

"I don't need any help," objected Old Joe, rising. "The railroad's got to go past the north end of my property; there ain't any other good place to cross the river, and they can put their division headquarters wherever they dum please. I won't be pushed by you, nor the railroad, nor the town, nor anybody else! In ten years my property'll be worth five times over what the railroad'll give me for it now." He took down the buggy-lantern from its hook on the wall. "That's my way of makin' money—on other folks' improvements; and the cow-pasture rent pays the taxes. That's my last words." Thereupon, he went inside the house, taking his lantern with him, and locked the door.

Thereupon, J. Rufus Wallingford stood seething in silent rage for a long moment, turned, slipped off the edge of the step, bumped his silk hat against the porch post, scratched his face on a wire trellis in picking up the hat, and, going out, slammed the gate so hard that he broke a hinge. He had cursed himself dry by the time he reached the hotel, and his fury was in nowise appeased by the fact that he found Blackie in the midst of an eagerly animated group, chattering away as gaily as if there were no such things in the world as care or poverty. One of the group of nearly a dozen was quite obviously the reporter and typesetter of the Spinksville *Weekly Bugle*, for he had his note-book out and held it like a composing-stick; and one waxen-faced old man, who sat directly in front of Blackie, devouring every word, was making occasional entries on the back of a pocket-worn manuscript. Blackie barely glanced at his partner, then finished the thrilling Indian romance he had been weaving; but at the conclusion he cleared his throat loudly and said,

"Now, do I own the property, or do I not?" A snort of disgust from the unsuccessful piker, as that huge person plumped in his chair, tilted it against the post, lifted his feet to the rung, and pulled his hat down over his eyes in discouragement glum and grim. "Alas, no!" Blackie resumed, twirling his mustaches to sharp points. "The most minute search—"

"Then you're not here to dispute Joseph Hopperty's ownership of that land?" broke in the crisp stranger, who had been held silent heretofore, through impatient courtesy, by the fact that Blackie had never released his eye.

"By no means," replied the narrator, reveling in cheerfulness. "The most minute search of—"

Wallingford's chair came down with a thump, and there was a vindictive gleam in his eye as he told the stranger,

"Old Joe Hopperty owns that land, and he wants to sell it to the railroad." The Spinksvillians grinned. "He lives three blocks to the right and two to the left, and he's still up. If you want to see him, you'd better go right around."

"Thanks," returned the stranger, and hurried out; whereat Wallingford tilted himself back in his chair and pulled his hat over his brows; but his chest was heaving with a vindictive chuckle. And the Spinksvillians grinned and grinned.

"The most minute search of the records," persisted Mr. Daw, still cheerfully, "fails to show that Daniel Spinks ever recorded his claim to these miles of fertile land given him, with all their hunting and fishing, their nuts, their berries, and their pawpaws, by the father of Tee-Nee-Hee-Ha at the direction of the Great White Spirit; but the town of Spinksville bears his name to this day."

"How fortunate, Mr. Spinks—"

"Daw, please—Horace G. Daw."

"Excuse me," returned the waxen-faced old man. "How fortunate to have met you, Mr. Daw, before finishing my history of Tullawalla County! You know, Mr. Spinks—pardon me, Mr. Daw—it was always supposed that the town was named by the early settlers, who didn't know how to spell the word, from the crude resemblance to a sphinx formed by the scar on the hills across the river, and rendered distinctly visible after every rain. I shall have to revise the three chapters devoted to that subject." And he finished with a sigh.

"I'll help you," offered Blackie glibly, grinning in the general direction of his particularly silent partner as he searched his fancy for further joyous details. "In the mean time, gentlemen, I am here to celebrate, on the twenty-fifth of this month, the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Daniel Spinks' settlement on the site of what is now beautiful Spinksville."

At this point, J. Rufus Wallingford suddenly sat up, pushed back his hat, pinched the bridge of his nose, and began to think.

"What a subject for an ode!" breathed the local author, his waxen face lighting with inspiration. "Listen:

"Fair was the forest primeval,
When down through the pines and the hemlocks,
Came Daniel, the father of Spinksville.
Clear was his eye, and —"

"By the way, Mr. —er—Daw, do you know the color of your ancestor's eyes?"

"Blue," answered the descendant without a moment's hesitation, and plunged into a care-free word-painting of the long-deceased Daniel.

Twenty minutes later, while Blackie was explaining that the memorial monument he had planned for the original Spinks had been ruined by a blow-hole in the casting, the stranger returned, with a red spot in each cheek, and slammed the door behind him, and kicked the corn-husk mat half-way across the lobby, and scowled in black fury at the huge smart Aleck who had sent him out into the night to see Joe Hopperty.

The huge joker, however, chuckled away that scowl as he came forward with outstretched hand. He was no longer glum and grim, but his round pink face was wreathed in joviality, and the gleam in his eye was not the gleam of a discouraged piker.

"Bring your grouch into the parlor, friend," he cordially invited. "I have pleasant words for thee."

III

OLD JOE HOPPERTY was weeding his onions when the committee from the Spinksville Memorial Pageantry Association, Incorporated, called on him, and he frowned as he rose up, with a hand on his aching back, and inspected the interlopers—Horace G. Daw, the only living descendant of Daniel Spinks, the founder of Spinksville; Cal Tuckett, the author of the forthcoming commemorative pageant; Miss Theresa Bulwinch, who was to enact the part of Tee-Nee-Hee-Ha, and already wore her hair in two hanging braids; strapping big Charlie Lamax, who sang bass in the Baptist Church choir and was to create the part of the Great Manitou, and other braves and squaws.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded Old Joe. "Say, keep off o' that, can't you? I got red beets planted there."

"We're a committee of public-spirited citizens, Joe," explained waxen-faced Cal Tuckett, "and we've come to see you about a matter of public welfare."

"Public welfare be dummed!" exploded Joe Hopperty. "I'm lookin' after my own welfare, and that's all you're doin'. I won't sell to the railroad, and I won't listen to any more slick strangers." Here his malevolent eye rested on Blackie Daw. "You might as well all go home."

"It isn't that, Joe," interpolated the matronly blond woman who was to play the part of Smiling Primrose, mother of Tee-Nee-Hee-Ha. "It's about the memorial pageant to celebrate the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of the founding of Spinksville by Daniel Spinks."

"Oh!" Hopperty reached for his weeding-trowel. "Yes; I heard about that." And again he cast on Blackie an eye in which there was a slight difference of malevolence. "What have I got to do with it?"

"This is the only living descendant of Daniel Spinks, Mr. Hopperty," introduced the prospective Tee-Nee-Hee-



DRAWN BY CHARLES E. CHAMBERS

"Get out of the pageant!" ordered the sad horseman

The New Adventures of Wallingford

Ha, with a languishing glance at the fascinating stranger in whose veins flowed a trace of hot Indian blood.

"I heard about him, too. But his claim to my property don't worry me any. My deed and title is insured."

"Have no fear, usurping paleface!" declaimed the descendant loftily. "In my ancient lineage, there is too much pride and independence to enter any contest for sordid wealth. All we ask, O Hopperty, is the use of the cave where my distinguished ancestor resided with his beautiful redskin bride after the Great White Spirit had blessed their union. There, with your permission, we shall reenact, in a gorgeous pageant, the original romantic drama right on the historic site. Grant us this, white man, and you shall go into the prologue; if not, not. The lines relating to you are as follows:

"High on the roll of our citizens stands the name of Hopperty—Joe!"

"Besides, we'll pay you rent."

"So you want to use my cave, eh?"

Hopperty pulled a weed, shook the dirt from it, and tossed it in a pile. "Well, I've made up my mind about it. You can have it." Relief on the faces of the committee. Joe pulled another weed. "For nothing." Delight on the faces of the committee. "And don't ever say again that Joe Hopperty never did anything for Spinksville!"

Three days later, however, while the volunteer carpenters were pounding away at the grand stand, and Rattling Snake was spouting yards and yards of blank verse to Smiling Primrose at the mouth of the historic cave, and Blackie Daw was tearing madly across the field on horseback, with the delighted Tee-Nee-Hee-Ha clinging to the pommel of his saddle, pursued by a dozen whooping and yelling Indians, and Hen Sykes's eleven cows were scattering frantically for safety, thereby taking as active a part in the rehearsal as the Indians, Joe Hopperty came out lickety-split in his buckboard and set up a loud wail.

"Stop it! There'll be no pageant on my land! Get off those fields, everybody!"

They crowded round him in astonishment, scrambling down from the cave and gathering in from the fields; but it was a huge, well-dressed, pleasant gentleman who acted as spokesman.

"You may make your complaint to me," he said. "I am the agent for the Spinksville Memorial Pageantry Association."

"Oh, you are!" Joe Hopperty brushed three papooses and a squaw aside to confront J. Rufus. "Well—your fool pageant is takin' money out of my pocket. Hen Sykes says he's goin' to rent Mrs. Heger's pasture till this show's over. He says his cows don't give anything but buttermilk. They

don't get a chance to set down. You'll have to get right off; all of you!"

There was a loud chorus of protest, but agent Wallingford stilled it by a gesture. His broad chest swelled with indignation.

"We refuse to stop this historic pageant," he declared. "We have witnesses to your gift of the use of this ground. Was there anything said about cows?"

"No!" answered the witnesses as with one breath.

"Was there anything said about taking money out of my pocket?" demanded Joe Hopperty.

"Yes!" spoke up the clarion voice of the only living descendant of Daniel Spinks, deceased. "I offered the paleface usurper to pay him rent."

"And he refused?" asked agent Wallingford, frowning.

"Yes!" came the chorus.

"But I didn't know I'd be money out of pocket." Joe Hopperty shook a lean fist in the general direction of everybody. "And I ain't goin' to be. If I don't get back the rent I lose by those cows goin' out of my pasture, there'll be no pageant."

The squaw of Rattling Snake, who had a temper of her own, thrust herself before Joe Hopperty to give him a piece of her mind, but agent Wallingford, with lofty dignity, interposed.

"We'll give the man his rent," he decreed. "And we'll have it in due legal form, so there shall be no further trouble about it."

"And remember this, Hopperty, and sons and fair daughters of historic Spinksville:

Never let it again be said that yon paleface usurper ever did anything for the land of my ancestry," spoke up a clarion voice.

"I don't give a dum," said Joe Hopperty, "just so I ain't money out o' pocket."

IV

A SHIVER of expectancy passed through the throng which packed the grand stand as a ghastly blue light flared up inside the cave of the Great Manitou. At the same moment, the only deadhead who sat amid the brave sons and fair daughters of Tullawalla County noted a movement not on the program. From over the hill, back of the cave, there came a man in puttees, who carried across his shoulder a surveyor's transit. The pay spectators hardly gave the man a glance, for to them he was only a negligible incident, like a bird flying past; and, moreover, just then strapping big Charlie Lamax, with a chalked face and white robes and a fanciful white head-dress four feet high, came out of the cave, bent almost double, and bellowed on and on in a soporific prologue, which set helpless small boys to squirming in their seats until they were full of fresh splinters. The fellow with the transit came down along the brow of the hill, and circled away round the grand stand into the far north corner of the field.



It was Cal Tuckett, author of the pageant, and he was quivering with frenzied indignation

The Great Manitou was gone, at last! There was a red light in front of the cave—a camp-fire—and old Rattling Snake was passing the pipe among his braves, and his squaw, Smiling Primrose, was cooking something in a pot, and singing about it, in that fine contralto which was the ornament and grace of every public gathering in Tullawalla County; but the only deadhead was watching two more men come down over the hill beyond the cave, one with a bundle of surveyor's rods and a bundle of chains, and the other lugging a heavy instrument-box. What in Sam Hill were they doing there?

A rich soprano voice—Tee-Nee-Hee-Ha's—came out of the woods. Its owner was wreathing a garland of flowers, as Indian maidens do, and, like them, imitating the songs of the birds.

Tee-Nee-Hee-Ha declaimed blank verse, no one knew why; her mother declaimed blank verse; her father; all the braves.

A shudder of excitement ran through the spectators. There! Don't you see them? Crawling along in the bushes on their hands and knees, slinking redskins in hideous war-paint, with pounds and pounds of turkey feathers on them, and bright, shiny tomahawks! Joe Hopperty gave them hardly a glance, for the two surveyors were joining the first one in the field. They put down their things and sat on the ground. What in blazes were they doing out there?

Blood-curdling shrieks rent the air. The slinking, hostile redskins had crept up to the peaceful powwow, unawares, to scalp the rival tribe; but they were no match, even in their slinking villainy, for the brave warriors of Rattling Snake's tribe, because, after a fine, gory battle, the unkilld, blood-thirsty, hostile savages were driven away, racing, with whoops and yells, right past the grand stand—so close, in fact, that the wart on the cheek of Benny Crissy, alias Grinning Wolf-Skull, could be distinctly seen beneath his war-paint.

But Joe Hopperty had no eyes for them, or for the jolly scalping of the dead Indians in front of the cave; he was watching out there, where the man in the puttees nonchalantly lighted a pipe and was smoking it.

Behold who came across the plains astride his faithful steed! Daniel Spinks, in his upturned red whiskers and coonskin cap, his gun and his fishing-tackle and his tin dishes clattering about him; and ever and anon he shaded his beady black eyes with his hand, and looked far, far into the distance; and he was weary with travel and faint with hunger, as he declaimed in a loud voice when he met Rattling Snake outside the cave. In a ten-minute speech, Rattling Snake welcomed him, and bade Smiling Primrose give him food; then Daniel Spinks and Tee-Nee-Hee-Ha met, and a sigh swelled from the grand stand as the case of love at first sight was distinctly visible. Who in the nation was that driving into the field from the north in an automobile? Joe Hopperty

couldn't make them out—five men, one with a big tin cylinder, others with stakes and axes and things. They couldn't belong to the pageant!

Ah! Tensity in the audience. The handsome young frontiersman and the Indian maid were alone; they were making love. Look! The jealous Indian lover of Tee-Nee-Hee-Ha springs from a bush! There is a duel! All was excitement as Daniel Spinks plunged his trusty dagger into the breast of the jealous young brave. The parents of the beautiful Indian maid sprang out of the cave, attended by the warriors of Rattling Snake. The dying brave betrayed the tender secret of Spinks and the beautiful Tee-Nee-Hee-Ha. But Joe Hopperty was watching the businesslike man with the big tin cylinder pull a long roll out of it. Blue-prints!

Ah! They were tying Daniel Spink to the stake. They were about to torture him, then burn him to death. The bonfire was around his feet; the torch was ready to be applied which would roast him to a crisp; but Joe Hopperty, alone of all that throng, did not crane forward to watch breathlessly the beautiful Indian maiden, with a loud cry, scatter the crackling branches and throw herself on the breast of the young frontiersman and intercede for his life. No! Joe Hopperty was heading out into his north field, to find out what those men were doing on his land. They were driving a stake when he arrived, (*Concluded on page 108*)



"Great excitement, Jim! A soda-fountain has been installed where the bar used to be. I'll shake you poker-dice for a nut sundae"

A Genius *of the* Short Story

By Kathleen Norris

WHENEVER I think of Fannie Hurst, I think of the word "genius." Like everybody else, I have my own private definition of genius. A merely talented person is one who adapts his product to his market; he gives the public what the public wants, and is rewarded in a greater or less degree. But the genius can only give one thing, and that is so much a part of himself that he cannot give more and will not give less. He offers it, and sometimes the world is a long



Fannie Hurst



Miss Hurst in the library of her New York home

time accepting it, and, meanwhile, the genius starves, or lives hungry, like Francis Thompson and Gissing and Poe. Starving talent is pitiful and commonplace, but starving genius is sublime.

Therefore, it is an extremely rare and pleasant thing to meet a genius that the world has instantly and gratefully made welcome—I might add that it is an extremely pleasant thing to meet Fannie Hurst under any circumstances. She knows nothing of cruel editors and cold attics and dwindling pennies and thin shoes, and the last words to be mentioned in connection with her are "bitterness" and "starvation." Among all the writers in New York she is the exception, not the rule, and one studies her case with a sort of patient and unresentful wonder. Where some of us climb, she flies, and where we are pleased occasionally to touch the target's outside ring, she calmly reaches the bull's-eye over and over again. Her work is not like that of anyone else; it appeared unheralded and unknown, and yet the actual interval between her first serious offering to her public and that public's enthusiastic reception of it was but a few months.

Her own story is quite as surpris-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY



She works hard and slowly, producing
read as easily as if one

with much doubt and difficulty the lines that
were listening to the speaker

ingly usual as are the stories of many of her characters, quite as humanly simple as the material she almost always selects. She never knew the incentive of want; her childhood in Saint Louis was protected and prosperous; she was an only child; life was made very pleasant for her. When she finished college at home, she was given a year or two in New York for post-graduate work, and to try her wings in any fashion that seemed likely to satisfy her ambition. The stage always interested her, and she tells me that she wrote stories at ten, and fourteen, and eighteen, and was not much encouraged in writing them.

"I didn't understand it then," she said joyously—she is among the most joyous of human creatures—"but last year, at home, I found some of my old stories, and then I realized why the family thought it kinder to discourage me."

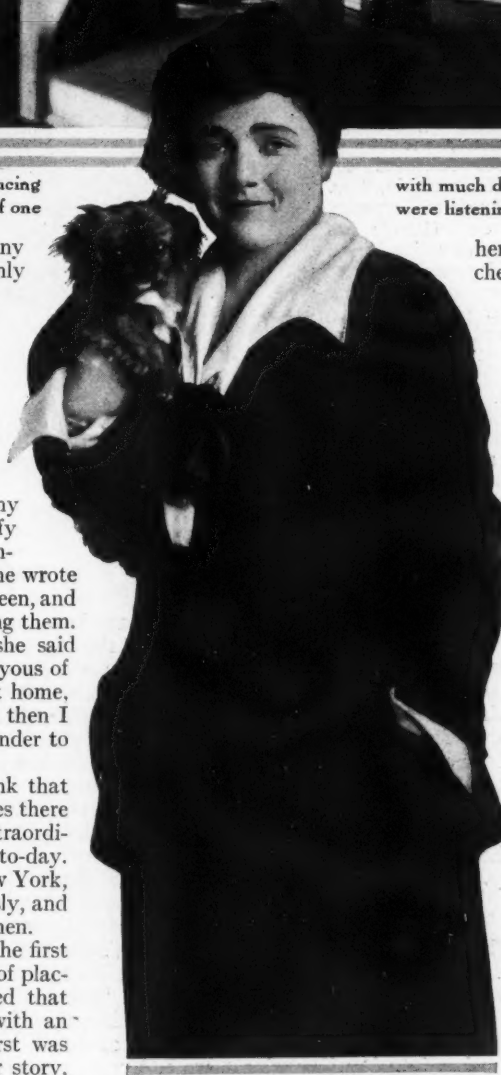
But I don't believe that. I think that even in the ten-year-old child's stories there must have been some hint of the extraordinary quality that marks her work to-day. At all events, when she came to New York, she began to think of fiction seriously, and there was no more discouragement then.

That was about five years ago. The first story was written, and the question of placing it arose. Some friend suggested that she send it to a weekly magazine with an enormous circulation. Fannie Hurst was also advised to put a price on her story, and she priced it at one hundred dollars. A check for three hundred was sent her instead, and since then the popularity of

her work and the size of the accruing checks have risen steadily together.

Wherever writing folk gather, Fannie Hurst and her work are discussed; she has become a sort of literary Great Cham, and nothing is too fabulous to be believed about her.

Personally, she is extremely good to look upon, cream-skinned and dark-eyed, still in the pleasant zone of the middle twenties, and interested in everything in the world inclusive. She lives, except when she is visiting her home people, in a distractingly attractive little apartment near Central Park, New York city, and has monastery doors, old rugs, steps up and down, Gothic windows, and a scatter-brained puppy to amuse her. I gather that she works hard and slowly, producing with much doubt and difficulty the lines that read as easily as if one were listening to the speaker. Every line, every word is weighed and tested and changed interminably, and whole pages of the painfully wrought copy are destroyed; but she herself is its only tribunal, and when it leaves her hands, she is satisfied that she can do no better. Her happiest times, she tells me, come when the story is finished, and when she is pleased with it, before she gives it to the world. In (Concluded on page 134)



She has a scatter-brained
puppy to amuse her

Camilla

A Novel of Divorce

By Elizabeth Robins

Illustrated by Alonzo Kimball

CAMILLA CHARLTON, when eighteen, marries Leroy Trenholme, the only son of a rich New Yorker. Leroy possesses great personal charm, but is too susceptible to the fascination of women. Camilla worships him—to such an extent that Leroy becomes bored—but leaves him and obtains a divorce after four years, when she discovers his relations with Mrs. Carey (Linda). She goes abroad to live, and, six years later, becomes engaged to Michael Nancarrow, who belongs to a conservative English family. Because of what she considers the humiliating conditions placed upon the remarriage of a divorced person in England, she decides to return to America and be married there. Nancarrow is to follow immediately.

In the mean time, Leroy has married Linda and is unhappy. There is a child, but he is by no means sure of his parenthood, Linda having attached herself to a senator from a Western state.

Arriving in New York, Camilla accidentally encounters Leroy at the home of his cousin, Mrs. Lenox. Linda has gone to California with a party, in Senator Hickson's private car. Camilla has cabled Nancarrow to come, but on meeting Leroy, she seems to come again under his charm; and love for her appears to be reawakened in Leroy. Her intention is to go at once to her place in Florida, inherited from her grandfather, and wait for Nancarrow, who is on the point of sailing, but certain legal matters connected with joint property-interests of herself and Trenholme must be attended to. The result of Leroy's coming again into her life is to force upon Camilla the conviction that she cannot marry Nancarrow, and she cables him not to sail. She must go to Florida at once, and in solitude plan her future. To an old friend and adviser, Ogden Marriott, she confides that, in any case, she will live without Michael.

XXXIV

HIS FATHER

THE next afternoon found Camilla closeted downtown with an old friend of her father's, the Trenholmes' legal adviser—also an old man—a stenographer, and Leroy. His demeanor, grave, watchfully considerate—of a correctness to make the heart ache, if you remembered the old Leroy.

A disputed question arose involving reference to a deed which Leroy had failed to bring.

"I think, anyhow," he said, "this is as much of the ground as we can usefully cover to-day. We mustn't wear out Mrs. Trenholme's patience."

Could she come to-morrow?

She felt she couldn't ask the benevolent old gentleman how necessary her coming was. And she had no other means of knowing whether Leroy was spinning out the business. After all, why *should* he?

To-morrow, then.

Leroy took her down and saw her into her limousine. And here he failed. He handed her in with too much of the old manner. She shrank out of his solicitous hands and bolted into her seat. He sent a curious look after her.



He looked at her through the open window.

"You are in a great hurry," was his comment.

"Yes," she said nervously; "I didn't expect to lose more than a day over this."

"So anxious to be off?"

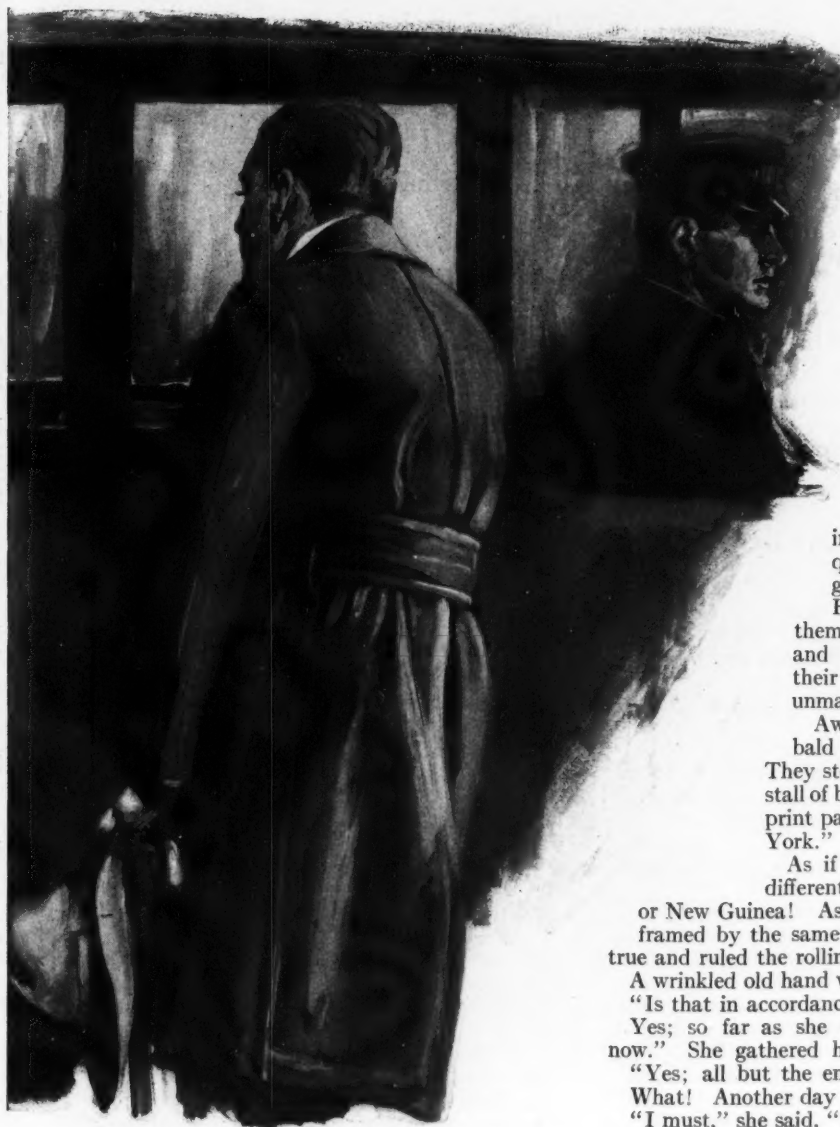
"More anxious than I can say. You'll hurry the business all you can, won't you?"

He looked at her through the open window.

"I catch myself wondering if it's really you." Then abruptly to the driver, with the name of the hotel, "The lady is in a hurry."

He was the last to arrive the following day. Mrs. Trenholme and the lawyers had waited for him nearly a quarter of an hour.

Camilla's first thought, when he came in with an apology, was that he hadn't slept. Then, as she observed him covertly, "He has been drinking," she said to herself. Oh, not heavily. Just a cocktail or so too much. But she was ashamed. Even more, she was watchful. If he were to make a slip, she must do something to cover it up. She even turned over the possibility of taking him away with her. But that wouldn't do. People would misunderstand. The others seemed not to notice anything.



"I catch myself wondering if it's really you"

Not without its own strange effect on her, this consciousness that, though perhaps only she could detect the fact, Roy wasn't quite himself. Along with the pain and anxiety, the knowledge released some latent power in her. A power of criticizing, judging. She suddenly felt much older. Able to decide things. To say to one, "You are wrong." To another, "I see something you are blind to." Always, up to now, she had been guided. Now, as her unwilling eye swept the heavy figure of the young man—now, she told herself, she was the fitter to guide. Strangely, in that lawyer's office, whither she had come for counsel, she felt abler to give advice and to render judgment than ever she had been in her life. It was as if, sitting there, she had suddenly attained her majority.

A moment came when Leroy fumbled his papers; he dropped his pen. She felt herself grow hot for him; her eyes fell. Not that there was any remnant left of the old illusion, and nothing, she told herself, of the old love. It was just a—well, a sort of lingering sense of responsibility toward the man she had given vows to. How could you—she found herself putting that silent question as she took the stiff foolscap that was handed for her approval—how could you take back a vow? That is to say, how could

she? "Camilla hasn't any mental elasticity," Leroy had once said. "She can go straight on farther than most, but she can't turn quick corners." Well, Linda could turn corners. Had he really liked that better?

Was he often like this? Very likely nobody but she would notice anything. How well she knew the signs! It was like being with him under his skin. Marriage! And people talked of undoing *that*! People like these two old lawyers with their childish airs of omnipotence. Their "It was not the finding of the courts"—"the law." Gravely quoting fictions set up by yet other men, a long way off from youth and the swift instruction of the blood. Old men quoting rules for playing a sedentary game. Lucrative for the skilful.

Higher stakes than poker. *Let* them make counters of houses, of leases and lands. But marriage—conceive their dreaming they could make and unmake that!

Away from the two intent old faces, the bald heads bent, her eyes went roving. They stopped by the fattest "calf" in the stall of books—"Marriage Laws." Smaller print particularized: "In the State of New York." Wasn't it *like* them?

As if human nature in New York were different from human nature in New Jersey or New Guinea! As if the real laws of marriage weren't framed by the same Lawgiver that kept the north star true and ruled the rolling worlds!

A wrinkled old hand was held out for the paper.

"Is that in accordance with—"

Yes; so far as she could see. "And so it's finished now." She gathered her furs about her.

"Yes; all but the engrossing and witnessing."

What! Another day lost! She met Roy's heavy eyes.

"I must," she said, "I *must* get off to-morrow night."

The papers could be sent up for her signature. He would see to it.

As before, he took her down to the street.

"And so you go to the old place?" he said.

"Yes."

"You and your Englishman?"

"I shall be alone."

"You don't mean to say the Englishman fails you?"

"No; he doesn't fail anybody. It's I who fail. I cabled him not to come."

"*You did that!*" He stopped with his hand on the door.

"When did you do that, Milla?"

"Please—"

He opened the door. As she drove away, he was still standing there.

When she reached the hotel, a piece of paper was put in her hand, asking her to call up a certain telephone-number. She knew before she heard it what voice would answer.

"Have you got your stateroom?"

"No; I couldn't till I knew when this business would be settled."

But had she any idea of the crush of Southern travel at this time? "When I go South, I make my reservation two weeks in advance." She'd better let him see about it. It was her only chance, and that was slim. "Sometimes a director of a road—" He would ring her up during the evening.

"I won't be here," she said. But she'd get the message when she came in.

"Where are you going?"

"Where am I going?"

"Yes." As she didn't answer. "Don't you see, I could tell you what I'd been able to do if I—" he waited. No sound. "What?"

"I don't just know where I'll be."

"Don't know! Oh, look here, Camilla——"

"I'm dining out."

"And you don't know where you are dining?"

"No."

He laughed that gentle, mocking laugh.

"Do you know who you're dining with?"

No sound out of Camilla.

"I'm sorry; I apologize. I didn't know it was a secret."

"It's not at all a secret. I'm dining with Mr. Marriott."

"Oh—Old Spectacles! Well, you'll have a hilarious evening."

Mr. Marriott called for her at her rooms.

She had been seeing him every evening. Yet she went toward him now with outstretched hand and such eagerness of welcome as made him study her face.

"I don't know how I'd get through this time but for you." She had said that once before. After the meeting in the Sambaourne library.

"What's happened?" Mr. Marriott had asked that other evening.

"Nothing. Yes; I've seen Leroy."

"I could have sworn it." And not another word about Leroy. The talk was about travel and foreign courts and pleasant home things. What, indeed, would she have done without this friend?

He knew about the meetings at the lawyers', and hadn't approved of them.

"Your agent could attend to all that for you."

"My father's old friend seemed to agree with Leroy that I ought to be made to understand—maybe I ought to learn to——"

That telephone! Leroy again. There wasn't a state-room on either Southern line for ten days. Didn't she think she'd better wait?

Impossible. She'd put up with a section. She *must* get off to-morrow. "What to do if you can't get one?" she echoed. "Surely there'll be a section."

"Tell him," prompted Mr. Marriott, "if there isn't a section to be had, you'll go by day train to Washington and trust to luck."

She repeated that.

Mr. Marriott's voice, held low, added that people sometimes canceled at the eleventh hour. She repeated that, too.

"You are very much up in Pullman matters all of a sudden. Who's prompting you—Spectacles?"

"Good-by." She hung up the receiver.

"You aren't going to let him keep you here?" Marriott demanded. As she didn't answer, "Few things would amuse him more."

It was the word "amuse" that stung.

"I don't think you are always fair to Leroy. I'm ready," she said at the door.

But Marriott lingered, as if he'd forgotten something.

"May I use your telephone?"

He rang up the Pullman office. After some preliminary:

"What? Last two sections just gone! Who took them?"

... Mr. Trenholme? ... This moment? I see. What have you for the next night? ... Yes. ...

Very well; a section and an upper berth for Thursday. Mrs. L. Trenholme. ... Yes."

"There must be some mistake," Camilla said, as Marriott left the telephone. "Or, do you think—" She stopped short on her way to the hall. "Can Leroy be going South?"

"I don't think that is the explanation," said Marriott dryly.

"Then who will be in those two sections?"

"Nobody. They'll go empty as far as Washington. Just so that you shouldn't be in one of them."

Twenty-four hours of heavy-falling snow lay in the streets and clogged the sidewalks. The shoveling and banking along the curb made little difference to the choked thoroughfares. But the city had put on beauty.

All that night the snow fell steadily. Surface-train and street-car service broke down. Automobiles skidded and stuck and gave up. If you wanted a taxi, you waited half an hour and were glad to observe a discreetly crawling hansom or a hack—vehicles you had thought never to behold plying those streets again.

The next day shone cold and clear over a transfigured city. Camilla, at the window in the afternoon, looked out with prisoner's eyes. All day, in here, she had been pent up with sins and penances, with thoughts too poignant to be borne quiescently. Was it the best she could have done, or was it the worst—to send that cable? There were moments when she would have given years of her life to be able to recall it. Yet, if it were back in her hand that moment, she knew that it would go forth again.

Being delayed here in New York strained the cords of resolution. What did Leroy want with those sections?

She had had a further difference with Mr. Marriott on that score. She had almost quarreled with him. He had returned to the Pullman question over their coffee the night before. What things he had said! She burned at the memory.

"I've warned you. Trenholme doesn't mean you to go."

"I am sure you are wrong," Camilla had said. "What object could he have?"

"The object of a man thoroughly unscrupulous in his dealings with women."

"I can't have you saying that."

And he had gone on. Leroy was playing with her. "It's a shame!" he had cried, for once blazing through those cold spectacles. "But for him, Nancarrow would be on his way. You think *you've* put him off. It was Trenholme. Trenholme doesn't mean you to marry."

That telephone again!

She called for her hat and furs.

She hadn't been walking half an hour before the sunshine went out under a heavy cloud. More snow.

On her way back, near the corner which commanded the flank approach as well as the main entrance to the hotel, a familiar figure stood, snow-powdered. He was coming to meet her. Leroy!

"What weather for you to be plowing through snow! Where have you been?" He put his question exactly as he had used—exactly as if she still must account to him.

"I've just been walking."

"You haven't been walking all day, I suppose?"

"No."

"How long?"

"Really, Leroy——"

"Really, Camilla. What's the matter with your telephone?" She looked down at her snow-covered coat. "Is Marriott so kind as to advise you not to answer your telephone-calls?"

"It's too cold out here." She moved toward the entrance.

"I could hardly believe," the voice went on at her side, "that you, of all women, would allow yourself to be put in a position so undignified. What business is it of Marriott's what you and I say to each other?"

"He only wanted to help me. He has helped me."

"Oh! And how has he managed to do that? By making love to you?"

"Oh, Leroy!" She stopped short. Then, beginning to walk quickly again, "He's got me a section for to-morrow."



DRAWN BY ALONZO KIMBALL

"You mustn't waste kindness, Michael," she whispered, as if the place were full of people. "You'll be stern and angry enough when you know. Oh, what *made* you come?"

thousands of other men have done—if you'd had a little patience."

Was that true? She had never thought of it like that.

"I wouldn't have known but for you," the hard voice went on, "that I had any faith to lose. I thought I was done with depending on women. For anything. But it seems I wasn't done. I had come to depend on you. I *counted* on you." She lifted her eyes. That she dropped them was due, not to the reprehension that she read in James Trenholme's face so much as the heavy trouble there. "For some reason, or for no reason, I'd come to feel: Camilla will hold the fort. And you didn't." There was no sound in the room for several seconds. "You see him now. What you don't know is he hasn't been the same since you deserted."

"You mustn't say 'deserted,'" she protested, stung at last to speech. "It's *too* wide of the mark—"

"You did desert." He faced her down. "But what's done is done. All I've come to say is: *Don't do it again.* You stay here and look after your job."

Her slack hands came together.

"It *isn't* my job. Not now. Not any more." She seemed to plead with him.

"Not your job any more!" He made a gesture of contempt and jerked his head to one side. "Like all the rest!" He seemed to give in to an unseen adversary. "Not her job any more!" And now those hawk's eyes were at her again. And the talons of his speech were clawing at her. "Didn't you undertake the job? Of your own free will? Yes. Undertook it and abandoned it."

"Linda—" she brought out, breathless.

"*Linda!*" He blew the name to atoms.

He got up. He stood in front of Camilla. An iron engine of a man, charged with incalculable energies, more a symbol of power than she had ever realized. "If," he said impressively, "the good women stuck to their business, the bad women wouldn't have *that* chance!" He snapped his thin fingers. In the act of turning on his heel, he halted and again looked down at the figure in the chair—as if catching sight of something now that had escaped him before. "You didn't realize that? Well, if you were a child then, you aren't a child now." He drew a chair to her side. "I don't mind telling you—that I, too—I've missed my daughter."

Camilla lifted her head.

"Thank you. But what I have to know is: did he ask you to come and—"

"No; hasn't a notion," he said quickly.

"How, then, do you know that he—that Leroy wants—"

"Don't I know my own flesh and blood? The morning after you landed—I hadn't seen the arrival-list—when he came into the office, 'What is it?' I said. 'What's what?' 'What's happened?' He laughed. 'Well, the only thing I know that's happened is Camilla's come back. Like

that for the next three days. Coming in to talk McCoy and corporation law, and in the middle, 'I've arranged to see Camilla.' His face like a boy's. Then, 'I've seen her!' She's this. She's that. And how you were to meet him at the office of Dunn, Hardy & Horlick. Next day, the light gone out. 'Didn't she come?' 'Oh, yes; she came. Hard as—wood. Dying to get out of New York.' And then Leroy off to—I don't know where." He was silent a moment. "One of the things I used to like about you—you didn't drink cocktails—"

"Only because I didn't like them."

"Don't care what the reason was. The effect was that Leroy didn't. Not half, not a hundredth so much as—" The chin went down; the spare, vigorous frame took on again that attitude of fatigue which Camilla had surprised him in. "Leroy's habits aren't what they were," he went on; "and that's why his work isn't what it was. All that promise—But he's young. You are both young enough to make a fresh start."

Back and forth her thoughts went flying across great spaces in time and feeling. She lost count of time and sense. These are journeys the soul must make alone; she lost count of the other presence. She and Roy were struggling to find a footing in the void. Could they live together as friends? Could he bear that? Frankly regarded, could she?

James Trenholme bent down and laid a hand on her shoulder. She started as if he had called her.

"Yes, father—I mean—"

a quick flush had risen in her face.

"That's right, my child."

She tried to say no; she hadn't meant that. But the form in which she would have to rectify her blunder sounded overharsh, too like a wounding repudiation—a rebuff to a proud man who had shown her his wounds. Oh, why had she said 'father'? There had been no need. Every reason *not* to say it. But out it had come. It echoed still in the air. It was like an oath of service.

He had kissed her on the forehead and was gone.

XXXV

THE DECISION

"THERE will be no question of getting out of New York, given another twelve hours of weather like this."

After two days' silence, Marriott had looked in upon Camilla's final preparations towards seven the next evening. She swept a litter of letters and telegrams into the waste-



The telephone! She stood hesitating. What voice would she hear? Which of those two?

paper basket. "Another twelve hours, and I shall be out of the storm zone."

"So—you are still meaning to go?"

"Still meaning?" There was never any doubt of my going—after you were so good as to secure that section."

"Oh, I heard you'd countermanded it."

"That was because I was able to get a stateroom."

"A stateroom!" If he had not been aware before that the stream of confidence had run dry, he realized the fact now, as he looked at the masklike white face with the averted eyes. "I suppose you are *sure* about it?"

"Quite sure."

"Who has the ticket?"

"Who? Why, I have it, of course!"

"Have you any objection to letting me see?"

A faint tinge of indignation flushed her cheeks as she produced an envelop. While Mr. Marriott, with every sign of incredulity, scrutinized the tickets, a letter was brought in. Marriott's eyes left the slip in his hand and fastened on the letter. Camilla opened and read:

I have not told and I shall not tell Leroy that I have seen you.
You will speak for yourself when the time comes.

Your affectionate father,

JAMES TRENHOLME.

She lifted her head and met Marriott's eyes.

"Well," she said, folding up the letter, "are you satisfied about the ticket?"

"It appears to be for to-night," he said grudgingly. "What time shall you be going down?"

The train was the well-known midnight express. She said her plan was to be at the station about half-past ten and go comfortably to bed.

Marriott showed his approval by saying he would come and take her down if she liked.

No; she wouldn't trouble him.

He focused her reproachfully through the great rounds of his glasses. But Camilla saw no reason to explain—after the way he had spoken of Leroy—that the misjudged person had sent a note with the tickets to say that he was putting his automobile at her disposal. It (not he) would call for her at ten o'clock or any time she liked. "There is only one chauffeur in New York," the note added, "who can be trusted in streets like these."

Mr. Marriott rose to go.

"It's no night," she said, "for anybody to be out who doesn't have to be. Good-by."

Her hand was out. Not his. He sat down again and threw his hat on the table. The telephone-bell rang.

After a moment's hesitation, Camilla answered.

"Those papers? I haven't forgotten. They seem to have been sent up to my house by some mistake." Leroy was speaking from the office. An unusually heavy day's work or he'd have tracked those papers down before. He wasn't going to take any chances about their reaching her in time. He would go and get them himself.

She remonstrated. Getting-about was so difficult. The papers could follow her to Florida.

"That might do," he said, "except for a point in the Jersey deed that your man, Dunn, was afraid you mightn't understand. I promised him I'd clear it up before you signed. I'll be round during the evening."

Before she could answer, he had rung off.

She turned to find Marriott had vanished.

At ten o'clock she put on her hat.

"Isn't the automobile there?" she asked her maid.

"Not yet."

Camilla waited an impatient ten minutes.

"Telephone them to get a taxi."

Another ten minutes.

"Can't they get a taxi? Then we'll walk. Find somebody to bring the suitcases."

By the time she got down to the entrance, the taxi was

there. And so was Mr. Trenholme's automobile. And out of it Mr. Trenholme was stepping.

"Where you going? Taxi! Given me up? Why, it's only a few minutes past ten, and your train doesn't go for nearly two hours!"

It was all right, now he had come—she was only afraid he'd broken down.

"We don't break down, do we, Hutin?" he tossed out to his chauffeur. "Sha'n't be long." He turned to go into the hotel.

Camilla's maid, in the act of paying the taxi-driver, hesitated, with her hand in her purse. Would Mrs. Trenholme perhaps prefer that she should go with the small baggage and get things ready for the night?

Leroy applauded such forethought. Then hurriedly to Camilla,

"I've run that deed to earth—we'll just look through it." He led the way back into the hotel.

It struck her how like old times it was to be following at his heels. Straight on he led her, avoiding the elevator, up one flight, and into a great deserted room with many shaded lamps and a blazing fire.



Out of the deeps of humiliation her voice rose faint
"This is quite like

"I've never been here before. What do they call this room?"

She understood Leroy, pulling off his coat, to say that he hadn't been invited to the christening.

Independently of the blazing open fire, the atmosphere everywhere indoors was heavy with steam heat. Camilla loosened her furs. He put a chair for her at the great ornate writing-table and a chair for himself. He took a bulky paper out of his pocket and laid it open under her eyes. There! She was to read that.

"Not all through?"

"What! You'd sign a paper without reading it? You do need somebody to look after you." He bent over her, explaining, enlarging. "Now, you mustn't go to sleep over this. This is the most important point."

"I wasn't going to sleep." Oh, the times in the past she had defended herself against that charge! "It's so hot in here."

"Well, of course, muffled up as if you were exploring the Antarctic!" He helped her off with her coat. "Now, pay attention to this." With an air of conscientious discharge of duty, he attacked clause eleven. No possible aspect of clause eleven was left uncanvassed. It was as if all Camilla's fortunes hung on clause eleven. He sounded immensely legal. It was all as simple to him as "one, two, come buckle my shoe." Camilla's woolly brain was woollier than common. The heat. The nearness. That faint Russia-leather scent—

"There now! Is that quite clear?"

Camilla, in a thickening mist, nodded sleepily.

"But," she said, with solemnity, "I think eleven clauses are too many."

"Stupid woman!" he threw in, passing on to clause twelve.

Camilla looked at him.

"You mustn't be—so familiar." Leroy leaned back in his chair and laughed till the tears came. "What is the matter with you?" she said.

"You are too good to be true," was the only explanation he would make.

It was Leroy who thought of the time. He pulled out his watch.

"I'm sorry—sorrer than I can say—but I've got to take you to the station, madam."

"Oh, yes!" She stood up hastily. "What's the time?"

He showed her his watch. Her secret thought was: "We *might* have a quarter of an hour more by this beautiful fire."

It certainly was a bitter night.

She leaned out of the window of the automobile, taking the flecks of frozen snow upon her face, and heard his special charges to the chauffeur. Leroy knew a better route than the chauffeur. He stood for some time debating the whys and wherefores. He was taking a vast deal of trouble for her. In those few moments his hat and his shoulders were powdered white. He tried to brush the snow off his sleeves before he opened the door.

"What a climate!" he said, as he got in. "I'm ready to admit I envy you."

"You don't envy *me*."

"Yes; I envy anybody who's going into decent weather. Think of what it'll be like!" He sank back in his seat and spoke of that sun-bathed world. He brought back things she hadn't thought of for years—things that made her laugh, things that made her long to cry.

Now they had stopped. The chauffeur was at the window.

"We can't possibly get round this way. I thought we couldn't—"

Leroy, with his head out of the window, had a long argument with the chauffeur. "Then go back," it ended.

"Not that it will make much difference," Leroy said reassuringly, as he pulled up the frosted glass.

"What were we saying?"

Oh, about the darkies. Do you remember uncle Pax on the duties of husbands and wives? 'I think a husban' sho' ought t' do all he kin to make his wife happy and pleasant.' Do you remember?" He laid his hand over hers. She drew away. "I'm not to touch you? Oh, all right. There's one thing," he said in her ear: "Whatever you've made up your mind to do, *you can never forget me.*"

"It isn't you that have put that into my head. I've been thinking it all these days. Ever since I got back. And be— (Continued on page 128)



and broken. "You can't be serious—even about this." He smiled again. old times. Well, I'm serious. Fire away!"

New Fables

By George Ade



The Goofs standing around in their Regalia listened to the symphonic Vox Humana and allowed that he was a Dinger

The Fable of the Song-Bird and the Cyclone

ONCE there was a Borough that had to employ a Guiding Star, who appointed a lot of Subs and handled much Chink and took General Charge. When the Federated Marching Clubs of the

True Faith were herded in a Grove with several Trees in it, a Lawyer stood out on the Rostrum and intoned so effectively that little Children began to Cry.

He had an aquiline Beak, and the raven Locks stood out behind.

He and an Undertaker in Bucyrus, Ohio, and the Capitalist in the Movies were the only three Men in the World still wearing Prince Alberts.

The Goofs standing around in their Regalia listened to the symphonic Vox Humana and allowed that he was a Dinger.

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The Winds of Chance played upon the taut Strings of his emotional Nature, producing sweet Harmonies which have no Market Value but are wonderful to listen to.

That is how he became General Manager.

He sang his way into the Job.

In a short time everything was wrong end to, although there never was a Moment when the Thrush could not offer voluble Explanations.

A great Crisis impended.

The Community had to marshal all Forces and husband all Resources and direct them toward an important Result.

The hard Necessities of the Moment did not call for the services of a Nightingale, so the aroused Citizens told the two-legged Ukulele to stand aside and make room for a quiet Lad with steel-gray Eye and square Chin.

The Ark of the Covenant came through without a Scratch.

After all the Danger and Hard Work had been put behind, the Minstrel Boy emerged from the Cellar and brushed himself and announced that he was ready to go back on the Job.

"Oh, Pish and a couple of Tushes!" exclaimed Public Opinion. "Sit on a Limb and warble, but don't come near the Machinery."

Moral: Soldiers are not the only Ones killed off.

The Fable of the Brand that was Plucked and Got Cold

ONCE there was an Almost-Genius named Swivvleton J. Flegbie.

He would have been World's Champion of the Intellectual Heavyweights if he had worn Ear-Muffs.

At least, that is what everyone said.

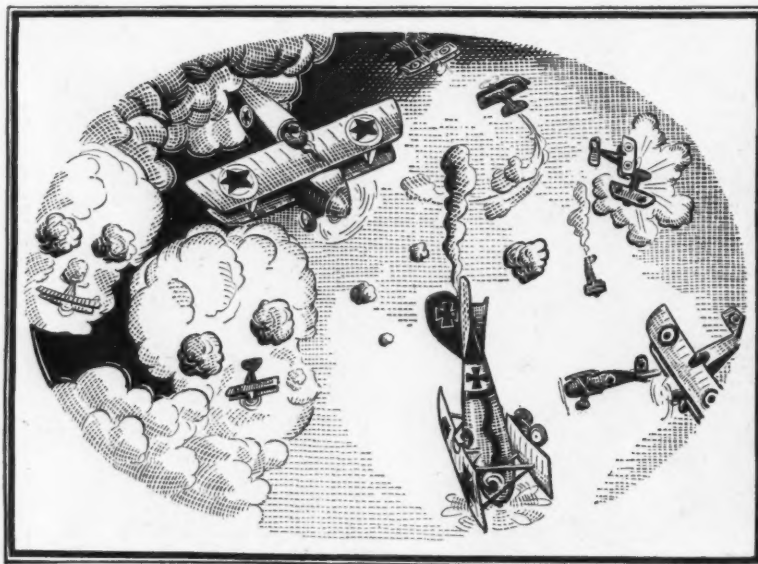
Any time Swiv got an Invite, he was at the Listening-Post, accompanied by one Thirst.

The Dictograph had nothing on him.

If a Benefactor in the adjoining Room said in a Stage Whisper, "Will you pour a slight Libation on the Altar of Friendship?" Mr. Flegbie, 40 Feet away and with a Partition between, always spoke up and said, "Excuse me if I don't refuse."

When a Bell tapped, he was there ahead of the Waiter.

By working the soft Routes and telling a Story when it came his turn to Purchase, he was under Full



"The Young Fellow brought down another one yesterday. He goes out and gets 'em before Breakfast. He goes up to Death and slaps him in the Face every Afternoon"

in Slang

Illustrated by
John T. McCutcheon

Sail by 10 o'clock every Morning, with all Flags set and a Band playing.

He was a brilliant Orator, even when Corned.

His Friends knew that if he could sidestep the Red Stuff, he would turn out to be a peerless Combination of Daniel Webster, Demosthenes, and William Jennings Chautauqua.

He put across many a cute Business Deal, even when he was primed to the Keyhole.

"If we could just get him on the Lithia," said all of his Acquaintances, "he would soon throw a cloud of Dust over Mr. Stettinius of the House of Morgan."

Even the Ladies conceded that, although he might be lit up like an Elks' Carnival, he had a certain Charm of Manner and a rare touch of the *Savoir Faire*, with the accent on the "Salve."

At last the Town in which he lived went dryer than Death Valley.

The Buyers ceased to Buy and the Ice-Picks were hammered into Knitting-Needles.

The many Admirers of Old Fleg predicted that at last he would emerge from the Alcoholic Mists and stand forth radiant in the Sunlight of Sobriety.

He stood forth, but he didn't seem to Radiate.

He could not even Ignite.

He was a Twin-Six, but he was missing on 11 Cylinders.

After fooling them for Years, it was now revealed that his rightful Occupation was to chisel Epitaphs on Headstones.

So the Legislature was petitioned to make an Exception in his Case and let him tune up every Afternoon.

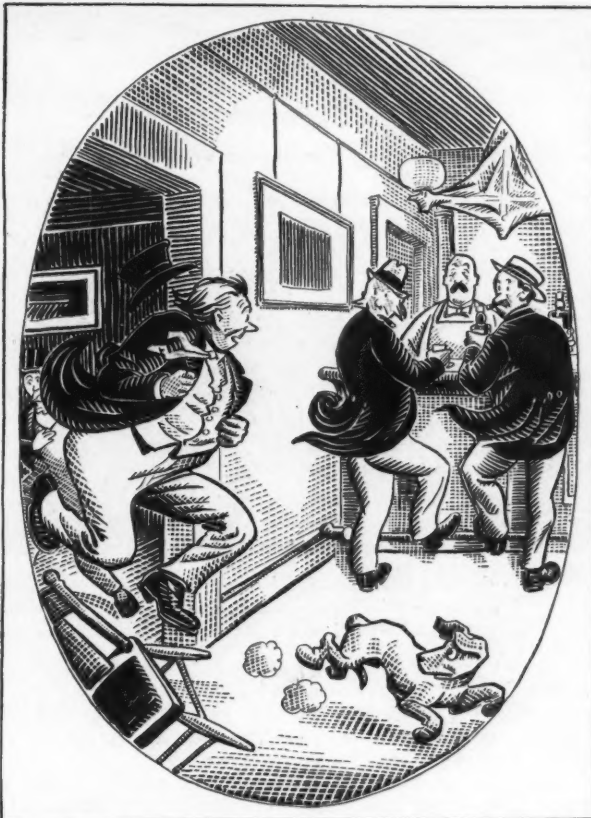
His Neighbors explained that they wanted to become acquainted with him again.

Moral: One Man's Poison Ivy is another Fellow's Spinach.

The Fable of the New Indirect Lighting System

ARANGY young Divle with Curly Hair and a Dinner Suit that must have been made to Order sat in a Dancing Asylum at 1 A. M. entirely surrounded by the Pick of a successful Revue.

The Gells were tearing into the Caviar and Breast of Partridge just as if they had been brought up on them, back in Coshocton and Ishpeming.



If a Benefactor in the adjoining Room said in a Stage Whisper, "Will you pour a slight Libation on the Altar of Friendship?" Mr. Flegbie, 40 Feet away and with a Partition between, always spoke up and said, "Excuse me if I don't refuse"

What with the chaste Napery and the twinkling Crystal and Alphonse in charge of the Silver Buckets, the whole Flash was a Pocket Edition of Belshazzar such as the plain Middle Classes never enjoy except in the Photo-Drama.

The Angel of the Group did not seem to be excited over the Privilege accorded him of purchasing Supplies for Cerise and Modine and Beryl.

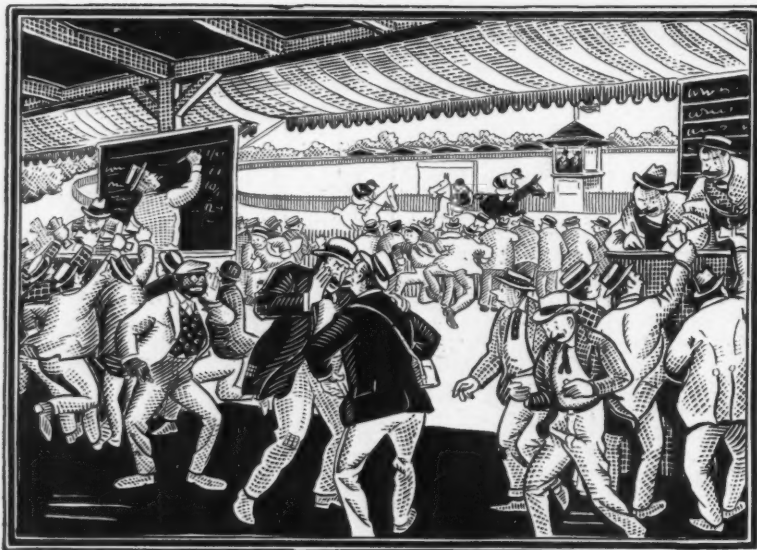
He lolled back and surveyed the Revels with a smiling Hauteur which cannot be acquired by a Person born in Iowa unless he attends Harvard.

Once in a while you see One that can get away with that Crown-Prince Stuff.

The Midnight Son seemed just a trifle bored when all the Rounders and their Rosies stared at him.



Thus it befell that a couple of Fortescues landed in at the gloomy Fortress which some one, in a Spirit of Levity, had labeled a Camp, but no trembling Menials poured forth to meet them



Before the first Bugle sounded he was 'through the Wicket and whispering with some Wise Bird who had collected all the Ingredients of a Successful Career except a little Working Capital

A glib Son of the Pavements, who was introducing the Country Trade to Welsh Rabbits, gave the pop-eyed Visitors a true Steer as to the John who had rounded up the Janes.

"That's young Piggott," he said. "His Dad is the Whole Cheese in the Interplanetary Steel & Iron Combine. The Old Man is a Whale. He has enough Mazume to fill the New York Central Station. The Kid is just home from College and he sets a couple of Buildings on Fire every Night. The Tessies all seem to be Nuts about him, probably because he is a swell-lookin' Hound and played Half-Back and never glances at the Check. You can tell by sizin' him that he'll never class with the Old Gent. This Lad is up-Stage a mile. He's a Bad Actor. He was put on Earth to provide Touring Cars for Head Waiters. Look at him! Please note the quiet Swank and the heavy Side. And yet he never did a Day's Work. He never performed a helpful Service. He is the variety of Parasite who will give the Socialists plenty to talk about."

Now, it happens that the Restaurant above referred to, although surrendering to the Jazz Saturnalia after Sundown, is very strait-laced and decorous along in the middle of the Day.

A matter of Months had elapsed since the willing Spender had given the Front Row a splash in the Bubbles.

One Day a different kind of Group sat at the very Table at which the Make-Up Sisters had put a crimp in the Menu.

It was the Luncheon Hour.

Five elderly Men sat facing five Portions of Roast Beef Medium.

One of the Men had a folded-over Newspaper which he passed to the others.

He watched them with an eager Wistfulness while they were reading.

Several times he had to arise and shake Hands and acknowledge fervent Salutations from those who chanced to spot him at the Table.

It seemed to be a sort of Levee for him.

The Explainer was present once more.

all over America, tellin' him how proud he ought to be and, believe me, he's just as Cocky as they want him to be. Yes, sir; he stands out against the Horizon these days. Well, why not? He's the father of Ace Piggott."

Moral: All Quotations and Ratings made previous to April, 1917, are hereby canceled.

The Fable of Almost Getting Back to Nature

BECAUSE a Bridge burned out, a Jerkwater Railway was put flat on its Back for four Days.

Mr. and Mrs. Fortescue motored to their Camp up in the Wilderness.

The Corps of Servants and a vast Cargo of Supplies preceded by Rail.

(Concluded on page 105)



He didn't mind it so much for the first 100 times or so, but now it had worked on his Sensibilities until sometimes he feared that he was headed for the Foolish House

"Here's the foundation, the nourishing ration
To build on for strength in a man or a nation."



Laying the keel

Building health is like building ships. You must first lay the keel—the foundation on which

everything else depends. Shakespeare understood this. He said it exactly—"Now good digestion wait on appetite and health on both."

If you want a vigorous constitution you must begin with a good appetite and good digestion. This is one particular value of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It is among the best of wholesome appetizers. It is especially useful in strengthening digestion and providing the proper dietary balance.

It gives you one of nature's finest tonics—the pure juice of fresh ripe tomatoes—blended with other choice ingredients in a combination that is both tempting and nutritious.

Served as a Cream of Tomato this

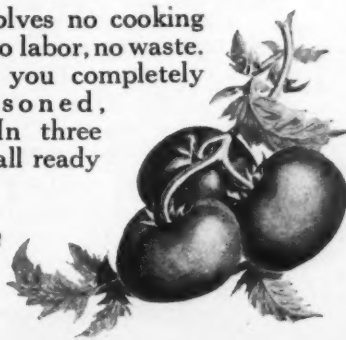
Order a dozen or more, and get the full benefit. *The nation needs stanch men and women, as well as stanch ships.*

21 kinds

12c a can

inviting soup yields 50 per cent more energy than an equal quantity of milk. And you can prepare it in various ways to make it as hearty as you choose.

Its use involves no cooking cost for you, no labor, no waste. It comes to you completely cooked, seasoned, blended. In three minutes it is all ready to serve.



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

New Fables in Slang

(Concluded from page 104)

That is, they were Supposed to precede by Rail, but a Bridge burned and the Streak of Rust that wound through the Woods and up into the Hills went Blooey.

So the First Cook and the Second Cook and the Door-Opener and the Superintendent of Collar-Buttons and the Feather-Duster Twins and the imported Hair-Fixer were all laid out at a Way Station miles from their Destination.

They could not get the Terrible News to the Fortescues, because the Latter were off the Earth somewhere, speeding along in the Big Car.

Thus it befell that a couple of Fortescues landed in at the gloomy Fortress which some one, in a Spirit of Levity, had labeled a Camp, but no trembling Menials poured forth to meet them.

There they were, Leagues and Leagues from Nowhere, facing the grim Necessity of waiting on themselves.

They had a Chauffeur with them, but his Contract read that he should drive the Car.

He could not be expected to start the Fires and prepare 8 kinds of Food for every Meal and arrange the Flowers and turn down the Beds and Lay out the Corduroys for Master, because these Duties were outside of his Department.

Now, the Skeleton in Mr. Fortescue's Family Closet was that Grandfather built a Log House with his own Hands.

As for Mrs. Fortescue, it is not generally known that her Mommer was born on a Canal Boat.

Both had tried hard to eradicate all Family Traits and Standardize themselves according to English Models, but they must have made a Mess of the Job.

For Mr. Fortescue found himself out in the Woods collecting Chunks for the Fireplaces, and Mrs. F. began to drag Stuff out of Cedar Chests and run down a Strip of Bacon and bust an Egg into the Coffee, taking it all up just where Ma had left off in 1898, when the first Ship came in.

They found that they could put Skillets on the Fire rather than starve to Death and, Oh, the Lark they had next morning!

For Mr. Fortescue learned that he could still lace his Shoes, and Mrs. Fortescue was as proud as Punch after combing her own Hair.

It was really a postponed Honeymoon. After three days they were almost Chummy.

Then the delayed Train pulled in and they had to starch up and Climb back on the Pedestals.

Moral: Full many a good Farm-hand is hiding behind a Plaided Shirt.

The Fable of the Inside Info and the Deadly Dope

AFTER a certain Buck had collected his Inheritance, he looked around to find a quick Process for changing every \$1 Bill into a Yellow One.

He got it into the tender Acorn that each Tract of Ground with a High Fence around it, a row of Stalls, a decorative Club

House, a Grand Stand, and a Paddock opening to an Ellipse of beaten Dirt was operated as a Gift Enterprise for the Brainy Boys who could peer into the Future.

For instance, he knew that if Jiminetti ran third to Minnie McGee and Kidney Stew at Pimlico on a slow Track with a bad Start, carrying 118 Pounds and a Stable-Boy up, then it was a mortal Pipe that he could whistle in at Jamaica on a fast Footing, carrying 98 and piloted by Skinks Googan especially after being clocked three mornings by the Rail-Birds and breezing it in 1:42.

Up at Matteawan, all the upholstered Apartments are taken by Ex-Plungers who

Coming!

More *Penrod* Stories By Booth Tarkington

It will be joyful news to Cosmopolitan readers that Mr. Tarkington is now writing for them more stories relating further adventures of the most human boy that has ever been portrayed in fiction. The first of these will appear in an early issue.

can hand out the same line of Chatter for Hours at a time.

Every morning the faithful Stude would analyze the Form-Sheet and go back into History until he had a Line on the Performances of every Goat from the cradle up.

Before the first Bugle sounded he was through the Wicket and whispering with some Wise Bird who had collected all the Ingredients of a Successful Career except a little Working Capital.

No sooner were the Odds marked than this young Napoleon, upon whom had fallen the Mantle of Pittsburgh Phil, would begin shooting Holes in every Book that showed itself.

He surely knew how to throw a Scare into the Gams.

After he had backed his Judgment through a 30-day Meet, he ran across an ancient Sport who asked him how he seemed to check up on the whole Campaign.

"I think I'm about even," replied the Sure-Thing Specialist.

"Dear me!" commented the Ancient Sport. "Is it as bad as that?"

Moral: In the Summer Months you can't trust even a Horse.

The Fable of the Compound Fracture and the Rapid Recovery

ONE morning a Court convened so that those who had guessed wrong could be released from Bondage.

A Lady displaying expensive Shoes and other Evidences of Refinement told the Judge that she had played out her String with a certain Lizard who was on hand wearing a Blue Tie.

All she wanted was the Fresh Air and plenty of Solitude and about four-fifths of his gross Income.

Replying to suave Interrogatories, she admitted that he was a dandy Provider and had just enough Bad Habits to make him Real, and never had swung on her or pulled any of the usual Brutalities.

"Then why this beating against the Bars?" asked the Judge.

"I'll tell you. I have a brother named Roscoe who sings Tenor in an Amateur Musical Club and won the Chess Championship of Putnam County last Year. Every time I mention Roscoe, my Husband smiles in the most provoking Manner."

"Has he ever said anything to the discredit of your brother Roscoe?"

"He doesn't need to. He just smiles. It's perfectly Maddening."

"Is that all?"

"Great Heavens! Isn't that enough?"

The Other Portion of the Sketch advanced to Bat and began his Recital, quietly and with artistic Modulation, something like John Mason.

The Married Life had been Great Stuff until she began to work on his Nerves.

He conceded several Points in her Favor.

She was a Wonder at taking care of the Flat and buying at Inside Prices, and she never let down on her Looks, even in the Morning.

But he began to notice that every time he came home with a snappy Anecdote that he had picked up in the Card Room at the Club, she would listen attentively enough, but always she would put her Head over on one side, like a Bird, and then she would close one Eye.

He didn't mind it so much for the first 100 times or so, but now it had worked on his Sensibilities until sometimes he feared that he was headed for the Foolish House.

"Did you ever ask her to stop it?" asked the sympathetic Court.

"How could you ask a Woman to stop closing one Eye or cocking the Head over on one side like a Robin Redbreast?"

"That's so. Except for this one Peculiarity, you think she's all right?"

"Aces and eights! But I don't think I should be asked to mail Alimony Checks to a Woman who has been systematically working for Years to undermine my Reason."

"Certainly not. We will head off any Repetition of such cruel Practises. I hereby decree that you shall never tell your wife another Anecdote. If you do, all she has to do is come here and get her Liberty Bond and an Order for your Salary. Furthermore, I enjoin the Wife from making mention of her brother Roscoe. Hereafter, he is just the same as Dead so far as your little Family Group is concerned. If she ever pulls Roscoe on you again, come into Court and you will be liberated and she will be left to starve in the Streets. Court is now adjourned."

So they went home and got along elegant.

Moral: The Serpent is helpless unless he finds an Apple to work with.

The next *New Fable in Slang*, that of *What Shwed Up in the Red Glare*, will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.



"I don't see how I ever tolerated having my cuticle cut. Cutex is so easy to use, so quick, and makes my nails look so much better. They are really lovely"

Mary Chase



How to give your nails a perfect manicure —

Without ruinous cutting of the cuticle

IT has long been known that cutting ruins the cuticle. Everywhere doctors and skin specialists tell us: "do not cut the cuticle"; "cutting is ruinous".

Some of us do not realize that the more we cut and clip, the more we have to—for every time we use scissors we are creating the very roughness and unevenness we are striving to overcome.

It was to do away with cutting that Cutex was formulated. Cutex is absolutely harmless. With it you yourself can keep your cuticle smooth and firm, your nails shapely and attractive.

Begin to have beautiful nails today

File the nails to the desired length and shape. Then wrap a little cotton around the end of the orange stick (both come with Cutex), dip into the bottle and work around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Carefully rinse the fingers with clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

A little Cutex Nail White applied

underneath the nails removes stains. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

Don't put it off. See how quickly even an abused nail can be made really lovely.

If the skin around the base of your nail dries easily at certain seasons of the year, as that of many women does, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort. This cream will help to keep your cuticle always soft and pliant.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 30c, 60c and \$1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in any form is only 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 30c. If you do not find what you want in your favorite store, we shall be glad to supply you direct.

A complete Manicure Set for you

Send 15c now (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you the complete Manicure Set shown below. Send for it now—don't let another day go by until you see how lovely your nails can look. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 509, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, send 15c for your set to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 509, 409 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.

When you see how smooth Cutex keeps your cuticle, you will never cut it again



Remove stains with Cutex Nail White



Give your nails the most delightful polish they have ever had, with Cutex Nail Polish

Mail this coupon with 15c today

Mail the coupon today with 15c for this complete Individual Manicure Set. It will give you several "manicures."



NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 509, 114 W. 17th St.
N. Y. City

Name

Street

City.....State.....



Hot Indian Blood

(Concluded from page 91)

and the man with the blue-prints was giving some calm orders to the man with the transit.

"Looky here! What are you doin'?" demanded Joe.

The man with the blue-prints turned on him superciliously, as the father of Tee-Hee-Hee-Ha released Daniel Spinks from the stake.

"Who wants to know?"

"Who? Me!" yelled Joe Hopperty, instantly incensed. "I'm the owner of this land!"

Some of the men turned to look at him, but the one with the transit set his tripod over the stake, and two others helped him center and level it, while a fourth one walked across the field with a rod, and a fifth one stretched a tape in the same general direction.

"Well, since you're who you are," observed the man with the blue-prints, "I don't mind telling you that we're laying out the division-headquarters building for the I. I. & B. Railroad."

"You're what?" shrieked Joe Hopperty. "Get off o' my land!"

"Oh, tut!" said the other, a hearty, good-natured fellow if he wasn't disturbed.

"We get our orders where we get our pay."

"I'll see about this!" yelled Joe Hopperty, and started back toward the grand stand. On the way, he met a man astride a horse, coming slowly, his head down, and his pots and pans sadly rattling. It was the young frontiersman, and up before the cave Tee-Hee-Hee-Ha was singing about her grief in a piercing soprano, and the rest of the tribe were pointing relentless fingers toward the retreating paleface.

"Looky here, Daw!" And Hopperty stopped the horse. "Once and for all, I want to know what this means!"

"Get out of the pageant!" ordered the sad horseman. "Your lines aren't in the manuscript, paleface usurper, and if you don't let go of that bridle, I, Daniel Spinks, will forget my anguish and slap you in the eye with a skillet."

"I'll make somebody smart for this," threatened Joe Hopperty, and, hurrying over to the grand stand, he hunted up Sheriff Bill Aynes.

"Come along with me, Bill; I got something for you to do!"

"Hush!" admonished Bill. "What's that she's saying? Can you make it out, Hepsey?"

Mrs. Sheriff Aynes sniffed, and wiped a tear off the end of her nose.

"She's wasting away. The flowers don't smell any more, and the song of the birds is a funeral dirge for her sad heart. Hush!"

"I call on you in your official capacity, Bill Aynes," insisted Joe Hopperty. "I want those fellows out there arrested for trespassin' on my property. Do you hear?"

Bill Aynes turned impatiently.

"Where's your warrant?"

Completely stumped by that, Joe looked round. In front of the cave, Sam Weakfish was trying to tempt his heart-broken daughter with pawpaws and luscious grapes. But this was no time for hanging back; vast property interests were at stake; so Joe Hopperty scrambled up to

the cave, and, as Rattling Snake walked to the rear of the group to allow his squaw to sing to his daughter and finish the job, Joe stepped up beside him.

"Say, Sam, I want a warrant instantar for the arrest of those trespassers out there on my property!"

"You get out of this, Joe Hopperty!" hissed the passionate voice of a smallish Indian warrior, who had sat on a stump most of the time, prompting violently. It was Cal Tuckett, the author of the pageant, and he was quivering with frenzied indignation. "Get behind that rock, dog-gone you! You're spoiling the picture in those clothes."

"I come up here for a warrant for the arrest of those trespassers," insisted Joe loudly. "And I'm goin' to have it!"

"Trespasser yourself!" snapped Smiling Primrose, turning savagely on him without a breath between that and the last syllable of her song. "This property is rented to us—don't forget that!"

"Where's a lead-pencil?" demanded Rattling Snake, in sudden temper. "I'll write a warrant for Old Joe Hopperty's arrest thisminute, if it's the last thing I do."

"Get in that cave! All of you!" implored Cal Tuckett. "Light the moonlight, quick, Tom! Here comes the savage hostile band ahead of their cue!"

Sure enough, here they came through the bushes, sneaking along like the heartless redskin devils that they were; and Tom Jackson lighted the big blue-powder-pots which were to be moonlight, and the warriors crept into the cave, leaving Tee-Hee-Hee-Ha alone with her breaking heart. They tried to drag Joe in with them, but just then he saw J. Rufus Wallingford and two crisp, businesslike-looking gentlemen coming down the road in a tin runabout. Tearing away from his Indian captors, he stumbled over the anguished Tee-Hee-Hee-Ha, as the slinking hostile band broke from cover and dashed for the unprotected Indian maid.

Joe Hopperty scrambled down the hill, headed for Wallingford and the two strangers. Tee-Hee-Hee-Ha shrieked as she was stolen, and an avalanche of hostiles swept across Joe, leaving him flat in front of the grand stand; and thereby Joe missed the whole rousing finish of the pageant—the thrilling horseback rescue of the captive maid by the heroic Daniel Spinks, the battle in which the villainous hostiles were annihilated, the appearance of the Great Manitou, the adoption of Daniel into the tribe, the marriage of Daniel and Tee-Hee-Hee-Ha, and the gift of the whole valley to Daniel and his descendants forever.

It was during this last impressive ceremony that Mr. Wallingford, now suave and urbane and cheerful and chuckling, was introducing the president of the I. I. & B. to the railroad's landlord.

"What is this shenanigan?" spluttered Joe Hopperty, breathing heavily, and rubbing a skinned knee with one hand, a skinned nose with the other. "What do you mean? I'm their landlord? I'm not!"

"Oh, yes, Old Joe Hopperty," smoothly corrected agent Wallingford; "you're the

landlord of the I. I. & B. for the next ninety-nine years, at a hundred and forty-four dollars per year. Don't scream! You see, the I. I. & B. bought Mr. Daw's majority stock in the Spinksville Memorial Pageantry Association, Incorporated, which association holds your lease, for unnamed purposes, until the dissolution of that association. Don't scream, please! And the association, voting by its majority stock, has decided not to dissolve at all but to build certain buildings—"

"Swindle!" shrieked Old Joe Hopperty. "Be careful!" warned the waspish little gray lawyer. "The burden of proof rests on the plaintiff."

"It's Daw, dog-gone him! There never was a Spinks! I'll have him arrested the minute I can get a warrant!"

"I'm afraid you'll have trouble proving anything against Mr. Daw," smiled the lawyer. "I tried it before I consented for my principals to go into this business transaction. To begin with, Mr. Hopperty, you'd have to go back a hundred and fifty years, and prove that there never was a Daniel Spinks, and that there is none of his blood in the veins of Mr. Daw. You'd have to—"

"It's you, dum you, Wallingford!" interrupted Hopperty, half beside himself. "I knew you was after my land for the railroad the minute I laid eye: on your dum plug hat!"

"You are mistaken, sir," stated Mr. Wallingford, in virtuous indignation, and, finding himself in the conveniently exact center of Spinksville's and Tullawalla County's population, including all its braves, squaws, papooses, and one frontiersman, he could not resist the opportunity to distend his magnificent chest and lift his voice in mellifluous oratory. "What a fitting close, my friends, to this day's impressive memorial exercises! One hundred and fifty years ago to-day, Daniel Spinks arrived to receive this fertile valley from its redskin owners, and to bestow his name forever on your beautiful little city. To-day, his only living descendant is able to turn over to the I. I. & B. Railroad a lease, in practical perpetuity, which gives to Spinksville the division headquarters of that great railroad, and insures to Spinksville, from this instant, an era of unexampled prosperity! And in this connection, ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to turn over to the rightful owner of the historic site on which you stand this I. I. & B. check for twenty-five thousand dollars!"

Tense emotion almost choked the utterance of Horace G. Daw as he reached over the head of Joe Hopperty for the fluttering slip of yellow paper.

"And I might further add, kind friends and yellow Spinksvillians," Blackie told them, as his brother actors lifted him to their shoulders, "that, in order to fulfil the purposes for which the Spinksville Memorial Pageantry Association secured my ancestor's ground from the paleface usurper, the I. I. & B. has agreed to give an annual pageant in memory of Daniel Spinks and his beautiful Indian bride. Justice is justice!"



Take your complexion seriously

A French orator once said, "There are no ugly women, there are only women who do not know how to look pretty." If your skin is rough and red, if the pores are clogged and irritated from excessive oil combined with dust and cosmetics, study the problem seriously, learn how to overcome the trouble and "look pretty."

Exposed as the complexion is to climatic conditions, what thoughtful woman would be willing to leave the care of her skin to nature alone? She knows it needs more than the regular cleansing with ordinary soap to combat these elements, clear away blotches and roughness, and restore the fresh healthy glow. Yet it is unnecessary to spend hours in tedious expensive treatments.

Just bathe your face twice a day with warm water and Resinol Soap, and watch your skin become clearer, fresher, more charming generally.

Resinol Soap does this not only because it is an exceptionally pure, cleansing toilet soap, containing no free alkali, but because of the soothing, healing Resinol medication in it, which is so widely used in the treatment of skin and scalp troubles. It is also excellent for baby's tender skin.

Resinol Soap is sold by druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a trial-size cake, free, write to Department 7 G, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

The Prowler

(Continued from page 49)

and reclaimed the turban-cloth, which she mechanically bound about her head while Guilbert soothed her.

"Come, Sophie; you shall go home."

We reentered camp in the same marching order, the Turkish prisoner between a French major and an American ambulance-driver. Knowing that I should probably be sent to Salonika with Mademoiselle Sophie, I started to look after my car, when Guilbert beckoned me.

"Kirk," he said, pointing to the cairn, "would you be good enough to make this ready for the prisoner?"

"Make what ready?"

"This dugout. Ah, you do not know."

I had slept beside this cairn the night before and sat upon it in daytime without suspicion of its purpose. Guilbert now took down several of the smaller rocks and pushed aside two others, not quite as large as barrels, which revealed the opening to a dugout sufficiently commodious for two cots. Light and air came from above through chinks in the stones. It held a wash-basin, table, and mirror, and gave stout protection against anything except a direct hit. Mademoiselle Sophie made no comment as Guilbert transferred her from his quarters to the cairn.

"Here, Sophie; you may have privacy until to-morrow," he whispered; "then General Grimaud shall give you a pass and transportation to France."

For better light and air, he left the outer stones rolled away and the entrance open.

The day passed drowsily, and pale night brought its fading moon. At precisely ten o'clock, Guilbert's telephone-bell tinkled. I could hear him answering when a solitary shot startled us—then a thousand others. He sprang up the stairs, putting on his helmet, and saw low sheets of fire wavering along our front from trenches which crackled like a burning cane-brake. And voices shouted:

"The Turks! The Turks are rushing us!"

Guilbert shoved his orderly to the phone.

"Felicien, quick; ring the general!"

Felicien knew his instructions and rang the general. Battery commanders got their orders. Our big guns opened. The heavens shrieked with shells. Guilbert snapped his sharp commands. Soldiers grasped their rifles and hurried forward.

"Kirk! Kirk!" Guilbert shouted, running toward the cairn. He did not enter but called from without: "Sophie, we are being attacked! Remain here!"

Together we rolled the stones in place and concealed the entrance. Then Guilbert and I fell in with a torrent of men which poured toward the front.

The attack came without the warning of a bombardment. Apparently there had been no concentration of the enemy, no sound or signal until a mass of turbaned warriors began trotting across the valley. I peered out from the loophole of Hilaire's post and saw the lowlands seething with brown ants. Our machine guns paced them to a nicety and reaped their grain. Yet on and on they came, steadily, silently, dog-

gedly pressing forward. We bowled them over like ninepins. Some struggled up and rushed again, with knives in their teeth, or fell again to stir no more. Venomously our trenches spat. Hot tongues of flame licked out and withered them. Level fires, scorched their faces, but the human wave surged on, smothered our entanglements with dead, rolled across each other's bodies and got through. Without a word or shot or shout, their avalanche of demon bayonets tumbled over our top. Every fellow for himself, we fought in the tricky moonlight, stabbing, lunging, wedged along the narrow trenches man to man.

I had no choice except to fight, and clutched a dying *poilu's* bayonet. We gave ground; we couldn't help it. Suddenly the Turks began to yell and sing. Our men kept their lips tight-shut to save their breath, while the fanatics shrieked their battle-cries of Islam.

Nothing could have withstood those raving madmen. They were irresistible. They died like dervishes; but they drove us back, back, back, always back, always fronting them, and always fighting. Once I caught a glimpse of Guilbert, a flash among the hurly-burly, but cooler than when I used to admire him in the fencing school. A comrade got stuck through the neck, and Guilbert snatched his bayonet. He fought backward through a communication-trench where only one enemy at a time might come within reach. None ever reached him. The next Turk must always scramble over the body of his fallen comrade; and then it was that Guilbert pierced him. Man after man he slew, each while clambering over the newly dead. Sheer weight of numbers hurled him backward, backward, backward, until a gallant squad of French rallied round their commander at the cairn of stone.

"Steady, my lads; steady!" Guilbert laughed as his bayonet scintillated, and his teeth gleamed.

There was no chance for me to gain his side, as a gully lay between and I was now without a weapon. Anyway, my car was on that side of the gully, and must be saved for the wounded. Guilbert and his squad were beaten away from the cairn and retired to our third line. There they finally stopped the Turks.

I had fallen behind the others, because of a stubborn Turk who delayed me. I captured the fellow, but it was like trying to handle an electric fan—a whirligig of arms and legs and knives and teeth. We rolled over each other like dogs into the gully before I managed to clutch him in the throat and bump his head against the rocks until he lay still. Even then, I should never have got him into the car except for a sergeant who came running and calling, "Hurry, *monsieur*; we are ordered to the third line!"

"All right. But help me give this fellow a lift."

Fighting had ceased when the three of us tumbled safely into our trench among the swearing and disheveled *poilus*, who wiped sweat from their faces and blood from their bayonets. Guilbert was already having the roll called and counting his losses. Our men stood sullen but orderly, while from the abandoned lines uprose a

din of Turkish clamor. Guilbert listened, then whispered to me,

"What happened to her?"

"I do not know."

"They may fail to find the cairn to-night," he reassured himself. "Oh, Kirk, Kirk, how did it happen? How could it happen?"

"Ask this prisoner," I suggested; "he may know something."

My Turk had become peaceable under a throttling by the sergeant and other active volunteers. Guilbert ordered them to let go the man, who now squatted on the ground. The prisoner refused to talk, and acted like an idiot, bobbing his head and rolling his eyes. Our fellows were in no mood to be jeered at. The sergeant loosened his automatic and waited for an order to silence him. As Guilbert continued his questions, the prisoner began to mumble a singsong chant, then suddenly burst into a torrent of invective. When a Turk cusses, he cusses, and it requires no familiarity with the language to grasp his idea.

Instead of losing his temper, Guilbert stood composedly regarding the prisoner, while the Turk swore and shrieked and vilified him. I could see nothing for Guilbert to keep smiling at as he examined the man's eyes and then bent down to catch a whiff of his breath.

"Sergeant, take four men and remove this prisoner. I hold you absolutely responsible for his safety."

Then Guilbert caught my arm and whispered,

"Kirk, I thought so."

"Thought what?"

"Those Turks are doped."

"Doped?"

"Yes; did you observe how that man looked, and the odor of the drug?"

During the next few moments, he did not speak, but sat on a munitions-box and thought it out. Suddenly he sprang up.

"Kirk, are you game for a gambler's chance?"

"Sure."

"Then we'll try it, if General Grimaud consents. Those Turks were doped with"—he called the name of the drug, but I have forgotten. "At ten o'clock, when the victims swarmed over our top, they were in the second stage. It renders them fearless and abnormally strong. But its after-effects are worse than cocaine or hashish. In six hours they will be like dead men. At four to-morrow morning we can recapture our trenches—and save her. Count on you?"

"Sure; I'm with you."

"But, Kirk"—he laid an affectionate hand upon my shoulder—"if I am wrong, or if they bring up fresh troops, then we are done for."

"C'est la guerre," I smiled.

Guilbert rose and lifted his head.

"Listen!"

Through the still clear night we heard their curses, their fiendish laughter, the chants of all a creepy undertone which made the shivers go chasing up and down my spine.

"Kirk, she's in that hell! We must go back and get her. Where is your car?"

"Right here."

"Come," he said.

General Grimaud sat sternly at his table and received the official report.

"Major d'Étigny, it is most regrettable. At daylight we shell them out, and leave nothing alive in those trenches."

Guilbert's face turned pale. The cairn would never resist a shelling.

"General, permit me—" He sprang up, vigorous, virile, brilliant. "General, there may be some better way."

One moment before, he had reported as an officer. Now the impassioned man clothed his military facts with flesh and blood and fire. Guilbert pictured what had happened swiftly and vividly, but omitted his own exploits. He told how the Turks had been doped and what their condition must be in the morning.

"Now, General," he finished, "I desire permission to lead twenty-five volunteers and recapture our trenches. A larger force might attract attention. I think I'm right, but if wrong, there will be none to make a report."

General Grimaud drummed on his table with undecided fingers. Then Captain Ledoux, the intelligence officer, spoke up.

"General, may I inquire of the major?"

"Be brief."

"Major d'Étigny," Ledoux began, "had you no intimation of activities along your front?"

"None sir, except from a deserter last night. My information was that the Turks were altering certain positions and would make no attack until the next moon."

"You relied upon that?"

"Only for the night, sir, but her information seemed authentic."

"Her information!" exclaimed the general, and Ledoux drew his chair closer.

"Yes, sir," Guilbert answered without evasion; "she is a Frenchwoman who had been their prisoner, and escaped to us."

Ledoux asked rapid-fire questions concerning *mademoiselle*, then scribbled something on a piece of paper and laid it before the general. Apparently, General Grimaud had not made up his mind. He read Ledoux's memorandum.

"Major d'Étigny, you may try; but if you fail, our batteries open at five."

D'Étigny saluted.

"Then, with your permission, sir, I shall depart."

Guilbert had got into the car, and I was cranking it when Captain Ledoux came hurrying from the barracks.

"General Grimaud's compliments. Major d'Étigny will secure the Frenchwoman's safety and send her with all speed to headquarters." A wave of Ledoux's hand released us.

At three-thirty-seven the stars were growing dimmer and the moon had nearly set. *Poilus* sprawled in their trenches, sleeping as they dropped. Guilbert hurried to my Turk, where four nodding soldiers guarded him.

"He went to sleep, sir," the sergeant reported, "and hasn't moved since."

Except for a spasmodic breathing and the twitching of his eyelids, the prisoner was a dead man. Guilbert prodded him with a foot, then tried to pick him up, but his stark body refused to bend at the hips. Four *poilus* lifted the fellow erect; he dropped, and lay without stirring.



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Guilbert only smiled and nodded as he left the prisoner and passed swiftly along the trenches, rousing twenty-five of our stoutest fellows, touching a shoulder here and jerking a foot yonder,

"Francois! Jean! Traverse Number Four. At once."

Silently our storming party assembled at Traverse Number Four. Their drubbing had not set well upon their stomachs, and our fellows were eager for revenge. In ten minutes there would be no moon; we should only have the stars. Not a sound broke the utter, utter stillness as Guilbert glanced round to see that all were present,

"Come, my lads; and make no noise."

Major d'Etigny scrambled out and began to lead us, crawling along a slight depression that afforded cover. Every few moments he paused; the men halted and lay as they were, with an arm advanced, or while dragging up a leg.

We had never gone over the top like that, writhing like prowlers in No Man's Land. Our fellows lifted their rifles cautiously, to avoid a scratching against the stones. Each time as their leader moved forward, they wriggled on with eyes fixed upon the crest of Number Two. Nothing appeared above the trenches. The lines were ominously still. In Flanders and around Verdun, I had seen them just as harmless and apparently deserted, then break out with a rain of death. I don't know how the others felt, but my heart beat like the pumping of an engine.

Within twenty yards of the trenches, Guilbert put his ear to the ground and listened; then he motioned for us to lie still while he alone stood up, erect and alert. We could hear no sound of a sentry's footfall, no thud of a rifle-butt. With significant gesture, he waved us back and himself dashed forward. One instant we saw his gallant figure silhouetted against the sky-line on the very parapet of our old trench. Every man of us held his breath.

"Come along, fellows!" Guilbert turned nonchalantly. "And you need not be so quiet."

A dozen leaps, and twenty-six comrades joined him. Although in a measure prepared, I gasped at what I saw. It looked like many another trench paved with bodies, and dead men sprawling in freakish attitudes. Many had died on the bayonet, but most of them were yet unwounded. There was never a man who moved. Among them lay, here and there, a Frenchman—dead.

Our *poilus* halted on the brink of the trench. They could not understand, but stood in staring bewilderment until three Turkish officers came running from their dugouts, shouting and cursing to rouse the men. Then our fellows waked up and finished them.

Guilbert alone showed no surprise, merely a satisfaction. He hardly stopped, but kept moving toward the cairn. Passing along the trenches, he gave his orders:

"Bohaim, my compliments to Captain Chazelles. He will bring up his troops at once and occupy this trench. He will also inform General Grimaud. Sabran, detail fifteen men to disarm these Turks. Bind them securely. Coquenard, take five men, gather our dead, and search for our wounded. Hilaire, with five men follow me."

Guilbert hurried forward through the trench, paying no heed to piles of Turks,

over which he climbed. I knew he was going to the cairn, and followed as he disappeared round a traverse. The trenches here were quite deep, and Turks had collected in the angle, like an eddy of wind-blown leaves or a snowdrift. Both of us climbed upon their bodies, sprang out of the trench, and went running toward the cairn. Now we saw that the stones had been rolled away from its entrance, which stood open. Guilbert nerved himself and went on bravely, but halted at the door and passed a hand across his face.

"Oh, Kirk, I beg of you, my good friend—will you look within?"

It was no time to hang back. I blundered into the blackness, and cried aloud.

"What is it?" Guilbert called.

"Nothing; I struck my knee against the cot at the door."

"The cot—at the door?" It should be at the rear wall."

"Yes; but it is now crosswise of the door—and overturned."

The same dread occurred to both of us. She had endeavored to barricade the door. It had been forced—there was a struggle—and—

Then my foot struck something upon the floor. From the uncanny feel of it, I knew that it was a body. I could see nothing.

Guilbert called to me again.

"Kirk, have you found her?"

"I don't know—yet." I stooped to lift the body and carry it to the light. My hand touched its face; it was a bristly face, a bearded face, a man.

"No, Guilbert; she's not here. Wait! Here's another body—several. Pass me your light."

By the glimmer of his lamp, I saw four Turks lying upon the floor—all men. The cot was wrecked, chairs broken, and table smashed. I staggered out.

"Guilbert, she's gone."

"God! Those devils have recaptured her." Guilbert wiped the cold sweat from his brow and started off.

Behind him, two *poilus* double-quickened from the trenches, half dragging between them a nondescript old man.

"Well, what do you want?"

"He has something to tell you sir." The *poilus* saluted.

"Speak out, fellow!" The prisoner shied away from the mouth of the cairn and whispered a few words.

D'Etigny scrutinized him sharply, then took the light from me in one hand, and with the other grasped the old man's wrist.

"Here, Kirk; be so kind—step inside with us."

The derelict balked at venturing within the cairn until half a dozen bayonets prodded him. Then the three of us looked down upon the Turks who sprawled about the floor. Guilbert turned them over with his foot, flashed his light into their faces, and forced the old man to examine them. The derelict trembled in terror, and continued to shake his head until Guilbert flung him out. He explained:

"He insists that one of these men is El Sharr, but he does not know which one. Very good. We shall hold them all. Captain Ledoux will be here presently and can identify him. Hilaire," he ordered, as we emerged from the cairn; "Hilaire, bind these dogs. Block up this entrance, and guard it with your squad."

Ordinarily, Guilbert would have been jubilant over his capture. Now he showed

little thought for El Sharr, and left us without another word, running on alone toward the front. We could see him darting through the moonlight, this way and that, into the trenches and over the tops. Subsequently, a hundred newspapers glorified this detail of Major d'Etigny's gallantry—how he personally explored the retaken trenches before permitting his men to risk their lives.

But Guilbert neglected to glance in at his own quarters, where Sophie might have hidden herself. I ran down the stair and took a hurried survey. The dugout had been ransacked and looted. Table-drawers stood open; book-shelves were disarranged; his watch hung on the accustomed nail, but the map beside it had been carefully removed. A pair of excellent boots and silver toilet-articles lay undisturbed, while Guilbert's diary and his note-books were gone. Pillows and mattresses had been slashed open and searched with such system as to betray a definite purpose. And it was not for plunder. I barely paused to glance round, but immediately determined this was not the work of a dope fiend. All of those who came over our top had not been drugged.

A second thought alarmed me—Guilbert was now rushing alone to the front, where cool heads might be lying in ambush. He would go about seeking for Sophie and get himself killed.

I bounded up the steps, started running toward the front, and shouted back,

"Hilaire, bring your lads—quick!"

"Sorry, *monsieur*, but we must remain here. Orders, sir." Hilaire with his squad rested and refused to budge.

Instead of groping through the zigzag trench, I hurried along the parapet, running with head up, like a dog that chases a rabbit through high weeds and leaps into the air to gain a wider view. I caught a gleam of Guilbert's helmet and ran to the traverse. He had disappeared. It seemed uncanny and sinister until I heard a noise in the bottom of a dugout.

"Guilbert! Oh, Guilbert!" I shouted down the steps.

"Yes," he answered, climbing out with haggard face; "she is not here."

Without heeding me, he started on again, stooping to turn over the body of a slender young Turk who lay face downward. I shook him roughly by the arm.

"Guilbert, Guilbert, your men are back there, awaiting orders."

"Oh, yes; I forgot. Thank you, Kirk; thank you very much." He stumbled on to a bomb-proof shelter and found that the Turks had neglected to destroy his field-telephone lines. He rang, and, after some delay, got into communication with General Grimaud. I could hear his terse report to its conclusion.

"Now, General, we need every truck, ambulance, and wagon to haul our prisoners."

After that, as it seemed, General Grimaud did the talking, for Guilbert listened, and presently replied:

"El Sharr? Oh, yes, sir; we have captured him. . . . In the cairn, sir. . . . And Captain Ledoux is on his way? . . . Very good."

Having disposed of these matters, I could hear him urging an immediate advance and a smashing of the enemy. Then he listened again for two or three minutes, hung up the receiver with a snap, and pointed across No Man's Land.

"Kirk, we are going over there. But, first, I shall make sure. Come—help me."

Together we stripped the uniform from a Turk, and Guilbert put it on himself.

"But, Guilbert," I asked, "what do you mean to do?"

"I'm going over there to reconnoiter."

"Good! I will be with you in a moment."

While Guilbert wound the turban about his head, I selected another Turk of my own size, stripped him, and had already appropriated his clothes when Guilbert stopped me.

"No, Kirk; you must remain here at the 'phone. Watch what happens. If I am fired upon, try to estimate the extent of their fire, and report *at once* to General Grimaud. He's waiting at the 'phone."

It would be an old story to repeat what every newspaper in Christendom has already heralded—how Major Guilbert d'Étigny crossed No Man's Land, reconnoitered the Turkish lines alone, and how the French advanced their positions for many miles. But here is a petticoat sensation which the war correspondent overlooked:

Our recapture and Guilbert's search had consumed less than an hour. Some minutes before five o'clock, Major d'Étigny sat in his dugout with Felicien busy at the 'phone, massing for an advance which he hoped would find Sophie.

Captain Ledoux hurried down the steps.

"Where is El Sharr?"

"I will show you."

Guilbert rose at once and pointed the way to the cairn.

Hilaire rolled away the stones and entered with us, turning the doped Turks over on their backs for Captain Ledoux's identification. The intelligence officer glanced swiftly from one face to another.

"Which is El Sharr?" Guilbert inquired.

"All of these are men," Ledoux answered. "Where is the woman?"

"The woman?"

"Yes; the one who came into your camp?"

"I don't know." Guilbert was plainly puzzled. "She was placed in here for safety, but is gone."

"Gone? Absent?" Ledoux smiled queerly. "Major d'Étigny, had that woman an opportunity to send a message or give a signal while in your camp?"

"Impossible! She's a Frenchwoman."

"No, no; Mademoiselle Sophie is not French. When she stood at the summit of the observation-hill and called down malediction upon the Turks, it was then that she gave the signal for her friends to attack."

"What! Mademoiselle Sophie! She did that?"

"Yes, Major; for Mademoiselle Sophie is El Sharr."

"El Sharr?"

"El Sharr!"

Unbelievably, Guilbert and I both repeated the words.

"Yes"—Ledoux glanced around him at the vacancy—"we call her El Sharr. But the Turks more often speak of her as El Ghayib, the Absent One."

Punctually at five o'clock, the French assaulted, and it was the grim-lipped Major Guilbert d'Étigny who led the soldiers of the republic.

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When Our Men Come Home

(Continued from page 51)

France, because the ordinary relation between Man and Woman there has been quite unlike that in these other countries.

The average American man has been brought up to consider that the first and best place must be for his womenkind. I speak now of pre-war days. She had been apt to take all the generosity of her men as a right, and give but a meager return for it. Women of other countries have often envied the American woman, and have dimly realized that the inborn self-assurance which they always show is one reason of their great charm. For generations they have been placed by their men upon pedestals, until the instinct that they are really superior has become natural, and gives them an ascendancy over men in any part of the world they may be in, while the American man has been the most unselfish and self-effacing in his relation to women of any men in the world.

Woman in America being in the minority, she has always been able to retain her original queenship, while Man's struggle has grown to be for wealth and power.

But now America's millions are crossing the sea to fight with arm as well as brain. They are coming to face death and hardship most nobly for an ideal, not for any personal end or aim, and everything that is strong and primitive and splendid and male will be developed in them. They will taste blood, like the other nations; they will learn their physical power; they will be in a land where, whenever they do meet women, they will be of races which have been accustomed rather to look up to men than the reverse.

What effect is this going to have upon them?

And when they return conquerors, greatly diminished in numbers, bronzed and hardened, and with fresh outlooks upon most subjects, it is conceivable that they will not be so easy to deal with from a woman's point of view as they hitherto have been.

It is possible that the unexpected may happen—and that Man in America may take a more prominent place in the home and in the life of Woman, who may have to give up some of her ascendancy. One can only speculate, of course, upon such an eventuality—but it is interesting to think over.

The fact that nothing can ever be the same as before in any of the countries must never be lost sight of.

In England, Woman has always had to take second place, because of her preponderance in numbers, and if she should possibly be deprived of the gain of her new liberty on Man's return from war, it will not be so great a surprise to her.

Looking at the matter broadly, life has always been a little difficult for Englishwomen. The large majority have had no personal fortune, for even in families which have been fairly rich, the daughters' portions have been very slender. Girls have always been taught that the boys must come first, and that if there are sacrifices necessary to insure a good education and a start in the world, these sacrifices must be willingly made by them for their brothers. Millions of women in England have uncomplainingly, and indeed, in the majority

of cases, proudly assented to this state of things, and have gladly remained in the background that their men might have the chance; and it has acted upon their characters as strongly as the other attitude has acted upon the characters of their American sisters. They have very little self-confidence, and often show a diffidence which may have spoiled their charm. But the war came, and they behaved splendidly, with the result that the vote is theirs.

I think it may justly be said that all but a very tiny percentage of Englishwomen in every class have shown that Woman is capable of as glorious a courage, as steady a devotion, and as patriotic a sense of duty to the state as Man.

The situation in France is altogether different from the other two countries.

The Frenchwoman has always been the man's economic partner and equal. Her parents, in the vast majority of cases, have secured her independence by preparing her *dot*. She has grown up, knowing that she will not be dependent, or that the only chance of securing a mate will lie with her charm.

Every Frenchwoman knows about her husband's business, and is his economic aid and ally. Frequently she shares the whole mental and physical labor of it with him, and in France Man depends upon Woman for every one of his comforts and pleasures in life. She is more his companion and mate than in any country in the world. She has been accorded so many privileges and has held such unquestioned sway through her mental deliciousness and sex-charm that she has not agitated herself to clamor for "rights," possessing infinitely more real power over Man than she could obtain by charter.

But the very fact of her superabundant possession of those qualities which arouse passion and emotion in Man will make the upheaval in France after the war more acute. She has had nearly four years of complete freedom from her legitimate partner. She has seen many other men—and her husband has seen a certain number of other women. The French character is full of "temperament." Any intelligent reader can speculate for himself as to what is likely to occur. In all periods of the world's history when war has thinned the ranks of men, sex-excitement has been accelerated—nature's effort to restore the race. It has been markedly observable during this period of conflict in the two countries most deeply engaged. But, unfortunately, the years of sloth and decadence before the war have left their mark upon the minds of women, and while they are conscious of an increased emotion toward men, they have less desire to encumber themselves with children. This is a very grave menace, and if it continues, even when we have won the war, it will only be a question of time before we are down and out from dwindling population. For the Germans, with their brutal disregard of any consideration for weaker creatures, will naturally never permit their women to have a say in this question, and while they increase and multiply and replenish the earth, we, who have fought and died for freedom of soul and civilization, will perish if the women of our nations

refuse to fulfil the natural part God appointed them to play in his scheme of things.

It may be too late to inculcate this view in the present generation, but all patriotic mothers should steadfastly endeavor to implant this spirit of self-sacrifice and national duty in the growing minds of their girl children.

Women hitherto—from the force of circumstance and their heritage of bondage—have seldom risen to imperial heights of vision. Their little worlds have been enclosed, permitting only a limited horizon. Only a small percentage have climbed the heights and looked over the vast plains to mountains and yet higher peaks beyond, and this is what all must now do, if womanhood is to become worthy of the new liberty. Woman must never take the small, personal, parochial view of a thing; she must look at it as a man and a statesman would do, and judge of its good or its bad by what effect it could have on the community, not upon herself alone. She has now become responsible for her actions—she is coerced no longer. She cannot, for her pride's sake, continue to occupy her mind with the old paltry littlenesses.

"Morality" is a word meaning, in the general acceptance of it, "sex-fidelity to one partner." In the colossal, prurient interest in this subject, grown up in what is known as the "Victorian era," this one interpretation of the word "morality" is the only one which nine people—or, I should say, nine women—out of ten have ever heard of. If anyone who may read these pages cares to look in a dictionary, he or she will find that "morality" is described as "the doctrine of the duties of life"—and that under the heading of "moral" the explanation as it is given is: "Relating to the practise of men toward each other as it may be virtuous or criminal." There is no mention of sex.

The view of what is "sex-morality" varies in different countries—it is a thing regulated by custom, ideals, and climate.

The meaning of "morality" never alters. It is the noble, the pure, the altruistic—the God-given principle which all races and all religions proclaim as the one and only Good. So why bamboozle the brain of Christian nations by giving such prominence to one side of the word, which, in regard to the evolution of man's soul, is not of sole importance?

If the tremendous weight of preaching and teaching and exhorting and threatening which, in the last seventeen or eighteen hundred years, has encompassed the enforcing of the doctrine of the practise of sex-morality could have thrown into the explanation of what is the meaning of "morality," we might have developed into beings infinitely nearer to God.

We have all of us known men and women whose sex-morality has been unimpeachable, and yet who have been, in a broad sense, liars, schemers, cheats, and thieves, deceiving themselves and their neighbors. But, because they have been physically faithful to their life-partners, they have passed for "moral" members of the community. They may even have prided themselves upon their morality.

Now, if they had really understood (and practised) what "morality" means, they could not have lied, schemed, cheated, or filched money from their neighbors in cunning business ways any more than they could have been unfaithful to their life-partner, because knowledge of morality would make them keep a vow which they had sworn before God.

If real morality were understood, sex-morality would follow as a matter of course—a corollary—a natural outcome of honor and faith and observance of a bargain. But the Victorian era went mad upon this suppression-of-sex idea, and so put the cart before the horse, with the result that hypocrisy flourished and the real meaning of "morality" became hopelessly obscured—perhaps more hopelessly obscured than in all the Christian ages before.

The exigencies of war-conditions have cleared many brains upon this subject and have enabled people to disregard much convention which was restricting real goodness. Everything has been ticketed for hundreds of years, and people of both sexes, who have not been thinkers, have just accepted the tickets and never tried to investigate the truth.

Now, briefly to epitomize what the great change in all things may bring to women.

Economically, if Woman uses tact, and does not too greatly irritate, her chance will be very nearly even with Man's for gaining wealth.

Socially, she is likely to be accepted far more upon her own merits than she has ever been. She will be able to make her personality felt, and she will be able to rise unrestricted by numbers of paltry little chains.

Morally, she will be free to expand her soul, and prune from it the cunning which Man's absolute dominion over her had engendered therein.

So Woman's chance has come!

I have a wild theory that in time, out of all this turmoil and upheaval in conditions, perhaps a neuter sex will be evolved and appear in each generation in sufficient numbers to balance the distressful sex-questions.

All those master spirits among women who take practically no interest in Man, and whose physical bodies bear not much resemblance to anything female may evolve with him into a separate community, like the working bees—so that there will be three sexes—men, woman, and neuters.

When this does occur, it will greatly simplify matters, and leave well-balanced people in peace to enjoy normal lives. But, alas! this will not be in our time, or perhaps for cycles to come.

But in our time, as a result of the new conditions before they have regulated themselves, there is one grave danger ahead, and that is an increase in unnatural interests, which was well known among the ancient Greeks.

Now, all women who really think and are good patriots, and desire the welfare not only of their country but of humanity, should take stock, so to speak, of the position of their sex as it may be after the war, and each, in her own life and her own sphere, doggedly determine to take a broad view, use her intelligence, curb her nerves and imagination, and give an example of wisdom and common sense.

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The Moonlit Way

(Continued from page 75)

eyes when Barres appeared, giving him a clear but inscrutable look. Thessalie gently washed the traces of battle from her face, then rinsed her lacerated mouth very tenderly.

"It is just a little cut," she said. "Your lip is a trifle swelled."

"It is nothing," murmured Dulcie.

"Do you feel all right?" inquired Barres anxiously.

"I feel sleepy." She sat erect, always with her gray eyes on Barres. "I think I will go to bed." She stood up, conscious now of her shabby clothes and slippers; and there was a painful flush on her face as she thanked Thessalie and bade her a confused good-night.

But Thessalie took the girl's hand and retained it.

"Please don't say anything about what happened," she said. "May I ask it of you as a very great favor?"

Dulcie turned her eyes on Barres in silent appeal for guidance.

"Do you mind not saying anything about this affair," he asked, "as long as Miss Dunois wishes it?"

"Should I not tell my father?"

"Not even to him," replied Thessalie gently. "Because it won't ever happen again. I am very certain of that. Will you trust my word?"

Again Dulcie looked at Barres, who nodded.

"I promise never to speak of it," she said, in a low, serious voice.

Barres took her down-stairs. At the desk, she pointed out, at his request, the scene of recent action. Little by little, he discovered, by questioning her, what a dogged battle she had fought there, alone in the whitewashed corridor.

"Why didn't you call for help?" he asked.

"I don't know. I didn't think of it. And when he got away, I was dizzy from the blow."

At her bedroom door, he took both her hands in his. The gas-jet was still burning in her room. On the bed lay her pretty evening dress.

"I'm so glad," she remarked naively, "that I had on my old clothes."

He smiled, drew her to him, and lightly smoothed the thick, bright hair from her brow.

"You know," he said, "I am becoming very fond of you, Dulcie. You're such a splendid girl in every way. We'll always remain firm friends, won't we?"

"Yes."

"And in perplexity and trouble I want you to feel that you can always come to me. Because—you do like me, don't you, Dulcie?"

For a moment or two she sustained his smiling, questioning gaze, then laid her cheek lightly against his hands, which still held both of hers imprisoned. And for one exquisite instant of spiritual surrender, her gray eyes closed. Then she straightened herself up; he released her hands; she turned slowly and entered her room, closing the door very gently behind her.

In the studio above, Thessalie, still wearing her rose-colored cloak, sat awaiting him by the window.

He crossed the studio, dropped onto the lounge beside her, and lit a cigarette. Neither spoke for a few moments. Then he said,

"Thessa, don't you think you had better tell me something about this ugly business which seems to involve you?"

"I can't, Garry."

"Why not?"

"Because I shall not take the risk of dragging you in."

"Who are these people who seem to be hounding you?"

"I can't tell you."

"You trust me, don't you?"

She nodded, her face partly averted.

"It isn't that. And I had meant to tell you something concerning this matter—tell you just enough, so that I might ask your advice. In fact, that is what I wrote you in that letter—being rather scared and desperate. But half my letter to you has been stolen. The people who stole it are clever enough to piece it out and fill in what is missing." She turned impulsively and took his hands between her own. Her face had grown quite white. "How much harm have I done to you, Garry? Have I already involved you by writing as much as I did write? I have been wondering. I couldn't bear to bring anything like that into your life."

"Anything like what?" he asked bluntly.

"Why don't you tell me, Thessa?"

"No. It's too complicated—too terrible. There are elements in it that would shock and disgust you. And perhaps you would not believe me."

"Nonsense!"

"The government of a great European power does not believe me to be honest," she said very quietly. "Why should you?"

"Because I know you."

She smiled faintly.

"You're such a dear," she murmured.

"But you talk like a boy. What do you really know about me? We have met just three times in our entire lives. Do any of those encounters really enlighten you? If you were a business man in a responsible position, could you honestly vouch for me?"

"Don't you credit me with common sense?" he insisted warmly.

She laughed.

"No, Garry dear; not with very much. Even I have more than you, and that is saying very little. We are inclined to be irresponsible—you and I—inclined to take the world lightly, inclined to laugh, inclined to tread the moonlit way—*le sentier de Pierrot*. No, Garry; neither you nor I possess very much of that worldly caution born of hardened wisdom and sharpened wits." She smiled almost tenderly at him and pressed his hands between her own. "If I had been worldly wise," she said, "I should never have danced my way to America through summer moonlight with you. If I had been wiser still, I should not now be an exile, my political guilt established, myself marked for destruction by a great European power the instant I dare set foot on its soil."

"I supposed your trouble to be political," he said.

"Yes, it is." She sighed, looked at

him with a weary little smile. "But, Garry, I am not guilty of being what that nation believes me to be."

"I am very sure of it," he said gravely.

"Yes; you would be. You'd believe in me, anyway, even with the terrible evidence against me. I don't suppose you'd think me guilty if I tell you that I am not—in spite of what they might say about me—might prove, apparently." She withdrew her hands, clasped them, her gaze lost in retrospection for a few moments. Then, coming to herself with a gesture of infinite weariness: "There is no use, Garry. I should never be believed. There are those who, base enough to entrap me, now are preparing to destroy me, because they are cowardly enough to be afraid of me while I am alive. Yes; trapped, exiled, utterly discredited as I am to-day, they are still afraid of me."

"Who are you, Thessa?" he asked, deeply disturbed.

"I am what you first saw me as—a dancer, Garry, and nothing worse."

"It seems strange that a European government should desire your destruction," he said.

"If I really were what this government believes me to be, it would not seem strange to you." She sat thinking, worrying her underlip with delicate white teeth; then, "Garry, do you believe that your country is going to be drawn into this war?"

"I don't know what to think," he said bitterly. "The Lusitania ought to have meant war between us and Germany. Every brutal Teutonic disregard of decency since then ought to have meant war—every unarmed ship sunk by their U-boats, every outrage in America perpetuated by their spies and agents ought to have meant war. I don't know how much more we will be forced to endure—what further flagrant insult Germany means to offer. They've answered the President's last note by canning Von Tirpitz and promising, conditionally, to sink no more unarmed ships without warning. But they all are liars, the Huns. So that's the way matters stand, Thessa, and I haven't the slightest idea of what is going to happen to my humiliated country."

"Why does not your country prepare?" she asked.

"God knows why! Our people don't yet realize, I suppose."

"You should build ships," she said. "You should prepare plans for calling out your young men."

He nodded.

With a gesture of hopelessness and disgust, she sat gazing at him out of her lovely dark eyes, deep in reflection.

"Garry," she said, at length, "do you know anything about the European systems of intelligence?"

"No—only what I read in novels."

"Do you know that America, to-day, is fairly crawling with German spies?"

"I suppose there are some here."

"There are a hundred thousand paid German spies within an hour's journey of this city." He looked up incredulously. "Let me tell you," she said, "how it is arranged here. The German ambassador is the master spy in America. Under his

immediate supervision are the so-called diplomatic agents—the personnel of the embassy and members of the consular service. These people do not class themselves as agents or as spies; they are the directors of spies and agents. Agents gather information from spies, who perform the direct work of investigating. Spies usually work alone and report, through local agents, to consular or diplomatic agents. And these, in turn, report to the ambassador, who reports to Berlin.

"Where have you learned these things, Thessa?" he asked, in a troubled voice.

"I have learned, Garry."

"Are you—a spy?"

"No."

"Have you been?"

"No, Garry."

"Then how—"

"Don't ask me; just listen. There are men here in your city who are here for no good purpose. I do not mean to say that merely because they seek also to injure me—destroy me, perhaps—God knows what they wish to do to me!—but I say it because I believe that your country will declare war on Germany some day very soon. And that you ought to watch these spies who move everywhere among you."

She was on her feet now, flushed, lovely, superb in her deep and controlled excitement.

"I'll tell you this much," she said: "It is Germany that wishes my destruction. Germany trapped me; Germany would have destroyed me in the trap had I not escaped. Now Germany is afraid of me, knowing what I know. And her agents follow me, spy on me, thwart me, prevent me from earning my living, until I—I can scarcely endure it—this hounding and persecution—" Her voice broke; she waited to control it. "I am not a spy. I never was one. I never betrayed a human soul—no, nor any living thing that ever trusted me. These people who hound me know that I am not guilty of that for which another government is ready to try me—and condemn me. They fear that I shall prove to this other government my innocence. I can't. But they fear I can. And the Hun is afraid of me. Because, if I ever proved my innocence, it would involve the arrest and trial and certain execution of men high in rank in the capital of this other country. So—the Hun dogs me everywhere I go. I do not know why he does not try to kill me. Possibly he lacks courage so far. Possibly he has not had any good opportunity. Because I am very careful, Garry."

"But this—this is outrageous!" broke out Barres. "You can't stand this sort of thing, Thessa! It's a matter for the police—"

"Don't interfere!"

"But—"

"Don't interfere! The last thing I want is publicity. The last thing I wish for is that your city, state, or national government should notice me at all or

have any curiosity concerning me or any idea of investigating my affairs."

"Why?"

"Because, although as soon as your country is at war with Germany, my danger from Germany ceases. On the other hand, another very deadly danger begins at once to threaten me."

"What danger?"

"It will come from a country with which your country will be allied. And I shall be arrested here as a German spy, and I shall be sent back to the country which I am supposed to have betrayed. And there nothing in the world could save me."

"You mean—court martial?"

"A brief one, Garry. And then the end."

"Death?"

She nodded.

After a few moments, she moved toward the door. He went with her, picking up his hat.

"I can't let you go with me," she said, with a faint smile.

"Why not?"

"You are involved sufficiently already."

"What do I care for—"

"Hush, Garry! Do you wish to displease me?"

"No; but I—"

"Please! Call me a taxi-cab. I wish to go back alone."

In spite of argument, she remained smilingly firm. Finally, he rang up a taxi for her. When it signaled, he walked down-stairs, through the dim hall, and out to the grilled gateway beside her.

"Good-by," she said, giving her hand.

He detained it.

"I can't bear to have you go alone."

"I'm perfectly safe, *mon ami*. I've had a delightful time at your party—really I have. This affair of the letter does not spoil it. I'm accustomed to similar episodes. So now, good-night."

"Am I to see you again soon?"

"Soon?" Ah, I can't tell you that, Garry!"

"When it is convenient, then?"

"Yes."

"And will you telephone me on your safe arrival home to-night?"

She laughed.

"If you wish. You're so sweet to me, Garry. You always have been. Don't worry about me. I am not in the least apprehensive. You see, I'm rather a clever girl, and I know something about the *boche*."

"You had your letter stolen."

"Only half of it," she retorted gaily.

"She is a gallant little thing, your friend Dulcie. Please give her my love. As for your other friends, they were amusing. Mr. Mandel spoke to me about an engagement."

"Why don't you consider it? Corot Mandel is the most important producer in New York."

"Is he, really? Well, if I'm not interfered with, perhaps I shall go to call on Mr. Mandel." She began to laugh mischievously to herself. "There was one man there who never gave me a mo-

ment's peace until I promised to lunch with him."

"Who the devil—"

"Mr. Westmore," she said demurely.

"Oh, Jim Westmore! Well, Thessa, he's a corker. He's really a splendid fellow; but look out for him! He's also a philanderer."

"Oh dear! I thought he was just a sculptor and a rather strenuous young man."

"I wasn't knocking him," said Barres, laughing, "but he falls in love with every pretty woman he meets. I'm merely warning you."

"Thank you, Garry." She smiled. She gave him her hand again, pulled the rose-colored cloak round her bare shoulders, ran across the sidewalk to the taxi, and whispered to the driver.

"You'll telephone me when you get home?" he reminded her, baffled but smiling.

She laughed and nodded. The cab wheeled out into the street, backed, turned, and sped away eastward.

Half an hour later, his telephone-bell rang.

"Garry dear?"

"Is it you, Thessa?"

"Yes. I'm going to bed. Tell Mr. Westmore that I'm not at all sure I shall meet him on Monday."

"He'll go, anyway."

"Will he? What devotion! What faith in woman! What a lively capacity for hope eternal! What vanity! Well then, tell him he may take his chances, Garry."

"I'll tell him. But I think you might make a date with me, too, you little fraud!"

"Maybe I will. Maybe I'll drop in to see you unexpectedly some morning. And don't let me catch you philandering in your studio with some pretty woman!"

"No fear, Thessa."

"I'm not at all sure. And your little model, Dulcie, is dangerously attractive."

"Piffle! She's a kid."

"Don't be too sure of that, either. And tell Mr. Westmore that I may keep my engagement. And then again I may not. Good-night, Garry dear."

"Good-night."

Walking slowly back to extinguish the lights in the studio before retiring to his own room for the night, Barres noticed a piece of paper on the table under the lamp, evidently a fragment from the torn letter.

The words "Ferez Bey" and "Murtagh" caught his eye before he realized that it was not his business to decipher the fragment. So he lighted a match, held the shred of letter-paper to the flame, and let it burn between his fingers until only a blackened cinder fell to the floor.

But the two names were irrevocably impressed on his mind, and he found himself wondering who these men might be as he stood by his bed, undressing.

The next instalment of *The Moonlit Way* will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.

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Cerise

(Concluded from page 41)

upon her quiet. She was in no mood for them but went to open. With a great cry, she sprang forward. Henri, leaning on crutches stood in the hall, his face all thin and worn, his eyes staring hungrily out, and a little smile that was not bitter just hovering under his dark mustache.

"David told me you were here," he said. "May I come in?"

"Henri! Henri!" was all she could find to answer.

"A good-for-nothing Henri," he murmured, making his slow, broken way over the threshold. With a brusque movement, he leaned heavily on the right crutch and thrust out his left leg. "An artificial foot and a bad knee," he explained briefly, and half turned away as she came running, her arm out with a little mother-gesture.

Next, he was in a chair, she on the floor beside him, her face flowering upward, her hands in his. And, as the shadows shifted over the high white walls, crept to the floor and lengthened, the hungry look in Henri's eyes subsided to the glow that comes in quiet fires on the home-man's hearth. He told her of the night he had been wounded, of the loneliness lying there on the bleak land, forgotten, as he thought, of being found and cared for in a hospital near the front. He had not written, because he had not thought to see Cerise again.

"But when they sent me back, I knew of nowhere else to go. After all, I am a child of the quarter, as you are, *ma chérie—ma chérie*. And then—when, by chance, I met David, I knew I could come to you. I am proud to have known that boy. He is magnificent—magnificent! Ah, Cerise, there is a friend of France!"

"How you are generous!" Cerise murmured adoringly. "And when I tell you I never—" But Henri suddenly struggled to rise in his chair, his hand up in salute.

"*Le voilà, le brave!*" Cerise jumped to her feet, her lips parted, her eyes shining with something that might have been fear—or regret.

"Daavid!" she gasped. Before them stood David Bourne in khaki, returning Henri's salute. And presently, his great laugh ringing out, he crossed to where they stood and put a hand on Henri's shoulder.

"It's my turn now, *mon vieux*," he said. Their clasp was fraternal. They both seemed to have forgotten Cerise, who stood to one side, half laughing, half crying. Then, as if suddenly remembering her, they turned to include her in their fellowship.

"Well, *mes enfants*, I must leave you again for an hour or so. I have many things to attend to," David said. "Stay here and wait for me. We'll dine together—*hein?*"

The smile he gave to Cerise had in it much memory of work and play, of springs spent together. It was as sad and sweet as spring which senses its own passing. Then, with a jaunty wave of his hand, he left them, Cerise's eyes following him. Presently she cuddled up to Henri.

"I love thee," she said, with a faint sigh. "But he, also, was looking beyond at the door, and, though he drew her close, he had no words of love but murmured to himself, "He takes my place."

April Folly

(Continued from page 59)

beautiful girl in black and silver, with straps of amethysts across her satiny shoulders. But she had that gift, which is born rather than acquired, of setting people at their ease, and she wanted to get the liking of this man who was Sarle's friend. So she beguiled him by the blue of her eyes and the eager interest of her smile, and he opened up like a book of strange stories and pictures under the hand of a child. Listening to the talk, she was transported to that fantastic region of bush and spaces that is far from being enchanted land and yet casts an everlasting spell. She heard lions roar and the shuffling steps of oxen plodding through dust, felt the brazen glare of the sun against her eyes, saw the rain swishing down on grass that grew taller than a man's head. She remembered a verse of Perceval Gibbon about the veld:

There's a balm for crippled spirits
In the open view
Running from your very footsteps
Out into the blue,
Like a wagon-track to heaven,
Straight 'twixt God and you.

Both Sarle and Nichols knew that track, she was sure. They were oddly alike—these two veld-men—with their gentle ways, their brown, muscular hands, and their eyes full of distance. A very different type to the sleek and handsome Bellew, who sat so composed under the many blighting glances cast his way.

"They know about the guile of creatures, but he has made an art of beguiling human beings," thought April, and all the vexation of the day came surging over her, almost spoiling her dinner and the pleasure of the evening. Almost—not quite. When you are "young and very sweet, with the jasmine in your hair," and have only to raise your eyes to see desire of you sitting unashamed in the eyes of the man you love, nothing can quite spoil your gladness of living. All the same, she stuck to the card-room the whole evening, and her resolution to give Sarle no chance of saying anything he might regret. He must have realized it after a time, when she had once or twice eluded his little plots to get her on deck; but he gave no sign. He was a hunter, and could bide his time with patience and serenity.

It was not in her plan that, when they parted, it should be just where the shadows of a funnel fell, or that he should leave a swift kiss in the palm of the hand she tendered him in bidding good-night, yet both of these things came to pass.

The stewardess who brought her an early cup of tea handed her a letter with the remark,

"It was under your door, m'lady. And please would you like your big trunks from the hold brought here or will you pack in the baggage-room?"

"Oh, here, I think, stewardess. It will be much more convenient."

"Of course it will," agreed the good woman, "but, there—how the baggage-men do grumble at having to lug up big trunks like yours and Mr. Bellew's!"

"I am very sorry," said April, "but I'm afraid I can't help it." She had reflected swiftly that as she and Diana

had so many possessions to exchange before packing, it could be done only in the privacy of her cabin. She was very tired after a "white night" all too crowded with the black butterflies of unhappy thought, and when she looked at the super-scription on the envelop and saw that it was in Diana's writing, she sighed. All the worries of the coming day rose up before her like a menacing wall with broken glass on top of it.

"Blow Diana! I wish she were at the bottom of the sea," she thought to herself, with the irritability born of a bad night. Leaning on her elbow, she sipped at the fragrant tea and reflected sorrowfully on what a happy creature she would have been that morning if she had never met Diana Sandilands and entered into the mad plan of exchanging identities. What a clear and straight road would have lain before her—with the man whose kiss still burned the palm of her hand waiting for her at the end of it! But instead—what? She sighed again, and tears came into her eyes as she lay back on the pillows and tore open the envelop. Then, suddenly, her body lying there so soft and delicate in the luxurious berth stiffened with horror. The tears froze in her eyes. The letter at which she was staring was composed of two loose and separate pages, on the first of which was scrawled a couple of brief sentences signed by a name.

I cannot bear it any longer. I am going to end my troubles in the sea. APRIL POOLE.

Mechanically her clutch relaxed on this terrible first page, and she turned to the second. It was headed:

Absolutely private and confidential. To be destroyed immediately after reading.

And the words were heavily underscored. Then came wild phrases meant for April's private eye alone.

I am leaving you to face it all. For God's sake, forgive me, and keep your promise. Never let anyone on the ship or in Africa know the truth. Spare my poor father the agony of having his name dragged in the dust as well as losing his daughter. Do not do anything except under the counsel of the other person on this ship who knows the truth and who will advise you the exact course to take. But do not approach him in any way or speak of this to him until all the misery and excitement of my suicide is over. I have written to him, too, and he will advise you at the right time, but to drag him into this would only ruin his career and earn my curse forever. I trust you utterly in all this. Oh, April, do not betray my trust! Do not fail me. I beg and implore you with my last breath to do as I ask. Go on using my name and money and everything belonging to me until the moment that he advises you either to write my father the truth or return to England and break it to him personally. If he hears it in any other way, it will kill him, and his blood be on your soul as well as mine. I pray, I beseech, I implore you be faithful to your unhappy friend,

DIANA.

It took a long time for April's stricken mind to absorb the meaning of it all. Over and over she read the blurred, tear-

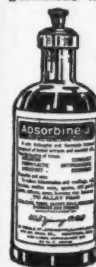
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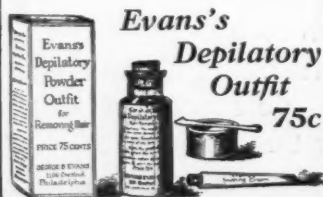




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blistered sentences, sometimes weeping,
sometimes painfully muttering them aloud
to herself. When she had finished at last,
her course was set, her mind made up.
She knew the letter by heart, and, sitting
up in bed, white as a ghost, she slowly
destroyed it into minutest atoms, putting
them into a little purse that lay in the
rack beside her. Then she rang the bell.
To the stewardess who came, she said
calmly but with pallid lips,

"If Miss Poole is in her cabin, ask her
to come to me."

Then she whipped out of bed, flung on
a wrapper, and arranged her hair. When
the woman returned, she knew the answer
before it was spoken.

"Miss Poole is not in her cabin. Her
bed has not been slept in."

"Ask the captain to come here."

In a few moments it was all over. The
captain had come, and gone again with
the first page of Diana's letter in his
hand. The procedure after that was
much the same as it had been two nights
before, except that the captain went alone
on his search, and the result, with the
evidence he held in his hand, was a fore-
gone conclusion from the first.

All inquiry terminated in the same
answer. No one had set eyes on "Miss
Poole" since the previous evening. The
last person to speak with her was the
stewardess who, on finding she did not
intend going to dinner, had offered to
bring her some, but had been refused.
The rest was conjecture—a riddle that
only the sea lying as blue and flat and
still as the sea in a gaudy oleograph could
answer. The story had flown round the
ship like wild-fire, and hardly a soul but
felt as if he or she had taken part in a
murder. Women reproached each other
and themselves, and men went somber-
eyed to the smoking-room and ordered
drinks that left them still dry-mouthed.
The blue-and-golden day, with the per-
fumes of Africa already spicing its
breath, took on an arid look. It was as
if old Mother Africa had reached out
her brazen hand and dealt a blow, just
to remind everyone on the boat that she
was there waiting for them, perhaps with
a tragedy for each in her Pandora-box.
The captain had not let it be known where
and with whom Diana's last note had
been found. With the remembrances of
April's ashen face as she had handed it
to him, he wished to spare the girl as
much as possible.

As for her, the one clear thought in her
mind was that she must obey Diana's
last behest and keep silence. It was not
hard to do that, for she had no words.
Throughout the day, in a kind of mental
torpor, she helped the stewardess sort
and pack all the costly clothes and posses-
sions which were really Diana's, putting
them into the trunks already labeled for
a hotel in Cape Town.

Her own things were locked and sealed
up in the abandoned cabin on the lower
deck; she would probably never see them
again. She did not attempt to speak to
Bellew, though she well knew that an
interview with him awaited her, for there
could be no mistake about his being that
"other person" referred to in Diana's letter.
Neither did she see Vereker Sarle. He
sent her a note during the afternoon, a
very sweet and tender note, hoping that
she was not ill and begging her not to be

too upset by the tragedy. And between
the lines she read as he meant her to do.

Why are you hiding from me? Come on
deck. I want you.

She kissed it and put it into the breast
of her gown.

She wanted him, too. She longed for
the comfort of his presence, but did not
dare meet him. A greater barrier than
ever existed between them. The dead
girl stood there with her finger on her lips.
The truth could not now be told to Sarle
until, at any rate, it was known to that
unhappy old man in England whose head
must be bowed in sorrow to the grave.
After that, who could tell? Somehow,
she felt that all hope of personal happiness
with Vereker Sarle was over. It was
unfit that so clean-souled and upright a
man should be involved in the tangle of
lies and deceit and tragedy that she and
Diana had between them encompassed.
He would shrink from her when he knew
all—of that she felt certain—and it made
her shrink in turn to think of it. So she
sent only a little formal line in answer to
his note, making no reference to the likeli-
hood of seeing him on deck or anywhere
else. It looked cold and cruel enough to
her, that note like a little knife she was
sending him; but it was a two-edged knife,
with which she also wounded herself.

The stewardess brought tea and toast
to her room, and she stayed there all day.
Only in the cool of the evening, when
everyone else was dining, she crept out
for a few moments and leaned upon the
ship's rail, drinking in the air and staring
at the moody line of land ahead that
meant fresh experiences and trouble on
the morrow. She was afraid to look at
the sea.

No farewell concert took place that
night. People whispered together in little
groups for a while after dinner, but all the
merriment of the last night at sea was
lost in the sense of tragedy that hung
about the ship. Almost everyone was op-
pressed by a feeling of guilty responsibility.
The inherent decency of human nature
asserted itself, and each one thought,
"Why did I not give the poor girl a help-
ing hand instead of driving her to despera-
tion?"

It was remembered that "Lady Diana"
had stood by her, and everyone yearned
to absolve their souls by explanation to
the person who (to her great regret) bore
that rank and title. But she had put a
barricade of stewardesses between her
and them, and was invisible to callers.
Some few of the younger and more resilient
passengers, in an effort to shake off what
seemed to them useless gloom, went and
asked the captain to allow the band to
play on deck. He consented, stipulating
only that there should be no dancing.
Of course, no one wanted to dance, but as
ship's bands specialize in dance-music,
the musicians struck at once into a tango,
and it happened to be the one Diana had
made her own by singing her little French
rime to it.

*Tout le monde
Au salon,
On y tan-gue, on y tan-gue—*

It only needed that. Every mind
instantly conjured up the picture of a
vivid figure in a frock that gleamed blue

as sulphurous flames. A hysterical woman sprang up, screaming shrilly, and had to be taken away; and a solitary sea-gull, its plumage shining with a weird blueness in the electric light, chose this moment to fly low along the deck, crying its wailing cry. That was enough. Another woman began to scream; the music stopped, and there was almost a panic to get away from a spot that seemed haunted. In a little while, the first-class deck was as deserted as the deck of a derelict, and the ship was wrapped in silence. The personality of the April fool seemed more imposing in death than it had been in life.

By morning, the Clarendon Castle had reached her destined port and lay snugly berthed in Cape Town docks. April, venturing out at the tip of dawn to get a first glimpse of Africa, found that a great mountain wrapped in a mantle of mist stood in the way. It seemed almost as if, by reaching out a hand, she could touch the dark sides of it, so close it reared and so bleak it brooded above her. Yet she knew this to be an illusion of the atmosphere, for between her and the mountain's base lay the streets and little white houses and gardens of Cape Town. It might have been some Southern town on the shores of the Mediterranean, except for that mountain, which made it unlike any other place in the world. The "Table of the Mass," the Portuguese named it, and when, as now, silver mists unrolled themselves upon the flat top and streamed in veils down the gaunt sides, they said that the cloth was spread for the sacred feast.

April thought of all the great wanderers whose first sight of Africa must inevitably have been the same as hers—this mysterious mountain standing like a gray witch across the path. Drake sighted it from afar in 1580; Diaz was obliged to turn back from it by his mutinying sailors; Livingstone, Stanley, Cecil Rhodes, "Doctor Jim," all the great adventurers, and thousands of lesser ones had looked up on it, and gone past it, to their sorrow. For if history be true, none can ever come out from behind that brooding witch untouched by sorrow. They may grow great; they may reap gold or laurels or their heart's desire; but in the reaping and the gaining their souls will know gray sorrow. A rime of her childhood came unsolicited into April's mind:

"How many miles to Banbury?"
 "Three score and ten."
 "Will I be there by candle-light?"
 "Yes, and back again."
 Only—*mind the old witch by the way!*"

She shivered; but the sun burst like a sudden, glorious warrior upon the world, dispersing fear and making her feel as though everything and everyone were young and all life was decked out in spring array. If only the burden of deceit had not been upon her, how blithe and strong in hope could she have set foot in this new land!

As she turned to go back to her cabin, she found Geoffrey Bellew by her side. He appeared a little haggard, and some of his habitual self-assurance was missing. No doubt he had seen Table Mountain on former visits to Africa, yet he looked at it rather than into the eyes of the girl he addressed.

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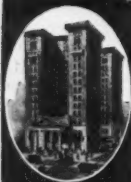
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"Will you go to the Mount Nelson Hotel?" he said, in a low tone. "I can meet you there, and we will talk matters over."

"When?" she said. Spring went out of her. "Where is the hotel?"

He reflected for a moment.

"Well, perhaps you had better give yourself into my charge. I will see you through the customs, and drive you up afterward and make all arrangements. Shall I?"

She consented. It seemed as good a plan as any for avoiding bother, and had the recommendation that it would keep off Vereker Sarle. So, later, when crowds began to surge and heave upon the ship, everyone mad with excitement at meeting their friends, and mountains of luggage barging in every direction, she stayed close by the side of this man she disliked intensely yet whose smooth ability to deal with men and matters she could not but admire.

Obstacles fell down like ninepins before him; stewards ran after him; officials waited upon him; his baggage, the heaviest and most cumbersome on the ship, was the first to go down the gangway, and April's with it. A few hurried farewells, and she found herself seated beside him in an open landau, riding behind a conveyance full of trunks toward the custom-house. A dull pain burned within her at the remembrance of Sarle's face. He had looked from her to Bellew with those steady eyes that saw so much and betrayed so little, merely remarking, as he took the hand she tendered lightly in farewell,

"One doesn't say 'Good-by' in Africa, Lady Diana; only, 'So long!'"

He had not even looked after them as they left the ship. Yet April, because she loved him, was aware of his astonishment at this strange and sudden intimacy of hers with Bellew. Still, what was the use of caring? There were worse hurts in store for him, if, indeed, they met again as he predicted. She bit on the bullet and ignored the pain at her heart. Bellew did not waste any small talk on her—that was one comfort. He seemed to be more concerned about his luggage than about her, shouting out to the colored men to be careful and to remove nothing from the van without his direction. At the custom-house, in fact, all of his stuff was left assiduously alone. April's was opened and gone through rapidly by the officials, but the production of his papers and credentials as an attaché to the governor of Zambéze, or some outlandish place, gave Bellew instant immunity, and no single article of his belongings was unlocked. Within a few moments they were again en route for their hotel.

Their way took them by the main thoroughfare of the town, and April was astonished at the numbers of people flocking on the pavements, filling trams and rickshaws, drinking tea on the overhanging balconies and restaurants. The air was sunny, yet with the fresh bite of the sea in it, and everyone seemed gay and careless.

The whole of one side of the wide street was lined by Malays and natives offering flowers for sale. In front of the Bank, a sort of floral bazaar was established, the bright head—"dookies," silver bangles, and glowing dark eyes of the

vendors making a brave show above the massed glory of color in their baskets. Huge bunches of pink proteas, spiked lilies of every hue, bales of heather, and waxen white chinkeriches filled the air with heavy perfume. The sellers came pressing to the passing carriages, soliciting custom in the soft, clipped speech of the Cape native. Bellew, for all he was so distraught, had the graceful inspiration to stop and take on a load of color and perfume, and April, for a moment, lost count of her troubles in sheer joy of the senses.

"But where do they come from?" she cried. "I have never seen such flowers in the world!"

immense trunks contained much valuable glass and china for the governor's wife, and he was taking no risks concerning their safety. Although making only a short stay, in spite of the glum looks of the porters he had everything carried carefully up to his room on the fourth floor. Glum looks were wasted on the bland Bellew, who lived by the motto: "*Je m'en fiche à tout le monde*," and who, on his own confession, would have liked Africa to himself.

No word concerning the tragedy had yet passed between him and April, but she knew that something was impending, and that she would probably do as he told her, for he seemed, in the strange

Edith Wharton

has written for Cosmopolitan some articles of great interest and value:

French Ways and Their Meaning

Mrs. Wharton, it is hardly necessary to state, is one of the great representatives of American literature. She has been living for many years in France, and possesses a profound knowledge of French traits and character. Here is the keynote of the series, in her own words: "One hears a good deal in these days about 'What America can teach France.' . . . It would seem more useful to leave the French to discover (as they are doing every day, with the frankest appreciation) what they can learn from us, while we Americans apply ourselves to finding out what they have to teach us. There could hardly be a better opportunity . . . than now that a great cause has drawn the hearts of our countries together." There is no American better fitted than Mrs. Wharton for this task of enlightenment, and it is assumed with all the enthusiasm and sincerity that characterizes a real labor of love.

Her first article will appear in
October Cosmopolitan.

"There are no flowers in the world like those from Table Mountain," he said. "That old bleak beast!" She gazed in astonishment at the gray mass still hovering above and about them. "She looks as though nothing would grow on her gaunt sides except sharp flints."

Bellew laughed.

"Those 'gaunt sides' are covered with beauty, and hundreds of people make their living from them."

"Africa is wonderful!" sighed April, and suddenly the weight of her burden returned.

"Africa's all right, if it weren't for the people in it," he retorted moodily.

The hotel proved to be a picturesque building perched on rising ground above lovely gardens. Some of its countless windows looked over the town to the sea; but most of them seemed to be peered into by the relentless granite eyes of the mountain. April's first act was to draw the blinds of her room.

"That mountain will sit upon my heart and crush me into my grave if I stay here long," she thought, and felt despairing. Bellew had engaged rooms for her, boldly inscribing the name of "Lady Diana Sandilands" in the big ledger, while she stood by, acquiescing in, if not contributing to, the lie. Afterward, he went away to superintend the unloading of his luggage. It appeared that the three

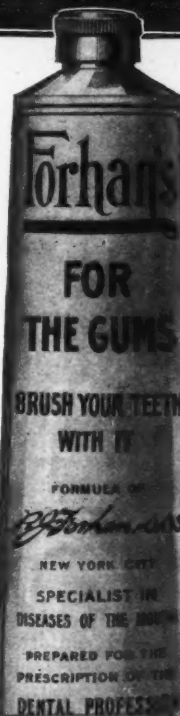
circumstances, to occupy the position of sole executor of Diana's will. On going down to lunch, she found that he had engaged a small table for them both, but was not there himself. What pleased her less was that, as regards company, she might just as well have been back on board the Clarendon Castle. Almost every one of her fellow passengers was scattered around the multiplicity of small tables. It would seem as if the Mount Nelson was the only hotel in the town, although she remembered quite a number of others in the directory. Even Vereker Sarle was there. Far down the long room she saw him sitting with two other men—one of them, Dick Nichols, seeming very much at home; the other, a distinguished, saturnine-looking man with an English air to him in spite of being burned as black as the ace of spades. She was aware that Sarle saw her, and had a trembling fear that he might join her. It was almost a relief when Bellew came in toward the end of the meal, for she knew he would prove an effective barrier. He looked hot and weary, and explained that he had been obliged to go back down-town to attend to some business.

"I think you had better take up your quarters here for a time," he added.

She flinched at the prospect.

"But why? It is so public. Everyone off the boat seems to be here, and I shall

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have to keep on telling lies just because I know them. It seems to me I can't open my mouth without telling a lie, and," she finished desperately, "it makes me sick."

He looked at her coldly. His fine brown eyes could be hard as flint.

"I thought it was a promise--some sort of a compact--to do what was best--for her?" he remarked.

A little cold wave of the sea seemed to creep over her soul, and she could see her hands trembling as she dealt with the fruit on her plate.

"Very well," she acquiesced tonelessly at last; "if you think it best. How long am I to stay?"

"Until next week's mail-boat sails," he said slowly. "I have been down to see if I could get you a berth on this week's, but she is full up."

"You want me to return to England?" There was desperate resistance in her voice now. She had not realized until that moment how much she wished to stay.

"It is not what I want; it is for her," he insisted ruthlessly. "You must go to her father and explain everything. Letters are no good."

She was silent, but her eyes were wretched. She wanted to stay in Africa.

"After all, it is your share of the payment for folly," he pursued relentlessly.

That was too much for her temper.

"And yours?" she flashed back.

His face did not change, but his voice became very gentle.

"Don't worry. I, too, am paying my share."

She would have given much to recall her fierce retort then, for, after all, it was true that she was not the only one hit. This man, too, was suffering under his mask. He had loved Diana, and that his love was the direct cause of the tragedy must make his wretchedness the more acute. With an impulse of pity and understanding, she put out her hand to him across the table, but, instead of taking it, he passed her a little dish of salted almonds. Mortified, she looked up in time to see Sarle and his friends going by, and was left wondering how much they had witnessed, and whether Bellew had meant to snub or spare her. The whole thing was a miserable mix-up, and it almost seemed to her as if Diana had, as usual, got the best of it, for, at any rate, she was out of the deceit and discomfort.

She thought so still more when the women surrounded her in the lounge and drew her in among them to take coffee. They were all as merry as magpies, and seemed to have clean forgotten the tragedy of the ship except in so far as it lent a thrill to conversation. Several who were going on the next day to different parts of the country pressed her to visit them at their homes. Mrs. Stanislaw came up with her claws sheathed in silk and a strange woman in tow, and murmuring: "I must introduce Mrs. Janis. She is anxious to know all you can tell her of poor Miss Poole," stood smiling with a feline delight in the encounter. April, turning from her bitter face to the other woman, an elaborately dressed shrew with a domineering hook to her nose, had the thankful feeling of a mouse who has just missed by a hair's breadth the click of the trap.

"I'm afraid I can give you no more information than is already available," she said distantly.

"It seems to be a most shameful affair," complained Mrs. Janis, "and the wretched girl apparently has no relatives one can write to."

"None," stated April firmly and gratefully. She could well imagine how this lady with a grievance would treat the feelings of relations.

"Perhaps Captain Bellew might know of some one," purred Mrs. Stanislaw.

"You had better ask him." It was April's turn to smile, though wryly enough. "He will deal with you without the gloves," she thought, and turned away from them.

The lounge was a pleasant place with French windows leading into the garden; deep chairs and palms were scattered everywhere, and it smelled fragrantly of coffee and cigars. Groups of men and women clustered about the small tables, smoking and talking. One corner was fenced off by a little counter, from behind which a distinguished-looking waiter dispensed cocktails and liqueurs with the air of a duke bestowing decorations. This was Léon, who knew the pet drinks and secret sins of everyone in South Africa, but whose discreet eyes told nothing. The knowledge he possessed of men, women and things would have made a fascinating volume, but no one had been able to unseal his lips. He hardly ever spoke, simply mixing the drinks and indicating with his hand the tables to which they should be carried. April was in the presence of a personage without being aware of it. Neither did she know until much later that this pleasant lounge was one of the principal gossip-centers of the country. In its smoky atmosphere, many a fair reputation has been withered away, many a great name been tarnished forever. As for the baby scandals that have been born there, had legs and arms and wings stuck onto them, and been sent antelopeing all over the country or flying in every direction, their name is legion.

Bellew had left her immediately after lunch. He said that he had an appointment with an old friend of his mother's, and should be leaving to stay with her for several days before continuing his journey. April had, in fact, from her seat in the lounge, seen him come out of the lift into the hall accompanied by a little bent old lady, and watched them drive away together in a taxi. Thereafter she breathed more freely, and a longing to be in the open air, out of this smoke-laden atmosphere, moved her to extricate herself from the chattering crowd of women and make her way to the veranda. It was cool and fresh there under the stone porticoes, with veils of green creepers hanging between her and the blazing sunshine and color of the garden. She sat down, and, as is always the way with a woman in moments of silence and beauty, her thoughts immediately clustered about the image of the man she loved. What was Vereker Sarle thinking of her? Would he go from the Cape to his home up north without trying to see her again? While she pondered these things, he walked out through one of the tall French windows and came toward her, followed by his dark and saturnine friend. They approached like men sure of a welcome,

Sarle smiling in his disarmingly boyish fashion, the other man smiling, too—but with a difference. There was some quality of sardonic amusement and curiosity in his glance that arrested April's instant attention.

"I warned you that it is hard to shake off your friends in this country," said Sarle gaily. "May we come and sit with you for a little while? Sir Ronald tells me that you and he are quite old friends."

Her heart gave a leap. Instantly she understood the sardonic humor of the stranger's demeanor. If any other man than Sarle had been there, she would have thrown up the sponge. But she could not bear to have the truth stripped and exposed there before him. It was too brutal. If he must know, he should know in a less cruel manner than that. She faced the newcomer squarely, her features frozen to an outward composure.

"This is a very pleasant surprise, Lady D.," he said, with courteous familiarity, while his eyes expressed the utmost amusement. "It must be nearly two years since we met."

"Oh, surely much longer than that," she answered, and her smile was almost as mocking as his.

They stood taking each other's measure, while Sarle dragged forward some chairs. A faint admiration came into the man's face. She was a fraud, and he knew that she knew that he knew it, but he had also to acknowledge that there was fine metal in her, even for an adventuress. As a duelist, at least she seemed worthy of his steel. Besides, in her gown of faint lilac and her orchid-laden hat, she was a very entrancing vision. The duel might be picturesque as well as piquant.

"I trust you left Lord Sandilands well?" he inquired politely. She dug desperately in her mind for a moment. It seemed foolishly important to be truthful, even though this man knew she was acting a lie.

"He is never very well in the winter," she answered, without any apparent interlude for thought. Sir Ronald was even more pleased with her.

"That is so," he agreed. "I remember, when I left Bethwick that autumn, he was just in for his bad annual bout of bronchitis."

The two men sat down, and, with her permission, smoked. Sarle had placed his chair where he could look full at her, missing no shade of expression on her face. His frank, warm eyes enfolded her in a gaze of trust and devotion that was as patent to the other man as to her. There was no peace for her in that gaze—things were too desperate for that—but it nerved her resolution to fence to the death with this polished gamester.

She had her back to the wall and resolved to die fighting rather than make an ignominious surrender before the man she loved.

Sarle looked from one to the other contentedly. For once, his far-seeing veld eyes played him false.

"I am glad you two are friends," he said. Then, addressing April, "Odd that we shouldn't have discovered it before, for, you know, Kenna is my best friend as well as my ranching-partner."

The conclusion of *April Folly* will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.

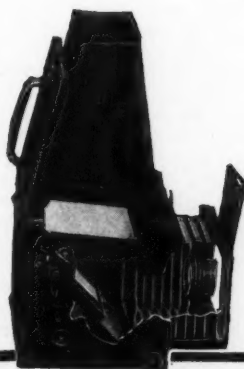


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Camilla

(Continued from page 101)



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fore that. I kept thinking it in England."

"Not," he began, with a kind of persuasive eagerness, "not when you were with Michael?"

"Even when I was with Michael."

"Dear!"

She waited.

"All the same, you know—you can't go on living alone."

Her heart beat fast. It was coming—he was going to say it now.

"Camilla—"

With a jolt and a jar, the crawling automobile stopped.

"We've stuck in a drift," she said to herself. Leroy let down the window. They weren't in a drift. They were at the station. There was Mr. Marriott, waiting to say good-by—tall and spare and preternaturally grim behind those reflectors. He disapproved of her being seen with Leroy—that was why he looked like that. And there was Jeannette with the suitcases. Why wasn't she in the Pullman, getting things ready?

"How much time have we?" she asked Mr. Marriott, as Leroy handed her out.

"All the time you choose to take. Your train left nine minutes ago."

"Gone?"

"Are you sure?" Leroy seemed unable to believe it till he had questioned a porter. He stood talking to the man—earnestly, reproachfully. He came back with the porter, discussing the state of the streets.

"The poorest little capital in Europe," he said, in a challenging way to Mr. Marriott, as though the situation were in some way the fault of the minister to the poorest little capital, "there isn't one that hasn't a better municipal government than we have." He opened the door of the automobile and held it, looking toward Camilla. He seemed to think he was going to take her back.

Mr. Marriott stepped forward.

"I advise you to come with me. I've got a hack waiting."

"A hack!" Leroy laughed. "An auto is bad enough—but a hack!"

"Something to say to you." Marriott's undertone was so grave that Camilla fell back again from the freedom of attained majority to the status of the naughty child. He was going to scold her. She longed to escape from him—to go back with Leroy. She knew that whatever she did in the future, she mustn't do that now. And so good-night to him and into the drafty, lumbering old hack, with those disapproving spectacles. Fortunately, the maid had to come, too.

At funeral pace they made the progress back. Camilla broke the oppressive silence.

"I am afraid you've been waiting a long time in the cold."

"No; only a few minutes. I knew you wouldn't be in time."

The reply angered her.

"You couldn't possibly have known that." His silence said too much. "Leroy is not responsible for the state of the streets." And then she relented. "It was kind of you to think of coming to see me off."

"That wasn't what I came for."

Oh, well, if he was determined to be disagreeable—

When the hack drew up, Leroy stood there.

"I told you I should get here first."

A swing of glass doors and a great tide of heat rushed out to meet them. It was no confidence, but Leroy whispered:

"It occurred to me you'd like to have your same rooms. I was just in time."

On their way to the elevator, she turned, suddenly remembering Marriott. Yes; following with something watchful, curious in his face.

"I shall try for Washington to-morrow," she said, and held out her hand. He didn't seem to see it; the watchful look was scouring the lobby. "Good-night, Leroy."

He lowered his voice.

"You aren't going to bed right away? You wouldn't sleep. Not a wink. Let's have some supper. I'm ravenous." He stood barring the way to the elevator, the old triumphant light in his eyes.

"One moment!" said Marriott's voice, over her shoulder. "As I told you, I didn't go down to see you off. I had dropped in here to look for a friend who was due on the Andalusia this evening. And I heard a man at the desk asking for you."

"A man?" She turned sharply.

"I introduced myself as a friend of yours. I said I thought it quite on the cards"—across Camilla's shoulder the cynical eyes rested an instant on Leroy—"quite on the cards that Mrs. Trenholme would be in after twelve. Indeed, I hoped to have the privilege of escorting her—"

"You don't"—her glances flew from one to another of the few lingerers—"you don't mean it was—"

"The gentleman," Marriott observed, with his most detached air, "said his name was Nancarrow."

"Where?" cried Camilla.

"I said I would let him know." With the same deliberation, Marriott half turned. "Will you go up or wait here a moment?"

"Since Mr. Marriott is willing to carry messages," Leroy flung in, "perhaps he will be good enough to say that Mrs. Trenholme can't see the gentleman at this hour." The floor of the lobby seemed to swing up, swing down, like a ship's deck in a storm. Leroy's eyes, bright with anger, were full on the other man's face. "Or, if Mr. Marriott won't tell him, perhaps you'd like me to?"

"No! No!" Camilla put out her hand.

Leroy came close.

"I thought you said you'd cabled."

"I did. I don't understand—"

"You told him expressly—you cabled him he was not to come. And he is here! Infernal insolence, I call it!"

"Hush!" Again her eyes went flying from face to face among the passing few.

"Does he think," Leroy demanded, "that he has only to appear—"

"Where is he?" said Camilla, very low.

"You surely aren't going to see him at this time of night?"

"Yes; I am going to see him."

Leroy turned on his heel. Without another word or look he left the hotel. Mr. Marriott had walked away, too, without "good-night."

And coming toward her—Michael!

No one to look at him would guess at any significance in the meeting.

He had his hat in one hand; he held hers in the other. He was smiling.

"But I—I—"

"Yes; I know." He looked round.

"You've got a sitting-room?"

"Didn't you get my cable—saying not to come?"

"And your cable saying, 'Come.' That's the one I've answered."

"Oh, Michael—" She stopped. He must have known she was on the verge of breaking down.

His eyes, as if to warn her, went to the two solitary figures over by the desk.

"Some other place," he suggested.

"I—had a sitting-room. But I gave it up." Not for worlds would she trust herself alone with him. "You see—I was going away."

"Going away?" She nodded. "Coming back to England?" The light in his face!

"No."

Side by side, they moved in silence over thick-piled carpets through a heat that made the head feel light as a toy balloon. When they came to a standstill, they were near an angle of that great nondescript place they call the "lounge." No one there—no one in sight but their two selves, and, of the two, Michael Nancarrow now wore most the look of strain.

To screen the cushioned corner, he drew in front of it a chair for himself. "Sit down, my darling."

The single word in that beautiful, steadfast voice brought an added anguish into her throbbing throat.

"You mustn't waste kindness, Michael," she whispered, as if the place were full of people. "You'll be stern and angry enough when you know. Oh, what made you come?"

"I could feel you were in trouble. So, of course, I came."

"You make it much, much harder for me."

"I shall try not to."

"You can't help making it harder." She clenched her hands in her muff. "Just to look at you makes it harder. But"—she leaned toward him—"I've got to tell you—" She stopped suddenly, drew one hand out and pressed it over her eyes. But not even by dint of shutting out Michael's face could she tell him—not yet—that she was going back to Leroy. All she could bring herself to say, to-night, was, "I can't marry you, Michael."

And he, quickly,

"Why?"

Her hand fell down.

"Because I am married." She looked at him with such shrinking that he exclaimed,

"It wasn't legal—your divorce?"

"Oh, it was legal! But—law and lawyers don't seem to have anything to do with such intimate things. I mean, can't change them. It's like saying by law you are to go back to a state of ignorance. How can you, when you've once known?"

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"Yes; Linda—the woman Leroy married. Heaps of people can."

"And you—so can you, for my sake. And for your own."

"The truth is, I go on thinking of Leroy as my husband."

"That's only because I've left you alone here. I shan't do it again."

"I felt it at Nancarrow." If she had looked in his face, her heart would have failed her. But she sat with shoulders drooped and lowered eyes—a weariness upon her that was more than any weariness of the flesh. A weariness of the soul that looks back upon long conflict. "Once in a while," the toneless voice went on, "I forget the other woman. In all these six years, those have been the best times—when I forgot the other woman."

No sound. So even Michael saw now the hopelessness of hope. She raised her eyes that she might read the sign of renunciation in his face, and found, instead, a passion of pain. Something terribly alive and struggling. Something that refused to die.

"Michael!" she cried. "Oh, I wish I'd never been born!"

He lifted his hand. But he waited, for a moment, before his voice obeyed him.

"Don't say any more to-night. You are too tired. Come."

She followed blindly. When he stopped, she stood still beside him. Through the grille in front of them she could see the shadow of the elevator coming down.

"Sleep first," he was saying; "I'll come back in the morning."

Coming back in the morning!

He would need be early to find her.

Yet before she had left her rooms, the telephone! She stood hesitating. What voice would she hear? Which of those two?

She turned from the domineering insistency and ran into her bedroom. Her hat, her coat flung on, and she fleeing out of the place at the second summons!

For a couple of hours she walked the snowy streets. Twice, in Fifty-sixth Street, she passed the house that once had been Leroy's and hers. Each time, as she went by, she slackened pace. Leroy had gone down-town long ago. It was safe to linger. The second time, the door opened, and out came the figure she was waiting for. A little girl of five or six, dressed in white. White-fur coat and cap; white leggings; white gloves. Short red-gold curls framed Linda's face in little. Camilla made excuse to stop and turn up her collar, looking over it at the child.

Could she live with that little Linda-face? Could she be kind and loving to a Linda-face? The child passed, speaking French to her *bonne*. Camilla looked after the small white figure. Poor child! What burden did she, all unconsciously, carry? How long would she move so lightly in a pure, white world? In the days to come, would she be walking at Camilla's side? She followed, trying to picture a future in which that figure would be always "there." Camilla's own main aim and purpose, if she "went back," must be to forget Linda. And always, always there, in little—as though diminishing by distance yet never gone—always Linda in the picture!

If James Trenholme was right, that would be Camilla's punishment.

"Deserter!" She stopped, with a sense of sharp collision. As if, in that darkness in which her mind groped, she had run into a wall. And so she had. A wall that rose round her on all sides. A wall, as it might have been, placarded: "YOUR DOING. If you hadn't 'deserted,' more than likely the little Linda would never have been launched on a world that eyes her askance and murmurs, 'Hickson.' If she 'had been' at all, she'd have been Hickson openly."

Camilla's doing!

"Your job," as James Trenholme said, with no idea that part of it would be helping innocence to expiate the sin of others.

She never could clearly recall what became of the hours till she turned into some place where shop-girls went for food. The woman who waited on her was angry because Camilla wanted only coffee. And the time was nearly two. She would have stayed and rested there, only the woman hated her. It was bad for people to hate one another. She would go away. The woman's face, staring at the tip, followed Camilla down the street.

Two blocks away from the hotel, she saw Michael coming toward her. She had known he wouldn't be far—so she told herself with bitterness. Heavy-eyed, heavy-footed, she looked about with dread for the other.

No sign.

They walked along side by side, she and Michael. He had never seen the snow like this, in great breastworks. Then he spoke of the storm he encountered coming over. After a little,

"Nancarrow sends you love." He had been there up to last Friday morning. "It's only six days away from us"—as though it were not farther than the farthest star!

"You didn't wait to get my letter?" she brought out at last.

"No, my darling; of course I didn't. What I wanted wasn't a letter. It was you."

"If you knew what I'd said in my letter, you'd never have come."

"Wait!" He managed to smile.

"We'll speak of that—but not out here."

It jarred on her that he could smile. And how was she going to say what had been barely possible to write? She had leaned upon that letter to befriend her weakness, to speak for her.

"Oh, you wouldn't laugh if you'd read my letter!"

Still he smiled.

"Such a Gorgon letter, was it, dearest? Then I tell you what: When the letter comes, we'll burn it together, you and I. Without opening it."

Half a dozen yards from the end of the block she stopped. Just round the corner was the entrance to the hotel.

"Michael!"

"Yes?"

"You saw I was tired last night. I'm tired still to-day."

"I see that."

"Then you mustn't mind that I don't ask you to come up." The mere looking into his eyes brought a rush of tears into her own. "I must lie down," she pleaded.

"I didn't sleep, Michael."

"Nor I."

"Oh, don't waste any more time; don't waste any more lovingness on me!" For all the mute misery of his face, there was something unyielding in it that angered, steeled her. "It's no use—no use, I tell you!"

His eyes fell for a second. When they lifted, there was no weakness in them.

"You haven't come back to find you love Leroy?"

"It isn't a question of love now."

"Then it isn't a question at all. I've come a very long way to see you. You can't expect me to stand out here in the street and speak about things that—"

She walked on. He thought she was agreeing. What she was saying to herself was: "I've got from here to where the corridor leads out of the lounge. I can't live through a prolonged struggle with Michael. Between here and the elevator, I must settle it." They walked on, and met a broadside from the wind as they turned the corner. She had said nothing yet. She was too dulled even to be much troubled as to what it should be. She would be given words, given some share of this ruthlessness that was abroad. Ruthlessness toward herself as well as toward Michael. The strain of colossal fatigue, the pinch of cold, the biting wind that had frozen the tear-wet veil to her cheek—all was part of this strange, new power of ruthlessness. It was that power which made it possible for her to turn to him at the door and say, almost indifferently,

"When shall you be going back?"

"When shall I—" He looked at her.

"That's for you to say."

"If it's for me, then I say soon. At once. Why should you wait?"

"I can't answer that out here."

"But here, or in there, it's only the fact that matters. I can't explain things even when I'm not half dead. But when you get my letter—"

"Letter! Letter!" I don't care that for any letter when I've got you!"

"But you haven't got me. And some one else has."

She had said it! Blindly she turned away to avoid his eyes.

"This is the door, Camilla." When it had closed, he was still at her side. And the wild Irish boy was in front of her with:

"Mr. Trenholme has been here three times, 'm. He's up-stairs now."

"Where? Not in my—"

"Yes, 'm; in your parlor."

"You see"—she turned to Michael—"he's in possession."

Michael waited a moment.

"I will be at the Ardmore when you want me."

The tears stood in her eyes.

"I shan't want you."

Her cold cheeks tingled in the heat. Her fingers could hardly unlock the door. When finally she had let herself into the little hall of her suite, out came a breath of roses and lilies to meet her. Yes; there they were. Roses and roses. And Leroy jumping up and coming toward her with hands out.

"Well, where on earth—I began to think you'd eloped. Dearest child, what a face! Somebody been abusing you? I'll have his gore!"

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"Leroy, I can't see you now. I'm too tired. Been walking—a long, long way——"

"What foolishness! You *do* need——"

She asked him to come back to-morrow. He refused pointblank.

She leaned on the back of a chair.

"Please, Roy! It—*isn't* much."

"Well, I must say you *are* in a pretty state! Look here: If I come back in a couple of hours——"

"Come this evening. I'll be all right this evening."

"Well, will you swear you'll rest? And not see anybody else?"

"Not a soul! It's a solemn promise."

"Oh, it's *solemn* enough, to judge by your face." He laughed. "To-night, then."

"Not till nine. Give me till nine."

"Right! At nine. Here."

She slept as if she'd taken a narcotic. She had to be waked.

She dined in her room early, and dressed late. After the maid had done down, Camilla, looking in the glass, saw, with a start of memory, the figure in pearl-gray. She had worn gray that Easter morning. There was here even a *chou* of pink panne, to repeat the note of that other hour. She pulled the gown off and took the first her hand fell on, something she could fasten for herself. As she finished putting it on, she turned again to the glass.

"I shall look like that when I am dead."

Well, roses for a first betrothal, not a second. And then it struck her that, in her habitlike black gown, she had an air of the *religieuse* about to take the veil.

Why not? She was making a double renunciation.

First, of Michael. Then, of what Ogden Marriott had called the "*secu'ar nun*," who beckoned still to her sheltering solitude.

All Camilla's life, certain phrases, certain words held a peculiar magic for her. "Good faith" had been one. And now "renunciation."

She must make *t*—not parade it.

Leroy would hate this kind of gown. She began hurriedly to unfasten it.

His voice—already!

He'd hate waiting more than the wearing of black.

"Dearest!" He would have drawn her to him. "But how pale!" He covered her elusiveness. "Really, you know you *do* need——" He established her in the sofa corner. He pushed a footstool nearer. "You're plainly in no condition to travel. What you've got to do is to stay here and be taken care of." After all, he said, she'd be very comfortable here. You couldn't beat New York.

Nancarrow! Michael! Michael! Nancarrow! The names kept ringing, calling, behind Leroy's light tones. Michael Nancarrow! She met it with the deep bell-note: Renunciation.

As if she were new to the great city, Leroy went on commending New York to her in a dozen aspects, smiling, persuasive. "You don't seem as unhappy as you did," she said.

"As I did when?"

"When I first came."

"*Raison de quoi*—" He moved nearer. Something in her face arrested him.

"You don't," she began; "you don't seem to miss——" She stopped. "Leroy?"

"Yes, little girl?"

"If you don't miss Linda too much—I suppose you will let her go?"

"Altogether?"

"Wouldn't it be best?"

"*Much* best—if it could be done." His mouth took a humorous twist. "But women! You can't get along with them, and you can't get along without them."

"But you are having to get along without Linda."

"For the moment."

"But isn't she—hasn't she—I heard a story about a senator."

"Oh, yes; all the world has heard about the senator."

"Even if there's nothing in it, you wouldn't take her back, would you, now, after——"

"Why not? She'd be taking me back, 'after'——"

With that old action of perplexity, she passed her hand across her eyes as if to brush away a palpable cobweb.

"But, Leroy—I've heard of—friction, quarrels— That's not true, then?"

"Why, of course it's true!" he said irritably. "I get on her nerves, and—God—I can stand being annoyed, but being bored is the devil!"

"Does Linda bore you?"

"Does she! Bore me sometimes till I——" He threw out his arms.

"Then you'll end it?"

"You mean get unhitched? What's the good?" he said, with that touch of weary irritability she knew so well. Suddenly, he altered his lounging attitude. Not a word across her lips, but at something in her face he was on his guard. Deliberately he crossed one long leg over the other and moved his head uneasily from side to side. "After all, Linda——" He had an air of apologizing for her. And for himself. "Linda and I, we haven't either of us had a chance. We weren't brought up. Left to run wild." It came upon Camilla with shattering force how close that tie to Linda must have grown that Leroy should cast over her sins the same cloak he borrowed for his own—that dropped mantle of motherhood. "And, after all," he went on, in a grumbling tone, "Linda doesn't bore me more than anybody else. Or as much, come to that."

"Did I bore you?"

"Why, yes, dear Camilla!" His covert smile took on a twist of recklessness. "The fact is, women—he threw up his head—"women as companions are a failure. Give me horses."

Out of the depths of humiliation her voice rose faint and broken.

"You can't be serious—even about this."

He smiled again.

"This is quite like old times. Well, I'm serious. Fire away!"

"Do you think—after all—maybe Linda won't want to come back?"

"Oh, yes," he said moodily; "she'll come back."

"If you're sure—why, then, have you wanted me to stay?"

"What more natural? You are one of the most charming people in the world——"

"Hush!" With lowered eyes, she stood up. "I see now. You—don't—want me."

"But I *swear* I do!" He, too, was on his feet. He was coming to her.

Her hand went up.

"And if Linda should come—" "What then?" He smiled. "I might need you even more."

"Oh!" She had drawn back only a step. But she stood, remote a moment, on some high peak of anger.

"By the Lord, Camilla, you look splendid! I've always said if once you were roused—"

All but in his arms, she turned and fled into her room. After that, nothing but the sound of a shot bolt.

How Ogden Marriott found out, she never heard. But he was at the station the next morning, in time to see her leave.

"You will stay the night at Washington? And you'll write from there?"

"No; not write. Not for a while. But you—will you see Michael for me and tell him?"

"What shall I tell him?"

She leaned out farther from the Pullman platform.

"Tell him what you know about Leroy and me—"

"I think I have."

"And you must add to that I offered to go back to Leroy. And Leroy doesn't want me. He would rather have Linda."

The colored porter begged pardon, and passed them to come on board.

"You are off in a moment." Marriott came closer again. He laid his hand on the rail. "Give me some message," he said, with a stifled earnestness.

"I suppose you haven't heard how soon he goes back?"

Marriott looked at her with the intent, sidewise glance of the slightly deaf. Then: "He? Goes?"

"To England."

"Oh, Nancarrow!" He hesitated, and then took his hand off the railing. He stood for a moment looking at her. "Nancarrow's not going back. Not for the present."

"Why—what will he do then?"

"I asked him that. 'Write to Camilla,' he said. 'And wait for her letters.'"

She drew back as a whistle sounded. "You couldn't have told him everything."

"Yes; everything."

THE END

The Water-Baby

(Concluded from page 85)

Also, and often, have I seen sharks there. And there, on the bottom, as I should know, for I have seen and counted them, are the thirty-nine lava rocks thrown in by the water-baby, as I have described."

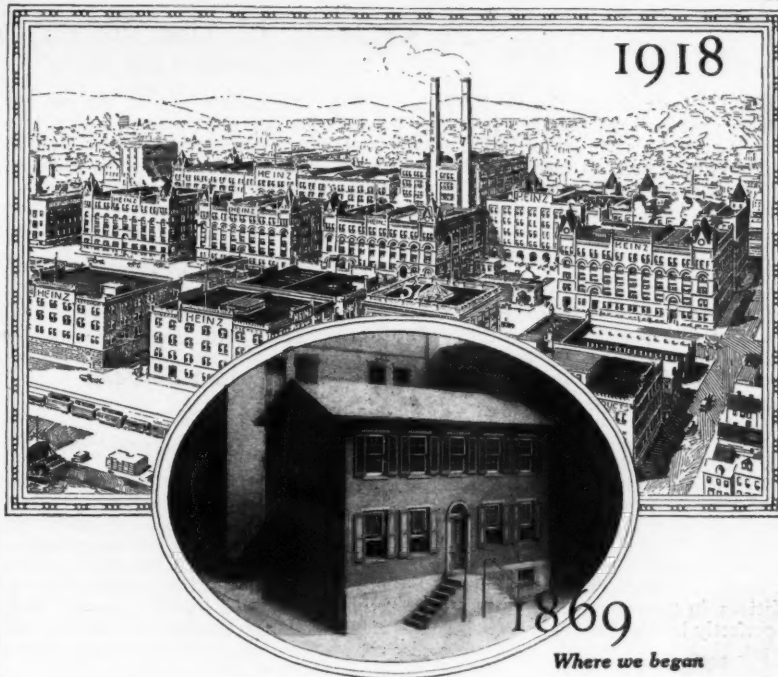
"But—" I began.

"Ha!" he baffled me. "Look! While we have talked, the fish have begun again to bite."

He pointed to three of the bamboo poles, erect and devil-dancing in token that fish were hooked and struggling on the lines beneath. As he bent to his paddle, he muttered for my benefit:

"Of course I know. The thirty-nine lava rocks are still there. You can count them any day for yourself. Of course I know, and I know for a fact."

The next *Jack London* story, *The Red One*, will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.



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A Genius of the Short Story

(Concluded from page 93)

its publication and reception she has little interest; she is off again on the newer story that is going to come just a little nearer than its predecessors to the garment's hem of True Romance. She gives a public of several millions exactly what she would give a public of one, or what she would write for no public at all. Take it or leave it, it is Fannie Hurst.

At present, she is apparently the only writer in the Union who is not confidently planning the Great American Novel. She loves just what she is doing, and finds the medium of the short story the one that suits her best. And it is hard to imagine her in any other field than this one, which she has made peculiarly her own. To analyze one of her stories is to arrive nowhere; it is the old mystery of the flower in the crannied wall. Yet there is technique as well as sheer instinct in the way that it is done; the apparently rambling conversations develop the plot in a series of hammer-strokes, and the sobbing ejaculations, in their aimless repetition, have a perfectly human fashion of wringing the heart.

There are certain stories among the twenty-five or thirty upon which this astonishing reputation rests that I never can read with dry eyes. There is something about the hot kitchens, and the crowded basement-shops, and the shabby clothes, and the beauty of love and sacri-

dingy doorway or a subway hood, and, lo! we have the strength of weakness and the weakness of strength, selfishness turned into beauty and courage, and false joy stripped of its mask and crumbling into black despair.

So I use the word "genius" for Fannie Hurst, and for no other writer of short stories—unless Mr. Conrad's novelettes come into that category—to-day. Other writers follow a certain formula, more or less deliberately concede convention something, pattern themselves, perhaps unconsciously, upon Kipling or O. Henry or George Moore. She copies no one.

A hundred years from now, when the children of a democratic world are patiently memorizing the dates of the Great War, it might be interesting to see what place Fannie Hurst will hold in American literature. I rather fancy that she will not be in a group even then. She is young, and may add ripper work to this first work, may try the novel, after all.

But even on the strength of those twenty-five stories, she is entitled to a place of her own.

Fannie Hurst's

next story,

She Also Serves,

will appear in

October Cosmopolitan.

fice creeping up through the sordidness that is always new. The angry, loyal love of a mother, the protecting sister-love, the weak love of the parasite—sometimes I think that it is the theme of love running through them all that is their real secret. Two obscure forms emerge from a

An Immortal

(Concluded from page 64)

until this island sinks like a ship in the sea or rises and flows over it—would you like that?"

"But we are not gods or devils."

"Neither one or the other; but, Aola, there are people like that—lovers like that—who are neither gods nor devils. I know, because I have seen them. I have lived with them. There is a fountain that they bathe in, and, when they have bathed, they neither grow old nor die. Nature cannot kill them—only violence. And in the place where they live, there is no violence."

"She did not show either doubt or surprise."

"They live in the Forbidden Valley," she said. "Some believe in those people; others do not. But you have seen them."

"I am one of them, Aola. I have bathed in the fountain. And I have returned for you. The love that is between us two will never die while there is life in us. I am sure of that. When you have bathed in the fountain, your dear body, like mine, will be immortal."

"Is this true?"

"I kissed her on the lips, and said, 'Yes, Aola.'"

"Then," she said, "let us prepare at once for the journey. I am not very fit for travel."

"You do not know how strong I am. If it is necessary, I could carry you all the way in my arms. But there is one thing to think of: You cannot bathe in the fountain without paying a price. To a woman, it will seem a very great price. Your child, Aola, will either be born dead or it will die soon after it is born. The fountain is too strong for little children. There is the river, that is sweet, good water, but sooner or later a child will find its way to the fountain. It cannot be otherwise. And the fountain kills them."

"The price, then," she said, "is the child. Our child—your child and mine."

"I don't ask you to decide at once."

"We should be lovers, and immortal—and without children! And you ask me not to decide at once. Oh, how could you ever think so lightly of me?"

"She burst out sobbing and flung herself into my arms."

"It's all right, dear," I said. "I thought for a moment that we could pay the price and forget that we had paid it; but, of course, we couldn't."

He broke off abruptly.

"Come up to my house," he said; "I'd like you to meet Aola."

She had borne many children, and she showed her age. Her hair was white as snow, and she had lost a good many of her teeth; but there was a sweetness and compassionateness about the old lady's smile that won me completely. She made us welcome and gave us a most delectable preparation of breadfruit and a bowl of island wine.

"Your husband," I said, "has told me a wonderful story."

"It is all true," she said. "You have only to look at us to know that. I have grown old. It has been hard for him, and I have told him that he should bring a young woman into the house, as is our island custom. But he will not do that. He is as good as he is young and beautiful. He has had his sorrows, and I have had mine. Our first boy did not live to be a man. But it wasn't as if we had let him be killed in the fountain. We were without guilt, and, after a while, peace returned to us."

Hercules accompanied me part-way to the village. His face was very sad and brooding.

"It is horrible," he said, "to stand still while everyone else goes on—my wife and my children growing old before my eyes. Those who in any way have cheated nature will live to suffer the fires of hell."

"I wish," I said, "that I could get you to come to New York and lecture on birth-control. There aren't many American girls who would decide as Aola did. And for the price they pay, our young women don't even get immortality. May I ask you one question? The thing must have occurred to you. In the course of time, Aola and your children—"

"Yes," he said simply; "I shall have to bury them all. But there will be the grandchildren and the great-grandchildren—"

"You will marry again."

He shook his head.

"You must see that."

I did, of course.

"When my line runs out," he said, "I shall do as the white man did—climb to some place and dive off. When do you expect to be in New York?"

"Well, first," I said, "I'm going to try and get into the Forbidden Valley."

"After what you've seen, and after what I've told you?"

"I have no ties to worry me," I said. "I'll take my chances."

"People who cheat nature don't take chances," he said. "They go against certainties."

"I've got to bathe in that fountain," I said. "Yesterday, the ship's barber cut my hair. He cut all the hairs but one. That one he seized with tweezers and pulled out by the roots. It was gray."

"Well," said Hercules, "if you do decide to go to the Forbidden Valley, I wish you the best luck in the world—I hope that you will fall from a cliff and break your neck."

Gouverneur Morris's next story, *The Sure-Thing Man*, will appear in October Cosmopolitan.

Saint's Progress

(Continued from page 35)

and silence—each minute so much time lost that she might have been with him.

III

PIERSON woke after a troubled and dreamful night, in which he had thought himself wandering in heaven like a lost soul. After regaining his room last night, nothing had struck him more forcibly than the needlessness of his words: "Don't cry, Nollie," for he had realized with uneasiness that she had not been near crying. No; there was in her some emotion very different from the tearful. He kept seeing her cross-legged figure on the bed in that dim light—tense, enigmatic, almost Chinese—kept feeling the feverish touch of her lips. A good, girlish burst of tears would have done her good and been a guarantee. He had the uncomfortable conviction that his refusal had passed her by, as if unspoken. And, since he could not go and make music at that time of night, he had ended on his knees, in a long search for guidance, which was not vouchsafed him.

The culprits were demure at breakfast; no one could have told that for the last hour they had been sitting with their arms round each other, watching the river flow by, talking but little, through lips too busy. Pierson pursued his sister-in-law to the room where she did her flowers every morning. He watched her for a minute before he said:

"I'm very troubled, Thirza. Nollie came to me last night. Imagine! They want to get married—those two!"

Accepting life as it came, Thirza showed no dismay, but her cheeks grew a little pinker and her eyes a little rounder. She took up a sprig of mignonette and said placidly,

"Oh, my dear!"

"But think of it, Thirza—that child! Why, it's only a year or two since she used to sit on my knee and tickle my face with her hair."

Thirza went on arranging her flowers.

"Noel is older than you think, Edward; she is more than her age. And real married life wouldn't begin for them till after—if it ever began."

Pierson experienced a sort of shock. His sister-in-law's words seemed criminally light-hearted.

"But—but—" he stammered, "the union, Thirza! Who can tell what will happen before they come together again?" She looked at his quivering face.

"I know, Edward; but if you refuse, I should be afraid, in these days, of what Noel might do. I told you I think there's a streak of desperation in her."

"Noel will obey me."

"I wonder. There are so many of these war-marriages now."

Pierson turned away from her.

"I think they're dreadful," he said, staring fixedly before him. "What do they mean—just a momentary gratification of passion. They might just as well not be."

"They mean pensions as a rule," said Thirza calmly.

"Thirza, that is cynical! Besides, it doesn't affect this case. I can't bear to think of my little Nollie giving herself for a moment which may come to nothing, or

may turn out the beginning of an unhappy marriage. Who is this boy—what is he? I know nothing of him. How can I give her to him? It's impossible! If they had been engaged some time and I knew something of him—yes, perhaps—even at her age. But this hasty passionateness—it isn't right; it isn't decent. I don't understand—I really don't—how a child like that can want it. The fact is, she doesn't know what she's asking, poor little Nollie! She can't know the nature of marriage, and she can't realize its sacredness. If only her mother were here! Talk to her, Thirza; you can say things that I can't."

Thirza looked after his retreating figure. In spite of his cloth, perhaps a little because of it, he seemed to her like a child who had come to show her his sore finger. And, having finished the arrangement of her flowers, she went out to find her niece. She had not far to go, for Noel was standing in the hall, quite evidently lying in wait. They went out together to the avenue. The girl began at once.

"It isn't any use talking to me, auntie; Cyril is going to get a license."

"Oh! So you've quite made up your minds?"

"Quite."

"Do you think that's fair by me, Nollie? Should I have asked him here if I'd thought this was going to happen?" Noel only smiled. "Have you the least idea what marriage means?" Noel nodded. "Really?"

"Of course. Gratian is married. Besides, at school—"

"Your father is dead against it. This is a sad thing for him. He's a perfect saint, and you oughtn't to hurt him. Can't you wait—at least till Cyril's next leave?"

"He might never have one, you see."

The heart of her whose boys were out there, too, and might also never have another leave, could not but be responsive to those words. She looked at her niece, and a dim appreciation of this revolt of life menaced by death, of youth threatened with extinction, stirred in her. Noel's teeth were clenched, her lips drawn back, and she was staring in front of her.

"Daddy oughtn't to mind. Old people haven't to fight and get killed; they oughtn't to mind us taking what we can. They've had their good time."

It was such a just little speech that Thirza answered,

"Yes; perhaps he hasn't quite realized that."

"I want to make sure of Cyril, auntie; I want everything I can have with him while there's the chance. I don't think it's much to ask, when perhaps I'll never have any more of him again."

Thirza slipped her hand through the girl's arm.

"I understand," she said. "Only, Nollie, suppose, when all this is over, and we breathe and live naturally once more, you found you'd made a mistake?"

Noel shook her head.

"I haven't."

"We all think that, my dear; but thousands of mistakes are made by people who no more dream they're making them than you do now; and then it's a very horrible business. It would be especially horrible

for you; your father believes heart and soul in marriage being for ever."

"Daddy's a darling; but I don't always believe what he believes, you know. Besides, I'm *not* making a mistake, auntie. I love Cyril ever so—"

Thirza gave her waist a squeeze.

"You mustn't make a mistake. We love you too much, Nollie. I wish we had Gratian here."

"Gratian would back me up," said Noel; "she knows what the war is. And you ought to, auntie. If Rex and Harry wanted to be married, I'm sure you'd never oppose them. And they're no older than Cyril. You *must* understand what it means to me, auntie dear, to feel that we belong to each other properly before—before it all begins for him, and—and there may be no more. Daddy doesn't realize. I know he's awfully good, but—he's forgotten."

"My dear, I think he remembers only too well. He was desperately attached to your mother."

Noel clenched her hands.

"Was he? Well, so am I to Cyril, and he to me. We wouldn't be unreasonable if it wasn't—wasn't necessary. Talk to Cyril, auntie; then you'll understand. There he is; only, don't keep him long, because I want him. Oh, auntie, I want him *so badly!*"

She turned and slipped back into the house; and Thirza, conscious of having been decoyed to this young man, who stood there with his arms folded like Napoleon before a battle, smiled and said,

"Well, Cyril, so you've betrayed me!"

Even in speaking, she was conscious of the really momentous change in this sunburned, blue-eyed, lazily impudent youth since the day he arrived three weeks ago in their little wagonette. He took her arm, just as Noel had, and made her sit down beside him on the rustic bench, where he had evidently been told to wait.

"You see, Mrs. Pierson," he said, "it's not as if Noel were an ordinary girl in an ordinary time, is it? Noel is the sort of girl one would knock one's brains out for; and to send me out there knowing that I could have been married to her and wasn't will take all the heart out of me. Of course I mean to come back, but chaps do get knocked over, and I think it's cruel that we can't take what we can while we can. Besides, I've got money; and that would be hers, anyway. So, do be a darling, won't you?" He put his arm round her waist, just as if he had been her son, and her heart felt warmed within her. "You see, I don't know Mr. Pierson, but he seems awfully gentle and jolly, and if he could see into me, he wouldn't mind, I know. We don't mind risking our lives and all that, but we do think we ought to have the run of them while we're alive. I'll give him my dying oath or anything that I could never change toward Noel, and she'll do the same. Oh, Mrs. Pierson, do be a jolly brick, and put in a word for me—quick! We've got so few days."

"But, my dear boy," said Thirza feebly, "do you think it's fair to such a child as Noel?"

"Yes, I do. You don't understand; she's simply had to grow up. She is

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grown-up—all in this week; she's quite as old as I am, really—and I'm twenty-two. And you know it's going to be—it's got to be—a young world from now on; people will begin doing things much earlier. What's the use of pretending it's like what it was, and being cautious and all that? If I'm going to be killed, I think we've got a right to be married first; and if I'm not, then what does it matter?"

"You've known each other twenty-one days, Cyril."

"No! Twenty-one years! Every day's a year when—oh, Mrs. Pierson, this isn't like you, is it? You never go to meet trouble, do you?"

At that shrewd remark, Thirza put her hand on the hand which still clasped her waist, and pressed it closer.

"Well, my dear," she said softly, "we must see what can be done."

Cyril Morland kissed her cheek.

"I will bless you forever," he said. "I haven't got any people, you know, except my two sisters."

And something like tears started up on Thirza's eyelashes. They seemed to her so like the babes in the wood—those two!

IV

I

In the dining-room of her father's house in that old London square between East and West, Gratian Laird, in the outdoor garb of a nurse, was writing a telegram:

REVEREND EDWARD PIERSON,

Kestrel, Tintern, Monmouthshire.

George terribly ill. Please come if you can.
GRATIAN.

Giving it to a maid, she took off her long coat and sat down for a moment. She had been traveling all night, after a full day's work, and had only just arrived, to find her husband between life and death. She was very different from Noel—not quite so tall but of a stronger build, with dark chestnut-colored hair, clear hazel eyes, and a broad brow. The expression of her face was earnest, with a sort of constant spiritual inquiry and a singularly truthful look. She was just twenty, and, of the year that she had been married, had spent only six weeks with her husband. They had not even a house of their own as yet.

After resting five minutes, she passed her hand vigorously over her face, threw back her head, and walked up-stairs to the room where he lay. He was not conscious, and there was nothing to be done but sit and watch him. "If he dies," she thought, "I shall hate God for his cruelty. I have had six weeks with George; some people have sixty years." She fixed her eyes on his face, short and broad, with bumps of "observation" on the brows; he had been sunburned, and was now deathly yellow. The dark lashes of his closed eyes lay on those yellow cheeks, and his thick hair grew rather low on his broad forehead. The lips were just open and showed his strong white teeth. He had a little clipped mustache; and hair had grown on his clean-cut jaw. His pajama jacket had fallen open. Gratian drew it close.

For London, it was curiously still, though the window was wide open. Anything to break this heavy stupor, which was not only George's but her own, and

the very world's! The cruelty of it—when she might be going to lose him forever in a few hours or days! She thought of their last parting. It had not been very loving, had come too soon after one of those arguments they were inclined to have, in which they could not as yet disagree with suavity. George had said there was no future life for the individual; she had maintained there was. They had grown hot and impatient. Even in the cab on the way to his train, they had pursued the wretched discussion, and the last kiss had been from lips on lips yet warm from disagreement. Ever since, as if in compunction, she had been wavering toward his point of view; and now, when he was perhaps to solve the problem—find out for certain—she had come to feel that, if he died, she would never see him after. It was cruel that such a blight should have come on her belief at this, of all moments!

She laid her hand on his. It was warm, felt strong, although so motionless and helpless. George was so vigorous, so alive, and strong-willed; it seemed impossible that life might be going to play him false. She slipped her hand on to his heart, and began very slowly, gently, rubbing it. He, as doctor, and she, as nurse, had both seen so much of death these last two years. Yet it seemed suddenly as if she had never seen death, and that all those young faces, empty and white, in the hospital ward, had just been a show. Death would appear to her for the first time if this face which she loved were to be drained forever of light and color and movement and meaning.

A bumblebee from the square-garden boomed in and buzzed idly round the room. She caught her breath in a little sob.

2

Pierson received that telegram at mid-day, returning from a lonely walk after his talk with Thirza. Coming from Gratian—so self-reliant—it meant the worst. He prepared at once to catch the next train. Noel was out—no one knew where—and, with a sick feeling, he wrote:

DEAREST CHILD:

I am going up to Gratian; poor George is desperately ill. If it goes badly, you should be with your sister. I will wire to-morrow morning early. I leave you in your aunt's hands, my dear. Be reasonable and patient. God bless you! Your devoted

DADDY.

He was alone in his third-class compartment, and, leaning forward, watched the ruined abbey across the river till it was out of sight. Those old monks had lived in an age surely not so sad as this. They must have had peaceful lives, remote, down here, in days when the Church was great and lovely, and men laid down their lives for their belief in her and built everlasting fanes to the glory of God. What a change, to this age of rush and hurry, of science, trade, material profit, and this terrible war! He tried to read his paper, but it was full of horrors and hate. "When will it end?" he thought. And the train, with its rhythmic jolting, seemed grinding out the answer: "Never! Never!"

At Chepstow, a soldier got in, followed by a woman with a very flushed face and curious, swimmy eyes. Her hair was in disorder, and her lip bleeding, as if she had bitten it through. The soldier, too,

looked strained and desperate. They sat down, far apart, on the seat opposite. Pierson, feeling in their way, tried to hide himself behind his paper; when he looked again, the soldier had taken off his tunic and cap and was hanging out of the window. The woman, on the seat's edge, sniffing and wiping her face, met his glance with resentful eyes; then, getting up, she pulled the man's sleeve.

"Sit dahn! Don't 'ang out o' there."

The soldier flung himself back on the seat, and looked at Pierson.

"The wife an' me's 'ad a bit of a row," he said companionably. "Gits on me nerves; I'm not used to it. She was in a raid, and 'er nerves are all gone funny, too. Makes me feel me 'ead. I've been wounded there, you know; can't stand much now. I might do somethin' if she was to go on like this for long."

Pierson looked at the woman, but her eyes still met his resentfully. The soldier held out a packet of cigarettes.

"Take one!" he said. Pierson took one, and, feeling that the soldier wanted him to speak, murmured:

"We all have these troubles with those we're fond of; the fonder we are of people, the more we feel them, don't we? I had one with my daughter last night."

"Ah," said the soldier; "that's right! The wife and I'll make it up. 'Ere; come orf it, old girl!"

From behind his paper he soon became conscious of the sounds of reconciliation—reproaches because some one had been offered a drink, kisses mixed with mild slappings and abuse. When they got out at Bristol, the soldier shook his hand warmly, but the woman still gave him her resentful stare, and he thought dreamily: "The war! How it affects everyone!" His carriage was invaded by a swarm of soldiers, and the rest of the journey was passed in making himself small. When at last he reached home, Gratian met him in the hall.

"Just the same. The doctor says we shall know in a few hours now. How sweet of you to come! It was dreadful to spoil your holiday."

"My dear! As if—May I go up and see him?"

George Laird was still lying in that stupor. And Pierson stood gazing down at him compassionately. Like most parsons, he had a wide acquaintance with the sick and dying, and one remorseless fellowship with death. Death! The commonest thing in the world now—commoner than life! This young doctor must have seen hundreds die in these last two years, saved hundreds from death; and there he lay, not able to lift a finger to save himself. Pierson looked at his daughter. What a strong, promising young couple they were! And, putting his arm round her, he led her away to the sofa, whence they could see the sick man.

"If he dies, dad—" she whispered.

"He will have died for the country, my love, as much as ever our soldiers do."

"I know; but that's no comfort. I've been watching here all day; I've been thinking: men will be just as brutal afterward—more brutal. The world will go on the same."

"We must hope not. Shall we pray, Gracie?"

Gratian shook her head.

"If I could believe that the world—if

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I could believe anything! I've lost the power, dad; I don't even believe in a future life. If George dies, we shall never meet again." Pierson stared at her without a word. Gratian went on. "The last time we talked, I was angry with George because he laughed at my belief. Now that I really want belief, I feel that he was right."

Pierson said tremulously: "No, no, my dear; it's only that you're overwrought. God in his mercy will give you back belief."

"There is no God, dad."

"My darling child, what are you saying?"

"No God who can help us; I feel it. If there were any God who could take part in our lives, alter anything without our will, knew or cared what we did—he wouldn't let the world go on as it does."

"But, my dear, his purposes are inscrutable. We dare not say he should not do this or that, or try to fathom to what ends he is working."

"Then he's no good to us. It's the same as if he didn't exist. Why should I pray for George's life to One whose ends are just his own? I know George oughtn't to die. If there's a God, it will be a wicked shame if George dies; if there's a God, it's a wicked shame when babies die, and all these millions of poor boys. I would rather think there's no God than a helpless or a wicked God—" Her father had suddenly thrown up his hands to his ears. She moved up closer, and put her arm round him. "Dad, dear, I'm sorry; I didn't mean to hurt you."

Pierson pressed her face down to his shoulder, and said, in a dull voice:

"What do you think would have happened to me, Gracie, if I had lost belief when your mother died? I have never lost belief. Pray God I never shall!"

Gratian murmured:

"George would not wish me to pretend I believe. If I'm not honest, I shan't deserve that he should live. I don't believe, and I can't pray."

"My darling, you're overtired!"

"No, dad." She raised her head from his shoulder, and, clasping her hands round her knees, looked straight before her. "We can only help ourselves; and I can only bear it if I rebel."

Pierson sat with trembling lips, feeling that nothing he could say would touch her just then. The sick's man's face was hardly visible now in the twilight, and Gratian went over to his bed. She stood, looking down at him a long time.

"Go and rest, dad; the doctor's coming again at eleven. I'll call you if I want anything. I shall lie down a little."

Pierson kissed her and went out. To lie there beside him would be the greatest comfort she could get. He went to the bare, narrow little room he had occupied ever since his wife died, and, taking off his boots, walked up and down with a feeling of almost crushing loneliness. Both his daughters in such trouble, and he of no use to them! It was as if life were pushing him utterly aside. He felt confused, helpless, bewildered. Surely, if Gratian loved George, she had not left God's side, whatever she might say. Then, conscious of the profound heresy of this thought, he stood still at the open window.

Earthly love, heavenly love—was there any analogy between them?

From the square-garden, the indifferent whisper of the leaves answered—and a news-vendor at the far end, bawling his nightly tale of murder.

3

George Laird passed the crisis of his illness that night, and in the morning was pronounced out of danger. He had a splendid constitution, and—Scotsman on his father's side—a fighting character. He came back to life very weak but avid of recovery; and his first words were: "I've been hanging over the edge, Gracie."

A very high cliff, and his body half over, balancing—one inch, the merest fraction of an inch more, and over he would have gone. Deuced rum sensation! But not so horrible as it would have been in real life. With the slip of that last inch, he felt he would have passed at once into oblivion without the long horror of a fall. So this was what it was for all the poor fellows he had seen slip in the past two years! Mercifully, at the end, one was not alive enough to be conscious of what one was leaving, not alive enough even to care. If he had been able to take in the presence of his young wife, able to realize that he was looking at her face, touching her for the last time, it would have been hell; if he had been up to realizing sunlight, moonlight, the sound of the world's life outside, the softness of the bed he lay on, it would have meant the most poignant anguish of defraudment. Life was a rare good thing, and to be squashed out of it with your powers at full, a wretched mistake in nature's arrangements, a wretched villainy on the part of man—for his own death, like all those other millions of premature deaths, would have been due to the idiocy and brutality of man. He could smile now, with Gratian looking down at him, but the experience had heaped fuel on a fire which had always smoldered in his doctor's soul against that half-emancipated breed of apes, the human race. Well, now he would get a few days off from this death-carnival. And he lay, feasting his returning senses on his wife. She made a pretty nurse, and his practised eye judged her a good one—firm and quiet.

George Laird was thirty. At the opening of the war he was in an East-End practise, and had volunteered at once for service with the army. For the first nine months he had been bang up in the thick of it. A poisoned arm, rather than the authorities, had sent him home. During that leave, he married Gratian. He had known the Piersons some time, and, made conscious of the instability of life, had resolved to marry her at the first chance he got. For his father-in-law he had respect and liking, ever mixed with what was not quite contempt and not quite pity. The blend of authority with humility, cleric with dreamer, monk with artist, mystic with man of action in Pierson excited in him an interested but often irritated wonder. He saw things so differently himself, and had little of the humorous curiosity which enjoys what is strange simply because it is strange. They could never talk together without soon reaching a point when he wanted to say: "If we're not to trust our reason and our senses for what they're worth, sir, will you kindly tell me what we are to trust? How can we exert them to the utmost in some matters,

and in others suddenly turn our backs on them?" Once, in one of their discussions, which often bordered on acrimony, he had expounded himself at length.

"I grant," he had said, "that there's a great ultimate Mystery, that we shall never know anything for certain about the origin of life and the principle of the universe; but why should we suddenly shut up our inquiring apparatus and deny reason and feelers—say, about the story of Christ, or the question of a future life, or our moral code? If you want me to enter a temple of little mysteries, leaving my reason and senses behind—as a Mohammedan leaves his shoes—it won't do to say to me simply: 'There it is! Enter!' You must show me the door; and you can't! And I'll tell you why, sir. Because in your brain there's a little twist which is not in mine, or the lack of a little twist which is in mine. Nothing more than that divides us into the two main species of mankind—one of which worships, and one of which doesn't. Oh, yes! I know—I know, you don't admit that, because it makes your religious racket natural instead of supernatural. But I assure you there's nothing more to it. Your eyes look up or they look down—they never look straight before them. Well, mine do just the opposite."

That day, Pierson had been feeling very tired, and though to meet this attack was vital, he had been unable to meet it. His brain had stammered. He had turned a little away, leaning his cheek on his hand, as if to cover that momentary break in his defenses. Some days later, he had said: "I am able now to answer your questions, George. I think I can make you understand."

Laird had answered,

"All right, sir; go ahead."

"You begin by assuming that the human reason is the final test of all things. What right have you to assume that? Suppose you were an ant. You would take your ant's reason as the final test, wouldn't you? Would that be the truth?" And a smile had fixed itself on his lips.

George Laird also had smiled.

"That seems a good point, sir," he said, "until you recognize that I don't take the human reason as final test in any absolute sense. I only say it's the highest test we can apply, and that, behind that test, all is quite dark and unknowable."

"Revelation, then, means nothing to you?"

"Nothing, sir."

"I don't think we can usefully go on, George."

"I don't think we can, sir. In talking with you, I always felt like fighting a man with one hand tied behind his back."

"And I, perhaps, feel that I am arguing with one who was blind from birth."

For all that, they had often argued since—but never without those peculiar smiles coming on their faces. Still, they respected each other, and Pierson had not opposed his daughter's marriage to this heretic. It had taken place before Laird's arm was well, and the two had snatched a month's honeymoon before he went back to France, and she to her hospital in Manchester. Since then, just one February fortnight by the sea had been all their time together.

In the afternoon he had asked for beef tea, and, having drunk a cup, said,

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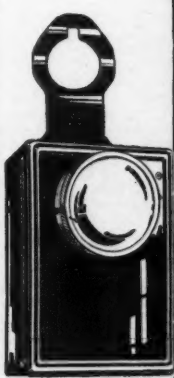
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"I've got something to tell your father."
But, warned by the pallor of his smiling lips, Gratian answered,

"Tell me first, George."

"Our last talk, Gracie; well—there's nothing on the other side. I looked over; it's as black as your hat."

Gratian shivered.

"I know. While you were lying here last night, I told father."

He squeezed her hand and said,

"I want to tell him, too."

"Dad will say the motive for life is gone."

"I say it leaps out all the more, Gracie. What a mess we make of it—we angel-apes! When shall we be men, I wonder? You and I, Gracie, will fight for a decent life for everybody. Bend down. It's good to touch you again; everything's good. I'm going to have a sleep."

4

After the relief of the doctor's report in the early morning, Pierson had gone through a hard struggle. What should he wire to Noel? He longed to get her back home, away from temptation to the burning indiscretion of this marriage. Should he suppress reference to George's progress? Would that be honest? At last he sent this telegram:

George out of danger but very weak. Come up.

By the afternoon post he received a letter from Thirza.

I have had two long talks with Noel and Cyril. It is impossible to budge them. And I really think, dear Edward, that it will be a mistake to oppose it rigidly. He may not go out as soon as we think. How would it be to consent to their having banns published? That would mean another three weeks, anyway, and in absence from each other they might be influenced to put it off. I'm afraid this is the only chance, for, if you simply forbid it, I feel they will run off and get married somewhere at a registrar's.

Pierson took this letter out with him into the square-garden, for painful cogitation. No man can hold a position of spiritual authority for long years without developing the habit of judgment. He judged Noel's conduct to be headlong and undisciplined, and a vein of stubbornness in his character fortified the father and the priest within him. Thirza was betraying him; she did not seem to see the irretrievable gravity of this hasty marriage. She seemed to look on it as something much lighter than it was, to consider that it might be left to chance, and that, if chance turned out unfavorable, there would still be a way out. To him, there would be no way out. He looked up at the sky as if for inspiration. It was such a beautiful day, and so bitter to hurt his child, even for her good! What would her mother have advised? Surely Agnes had felt at least as much as himself the utter solemnity of marriage. And, sitting there in the sunlight, he painfully hardened his heart. He must do what he thought right, no matter what the consequence. So he went in and wrote that he could not agree, and wished Noel to come back home at once.

The next instalment of *Saint's Progress* will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.

Friends and Critics

(Continued from page 79)

led Frank Leslie to obtain his own divorce and hers to make her his wife. Mr. Squires was her second husband, although she spoke of him as her first. There had been a brief early marriage (with some elements of tragedy connected with it), which she never mentioned, and only a few people knew of it. She often referred to herself as "a mere child" when she married Mr. Leslie. When I met her, she was probably in her middle or late forties, and she seemed a very tired woman. But she was alive with sentiment and romance—the dominating qualities in her nature, second only, perhaps, to ambition for power and prestige.

The man known as the Marquis de Leuville was then in the foreground of her life; and she was genuinely and unquestionably in love with him. He was a striking-looking individual, very tall, with long hair and a peculiar walk due to high heels, and he was a fluent talker and a great flatterer of women. He was younger than Mrs. Leslie, and it was evident to all who saw him that he had her bank-account in mind in his pursuit of her. Their engagement was announced, but the marriage never took place.

With Mrs. Leslie's unquestionable business acumen, her fine intellectual qualities, and her large experience in the world, it seemed almost incredible that she should be so misled in her belief in her powers as an enchantress. Yet, if we study the lives of other women who have been prominent in the eyes of the world through their combined beauty and intellect, we will not find Mrs. Leslie a solitary instance of such foolishness. The woman who, during the time of feminine prowess, rules men by her physical charms and her magnetism and ability to keep them entertained is quite prone to ignore the fact that she has lost her attractions long after the sad truth is apparent to everyone else. Accustomed for years to have men pursue her because she is physically attractive, she cheats herself with the belief that her attractions, not her bank-account, cause them to continue the chase after she is past her prime. When a woman finds her chief interest in life is her power over men, it effects her very much like a drug habit, and is as difficult to overcome. And it leads to as many delusions.

Mrs. Leslie used to talk of the many men who frequented her *salon* as her helpless slaves. Usually given to great caution in handing out money for charitable purposes, she almost invariably proved an easy mark for her impecunious admirers.

She believed herself to be one of the greatest inspirations of the poetical genius of Joaquin Miller, and I think that possibly she may have been. I was in New Orleans with my husband at the Exposition, the second winter after my marriage. Mrs. Leslie, who was at another hotel, called and told me Joaquin Miller had asked her to bring me to breakfast with him at the hotel where he was spending that winter. My husband thought it worth my while to meet the poet of high boots and long hair, whose genius was unmistakable. So I went to the breakfast, and Mr. Miller met me at the door and, looking down upon me from his great height, said, "Why, Elly, I

didn't think you were so *petite* and pinky; I imagined you a big-wristed girl out West milking cows." I remember the poet as very gallant and complimentary toward Mrs. Leslie, though I did not see any evidences of consuming passion in his attitude.

Mrs. Leslie, from the hour I met her, evinced a deep interest in me and desired my presence at all her functions, which, during the first few years of my life in the East, were really brilliant affairs. And one met there, in her crowded drawing-rooms, some very worth-while people. I had come from the West into the presence of people whose names alone in my early youth gave me a thrill; and I felt that I was dwelling in an enchanted land. I lacked the discrimination which comes from experience with humanity, and I was so dazzled by the love-light in which I walked that everybody and everything was seen through a veil of illusion. While my husband had often told me that my at-that-time utter lack of any tendency to criticize my fellow beings was peculiarly pleasing to him, he nevertheless became somewhat troubled about my too ready acceptance of everybody I met in New York as an angel in disguise. He wanted me to learn not to criticize but to discriminate. Looking back over our wonderful years together, I do not recall one instance where my husband failed in judgment of the people he believed worth taking as friends, and of those he thought it wise to keep as acquaintances only. He was most anxious for me to meet and enjoy whoever was worth knowing. He realized that my life belonged—in a measure—to the public, and he was ever watchful of himself to see that his claims upon me did not restrict the growth of my talents or circumscribe my life. But he was solicitous lest the designing and the unworthy should crowd out others more deserving.

There came a time when he was very much troubled about Mrs. Leslie's constant claims upon me as an assistant at her functions, and her desire to have my name appear in print beside hers, no matter whether I had been with her or not, and her unwillingness that I should have friends made outside her circle. She and the Marquis de Leuville were very much before the public eye in the press, both in America and England, and there was a great lack of dignity about the whole matter which distressed my husband. It led, finally, to my urging Mrs. Leslie, as a friend, to adopt a different course of conduct toward the de Leuville man, telling her of the wrong impressions she was creating; and this caused Mrs. Leslie to feel hurt and to regard me as having turned against her. She thought I had been unjust toward de Leuville also; but I am sure she lived to realize her mistake in that matter. There were admirable qualities in Mrs. Leslie's nature. She was quick to appreciate talent of any kind, and to aid it where such aid did not call for too much sacrifice on her part. She was free from petty jealousies, and ready to see and praise beauty in another woman. This is a trait not often found in a woman whose stock in trade is her own beauty. And she was amiable and also sympathetic toward certain kinds of suffering. Then again,

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one came up against such adamantine streaks in her nature that it was a veritable shock. I have seen her almost angelic in tenderness, and I have seen her as cold and cruel as the iceberg. Surely a strange woman.

While I frequently met Mrs. Leslie afterward at various functions, I never continued the old intimacy, and called upon her once afterward, a few years before her death. The "marquis," it was learned at the time of his death, was a son of a barber and had set forth determined to make a career for himself by hook or crook. His course of procedure was to seek out wealthy women of mature years and flatter them into compliance with any of his wishes. It was an amazing fact that the man had lived in luxury and forced his way into many social circles through such means.

To return to "The Birth of the Opal" and my recitation of that poem takes me back to the first year of my acquaintance with Mrs. Leslie. It was the last function I attended before my baby came. I know I wore a white-satin Empress Josephine gown, belted high under my armpits, and very full in drapery. Mrs. Leslie had planned to have my recitation an effective one; and she had sent to the bank and brought forth a splendid set of opals, in which she decked me. I had never heard then of any evil omen attached to this jewel, and I was thrilled with their wonderful beauty. I was given a chair on a sort of impromptu raised dais of some kind, and in my Josephine gown and the splendor of the opals, I recited, or, rather, said, my verses in a monotone, with no effort at elocution. I think there must have been something rather droll about my manner of saying the verses, as an "Imitation of Ella Wheeler Wilcox" was afterward given as an encore on programs by Settie Bloom, a charming reader of that day, who was popular in drawing-rooms. I once sat in the audience where this lady gave a reading for charity, and heard myself imitated and was convulsed with laughter. It made me more determined than ever to let my one appearance in the rôle of a reciter be my last.

Mrs. Leslie had given me the first shock received from her by her dismay at my coming motherhood. From the first hour she knew of it, she had declared it a terrible misfortune; and I recoiled from her when she said: "I would as soon touch a worm as a new-born baby. You will destroy your figure, your complexion, and no doubt lose your husband's love by this sacrifice." After a few such speeches, I requested Mrs. Leslie to desist talking on the subject, and almost her only reference to it afterward was on this occasion when, three months before my baby came, I recited "The Birth of the Opal," and she said to me, "If your baby is a girl, you must call it Opal." Mrs. Leslie was four times married; and she was about to be married to a fifth husband, a Spanish marquis, when he suddenly died. Yet, I am sure, in her whole adventurous career, she never knew such happiness as was mine in that brief period of expectant motherhood.

Those early years in New York's literary circle would have held dangers for me had I not been so absorbingly and reverently in love with my husband. The literary salons, like all New York circles, teemed with men who were ready for flirtatious experiences, and the author of

"Poems of Passion" was, by some of these men, supposed to be a free-lance in love-matters. But it did not require long to convince them of their mistake. One bachelor said, "She really bores me; you cannot talk ten minutes with her before she bumps you up against a two-hundred-pound husband, with whom she seems to be ridiculously enamored."

One of my women acquaintances assured me it was very bad form to let other men know I was in love with my husband, that it savored of the country, and that, besides, I was cheating my genius. She thought my poetic talents needed to be fed with romantic experiences in order to keep the fountain-expression flowing with fresh waters. Mrs. Leslie warned me that it was very unwise and very unsafe to permit my husband to know I was so deeply in love with him. She said the only way to hold a man was to keep him in doubt, and to show him that other men were interested. But I knew these theories were false philosophy; and I knew life had nothing to offer me that could in any way compensate for one moment's loss of my own self-respect or the respect and confidence of the man who had made me his wife.

To "make good" as a daughter and a sister had always seemed to me a greater achievement than to attain fame or financial success; and to fill the often difficult rôle of wife to the very best of my ability (aided by constant prayers for larger wisdom and more understanding) became my one controlling aim. Therefore, my life in New York was merely entertaining and amusing, and sometimes disillusioning, but never dangerous for me.

The materialization into personalities of some of the famous names I had known, proved not always satisfying. Talent and genius had ever seemed to me like two white sentinels guarding the door of the human mind from the intrusion of ignoble jealousy, petty envy, and unworthy selfishness. The gifted man and woman, I had thought, must be the great man and woman. It was not invariably so; and many of the halos I had bestowed upon imagined personalities had to be "cut over" or removed entirely when the actual individual was encountered. Yet about all those early years in New York there was a brightness and beauty that still shines in memory as I look back upon them. It was a constant surprise to me to think I was really living in the midst of the people of whom I had dreamed during those lonely years on the Western farm; and when I would send a poem to the New York magazines or weeklies, and receive an answer back swiftly, there was always a sensation of novelty in the experience—a happy realization that I was not five miles from the post-office and fifteen hundred miles from the editors, but was myself a living part of the great metropolis, and in touch with the whole world in consequence.

I organized a little French study-class and social club at my home, which resulted in much pleasure and entertainment. We talked only French for two hours; a fine was paid for breaking into English, even with one sentence. Then afterward we spoke our native tongue while enjoying a simple repast. The now successful author, then just beginning to be known, Will N. Harben, was one of the circle, and a great

favorite with everyone. He was handsome and witty, and full of Southern gallantry and pretty flattery toward all women. In connection with him, I recall such a droll little incident. I am wondering if he will remember if it he reads these pages. One evening, during our French hour, the door of my apartment was open, and quite a draft of air was coming through from the hallway. The French teacher was giving a recitation. I sat near Mr. Harben, and he was within reach of the door. Feeling the chill of the air, and not wanting to disturb the reading by rising, I whispered to Mr. Harben very softly: "Shut the door. Shut the door." This he did after a third repetition. Then when the time came to speak English, Mr. Harben assumed a most dolorous air, and said to me: "You cannot imagine what a moment of ecstasy followed by dull despair you gave me when you spoke. I thought you were speaking French and that you said, '*Je l'adore*,' but with what a thud I fell after your third repetition!"

One day, I took a party of some ten young people, Mr. Harben among them, to visit a clairvoyant of whom I had heard interesting things. She proved to be a tall, handsome woman, who seemed to feel a great respect for her calling. She charged a very nominal price, and proceeded to take handkerchiefs and other objects from the people in my party; and when one young man began to say witty things, she hushed him, remarking that she wished everyone to be serious and respectful while in the room. She told us she had possessed this clear-seeing power since she was a small child, and that she knew it came from a divine source. Then she went on to tell each one in our party some very interesting and some very remarkable facts concerning themselves, their affairs, and their friends. We all came away impressed that the clairvoyant was really possessed of occult powers.

The name of this lady was Katherine Tingley; and she has since become known the world over through her prominence in a certain branch of theosophical work at Point Loma, California.

During my residence in New York (a period of nineteen years) I was enabled to carry out to some extent, many of my early longings to be helpful to others.

I brought my sister's daughter, who was also my namesake (Ella Wheeler Bond), a born musician, on for a year of musical study in the metropolis. She proved a faithful student, and a most grateful and sweet girl. She returned to the West (the family had moved to Nebraska), and has made a most successful career for herself since in musical fields. Daughters of my brother were sent to school (the oldest to college) from the proceeds of my pen; and girls who were not relatives, save through the kinship of talent, came into my life at times in the capacity of protégées.

A little story of one girl in Chicago attracted my attention. I wrote to the author of it, and afterward invited her to visit me. Thus it resulted in her remaining in New York, either under my roof or near my home, for a period of seven years, and then going to France as a correspondent for an important periodical for another period of seven years. She did not develop the talent for story-writing

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which I had imagined she possessed, but she developed great industry and made a most commendable place for herself in the literary, musical, and educational world. And, best of all, she grew steadily in nobility of character, which is, after all, the only kind of growth that counts in life. She is one of my dearest friends to-day, growing more beautiful with the years.

In my desire to be helpful to girls of talent, I sometimes made mistakes of judgment. I know now that we should never go out of our way to seek opportunities of service. We should do that which comes directly to our attention. When we hunt for people on whom to bestow our favor, we are implying that the lords of Wisdom do not know their own business.

One day, in some periodical my husband had brought home, I read a few lines of verse which stirred me deeply with their great beauty. I had never before seen the name which was attached to the verses. I wrote a note to the author in the magazine's care, saying I wanted to know about her. She replied from another American city, and it led to a correspondence. I spoke to many people of her, and no one had even heard of her. She sent me a number of her verses, and they all seemed to breathe forth the spirit of unusual genius.

I became obsessed with the idea of making the girl known to all the literary people and critics of New York. She had told me that she was engaged in a rather uncongenial occupation to earn her living, and I imagined her just as eager for a larger life and for the association of kindred minds as I had been out on the Wisconsin farm. I felt as if I might act the part of fairy godmother to her—the fairy godmother I used to dream would come into my life as I lay under the sloping eaves of the old farmhouse, but who never came. I thrilled with the thought of the happiness and benefit I might bring into this gifted girl's life.

I asked her to come and visit me and let me give a reception in her honor. My husband saw how eager I was to do this, and gave me *carte blanche* to go ahead. I was living in my small apartment, so put the guest up at a near-by hotel. The reception was arranged to take place at one of the then prominent New York hotels, a hotel where my husband had often lived as a bachelor, and therefore attractive to me. My delight and enjoyment in this affair cannot be described. I had the verse which had first attracted my attention printed on a ribbon, as a souvenir for each guest. I invited everybody I had ever met at any of the literary salons—at Mrs. Croly's, Mrs. Leslie's, Robert Ingersoll's, Nym Crinkle's (who was then famous as a critic and writer, and whose daughters gave charming literary evenings), and at Harriett Webb's (who was a leading light among readers and teachers of elocution), and there was a sprinkling of theatrical people, and all the newspaper critics were asked, whether I knew them or not. Fully one hundred guests responded to my invitation, and the carriages extended many blocks down the street of the hotel where the reception took place.

One then eminent literary man of the city, who had been very gracious to me after I came East, called on the day of the reception, saying he could not be present

in the evening. But he wanted to pay his respects to the young lady whose decided talents he, alone of all New York, had noticed before I brought her to his attentions. I remember how this man, while praising my impulse to do the girl honor, expressed a doubt regarding its wisdom. He said it was a matter one must go about with great care—this making of acquaintances in a metropolis. At that time, I still saw all my Eastern friends with halos, and I wondered at his remark. It was evident, however, that his words impressed my guest.

The reception was a very joyous and well-ordered affair. Several of the young woman's poems were recited; there was some good music and a tasteful repast. There were notices in all the papers, and the young lady went home the next day expressing herself as very grateful.

She wrote me one brief letter, reiterating her thanks after she reached home. Then, although I wrote her again, a chatty letter, she dropped out of my horizon. At Christmas time, I sent her a little token. A most formal note of acknowledgment was received by me. Then, to my amazement, I learned that she had been in the city, the guest of the eminent literary man to whom I had introduced her, and she had never called, or written me of the fact. I wrote and asked her how I had offended her, and begged for the opportunity to apologize if I had in any way hurt her. She replied with a cold note, saying she preferred not to say anything about her reason for not calling or writing.

To this day (and thirty years have passed since then), I have never known the explanation of her conduct. I think, however, the literary gentleman was very critical of some of my guests who came to do her honor. I know he was severely critical of Mrs. Leslie, and the poor girl, despite her great talent, was too meager in soul-development to realize that she would not be contaminated by a casual meeting with some one whom she might not wish to keep as a constant companion, and too stunted in heart to grasp the fact that my impulse had been absolutely without any motive otherwise than to give her pleasure, while I repaid many social debts through a unique and worth-while reception in her honor.

There was, at that time, a New York daily paper which prided itself upon its personalities of a sarcastic and disagreeable kind. Its editor had already made me the subject of some unkind items. He indulged in a half-column of caustic comment on the reception I gave the unknown poet, declaring it was done with the desire to hoist myself into public notice. No more unjust words were ever written, but my guest must have felt they were true, thereby displaying still more painfully her lack of perception and lack of the delicate qualities which make real womanhood. To this day, when I see the occasional gems of beauty which still come from this poet's pen, I feel the old wound ache in my heart. My impulse was absolutely spontaneous and kind, and the hurt I received was needless.

Worse than the personal hurt was the blow to my ideal of the poet. A mortal on whom God had bestowed the divine power of creation in my art seemed to me one who must be incapable of any belittling fault—any of the petty sins like

envy, jealousy, or ingratitude. I could understand those gifted beings falling through mighty passions and colossal temptations born of the intensity of their emotions. But the mean and ignominious sins I had not associated with genius until that experience. Such people are, I am sure, mere vehicles through which, at times, disembodied intelligences work. They are no more the real creators than is the telephone-wire or -receiver the person speaking.

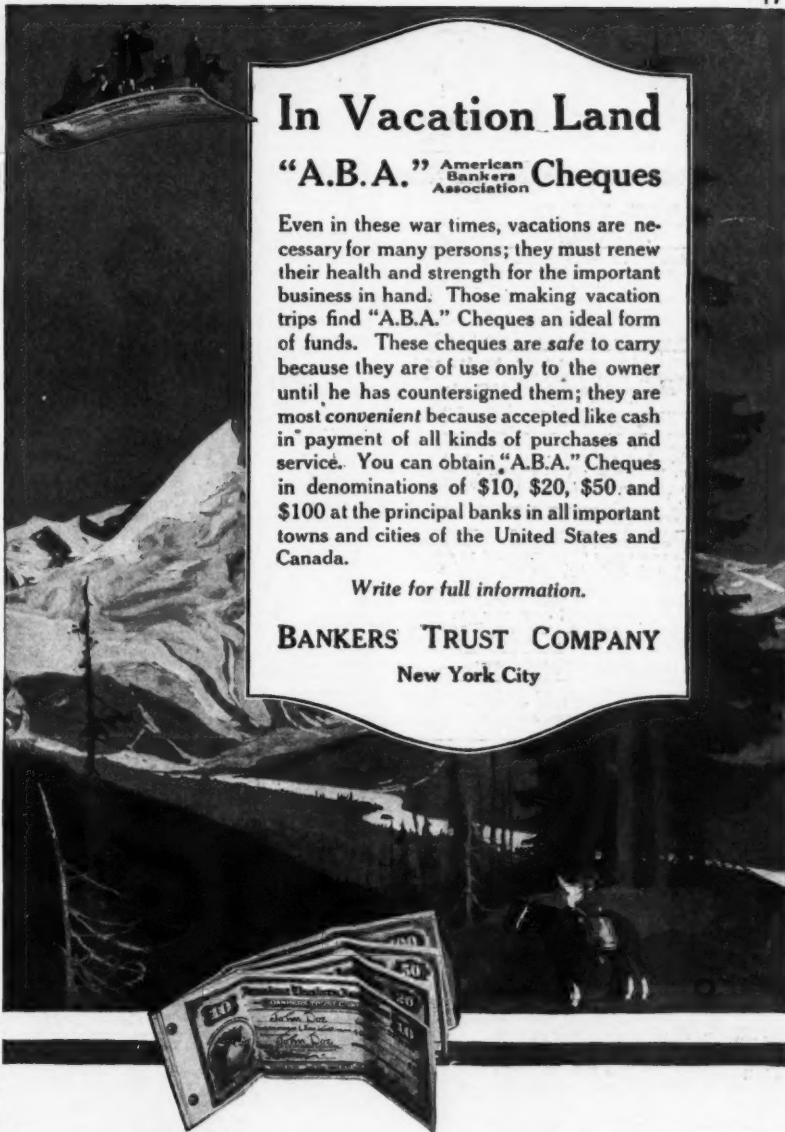
Life, however, always applies a balm after it has wounded us. The spring following this experience, my husband selected a larger apartment, whither we moved, to remain five very happy years, and where it was my privilege to enjoy a circle of delightful friends. Later we spent several beautiful years at the Everett House, and both of these places were joy-filled for me. Our summers, we had for six years spent at various resorts, three of them at Narragansett Pier. But one fortunate day, on our return from the latter place, we stopped off at New Haven, Connecticut, where my husband engaged a horse and light carriage, and we drove out seven miles to Short Beach on the Sound, to call on dear aunt Hattie, who, with her married daughter (wife of Gardner Reckard, the artist), was spending a few weeks there. We had never seen this place, which is only a few miles from Thimble Islands. Its wonderful and rare beauty of pink-granite rocks, majestic trees, and wide expanse of water seized us both in a grasp which never relaxed, and the next summer saw our darling house built on the rocks overhanging the sound; and in this house (which was the first cottage east of the Rockies to be called "The Bungalow") and the living-house built afterward, which was named "The Barracks" by my husband, we spent every summer of our united lives afterward.

Shorter and shorter grew my months in New York, longer and longer the season at the shore home. And finally, when my husband was wise enough to go out of business (without waiting to acquire millions, as so many American men do), we spent all the time not given to travel in this earthly Eden.

We made the resolution that no one should ever be invited to partake of our hospitality at The Bungalow save those for whom we felt genuine affection or regard. No merely business acquaintances, and no one to whom we merely owed social obligations; those should be entertained elsewhere, but The Bungalow at Short Beach on the Sound (Granite Bay) should be kept for the near and dear ones bound to us by ties of affection. This house was the first home which ever satisfied my husband's heart. While we made home quickly of any place we occupied, the true home feeling and every home craving found expression and satisfaction in this adorable nest.

The leading desire of my husband's heart, from the time we became convinced that our one spirit-child was to be our only offspring in this incarnation, was to found some beautiful charity for children.

After we made Short Beach our permanent home we added to our possessions four little cottages, which were so near our bungalow that (Continued on page 150)



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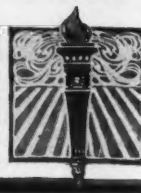
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their proximity was embarrassing. My husband purchased them, moved them back a short distance, remodeled them, and each summer found ready tenants for three of them. The fourth we had entirely removed from the premises, in order to erect our living-house, The Barracks, in its place—a most desirable location, within a stone's throw of the beach and with a beautiful outlook.

Something like a half-mile from our little cluster of houses there was an old farmhouse for sale on the corner of the road leading to Double Beach and surrounded by tall trees. My husband for years cherished a dream of purchasing this house with several acres of ground, and making it a summer home for orphan children. He even named it the "Ella Wheeler Home." Many were the plans he made regarding it, and bitter was his disappointment when he came to realize that the fortune necessary for the carrying out of his ideal would not come during his lifetime.

But one summer the tenants in our smallest cottage (which we named "The Midge") left in mid-August, and I proposed to my husband that, while we were waiting to carry out the large ideal of helpfulness, we might proceed on a smaller scale. My suggestion was that we give The Midge rent free, and provide transportation and sustenance, to some worthy person or persons for the remaining weeks of the summer. At that time, Rose Hawthorne (Mrs. Lathrop, the daughter of Nathaniel) had embraced the Roman Catholic religion and was active in works of charity in the lower part of New York city. I wrote to her and explained my idea. I wanted three tired women, or a woman with two children, who needed a change of air and the benefit of the seashore life for a month. I preferred people who would be cleanly in their habits, and not liable to bring any contagious diseases; and they must be people who were believed to be honest. Otherwise, I had no strings tied to my little benefit.

Rose sent me a pallid young girl of twenty who was weak from the result of a slow fever and unable to go back to her work, which was, I believe, some small clerical position. I have forgotten just what; and I have forgotten her name. But I remember her sweet face and manner, and her wonderful joy at her first sight of a boat—a rowboat, in which she went out each day all by herself after she learned how to row. And I remember how, like a plant brought out of a cellar into the sunlight, she bloomed forth in that month.

Besides this girl, there was a gaunt, pale woman of perhaps fifty who had, for many years, the better part of her life, been employed in a tailor's shop, where she wielded a heavy pressing-iron. She had become too weak to keep up this work; and for the space of a year she had been taking care of a wee boy named Jimmy, whose mother had died at his birth, and whose father, a day-laborer, gave this woman two dollars a week to take care of the child. There were older children at home, but no one old enough to care for the little mite.

I think Jimmy was three that summer, but he looked no larger than many children of a year. His mind, however, was very bright; and we all grew to love him and to watch for his small form and short legs

to come toddling across the lawn to make a daily call. He had been taught to salute his elders like a soldier, and it was the delight of my husband to receive and answer this salute. I had told the pale protector of Jimmy, who was the housekeeper for the three, to obtain whatever she desired for the table at the little country store and charge it in my name. When, at the end of the first week, I received my bill, it was so insignificant a sum that I felt there must be some error. The storekeeper assured me it was correct. Then I approached the pale tenant on the subject, saying I was confident she was not providing sufficient food for the three of them. She looked at me in amazement.

"Why, dear lady," she said, "we are living on the fat of the land. I think you have never known what real economy means, and never learned, through being obliged to count your pennies, how to buy with care. I assure you we have all we need or could eat, and you can see how we are all improving."

The young girl and Jimmy were indeed showing decided improvement, but the pale protector of little Jimmy remained pale and attenuated; and I learned afterward that she was the victim of an incurable malady. I often wish I knew what became of the pretty girl and little Jimmy. It was fully sixteen years ago when we had the pleasure of giving them that month of recreation, and, with the exception of a letter received during the first few months afterward, I have never heard from them or of them again.

Sometime later, we gave that same cottage, rent free for two months, to very intellectual acquaintances, who were passing through a season of hard luck, to save them from being penned in a hot city flat during the summer. They occupied it; but the experience did not prove as pleasant or as gratifying to us as had the presence of the little city clerk and Jimmy and his pale protector. It is heart and not head which renders the association with our fellow creatures satisfying—the ability to feel gratitude and appreciation rather than the ability to criticize.

Our intellectual acquaintances prided themselves on their ability to dissect their fellows, and to pin the dissected portions on the wall and analyze them. They dissected their host and hostess and all their friends, declaring we were quite too democratic in our ideas and that we were lacking in discrimination. They proceeded to point out all the faults and failings of our guests until we cried a halt and requested them to vacate the cottage.

Finding we could not always carry out our desire to bestow some of our blessings on the really deserving in the ways described, we made a resolution to let no one who came to our doors go away without feeling that life was a bit sweeter than before he approached us. We taught our helpers and employees to treat mendicants with sympathy and pedlars with respect—when it was impossible to bestow money on the mendicants, to at least offer food, and, when it was impossible to patronize pedlars, to make it understood courteously, not brusquely. In fact, to live our religion of brotherhood, which is the basis of theosophy.

For several years after we came there,

Granite Bay could be reached only by a four-horse stage from East Haven or by boat. Those were picturesque days, and we loved our isolation from the modern methods of travel. I used to feel I was living in medieval times as the four-horse stage swung round the sharp curves of Snake Hill and I clung with both hands to the seat of the vehicle to prevent being tossed out. As the town grew in population, the discomforts of this mode of travel became manifest; yet, when the railroad first talked of putting the trolley-service through Short Beach, most of us fought it tooth and nail. We feared an invasion of undesirables, and dreaded seeing our romantic resort turned into a Coney Island. It was sympathy for overtaxed stage-horses that led us finally to desire the trolley. After that mode of travel was established, the little matter of entertaining pedlars became more difficult. They had heard of our hospitable habits and they came upon us in shoals. We could not buy even trifles of six pedlars in a day; but we could at least keep in mind the fact that these men and women were trying to earn a livelihood, trying to keep themselves from the becoming beggars, and we did what we could to help them retain their self-respect while we did not patronize all of them.

Neither my husband nor myself contributed to foreign missions, and after we had abandoned the hope of establishing a large charity, we tried to make both The Bungalow and The Barracks, in a small way, represent my husband's original idea of an "Ella Wheeler Home." Many beggars, many cripples, many "down-and-outs," and a few ex-convicts came to our doors during the twenty-five years we lived there. Doubtless there were many cheats and frauds among them, but I do not believe we ever sent anyone away without some little feeling of uplift. I remember one man who came and told me a tragic story of his life, saying he was just released from prison, and asked for money to go to Boston, where he had an old mother. I helped him, and felt glad to think I could do so. Shortly afterward, my husband learned that the man had indeed been a prison inmate, but that he lived near us and that he used the money I had given him to treat all his boon companions to drinks within an hour after he left me. The man came again a month later, and I allowed him to tell his new story of being detained by illness and to ask me for more money. Then I told him what I had learned about him. The unkindness of his deception toward me turned the anger I felt at first into grief, and I began to cry. The man looked at me a moment in silence; then he rose up and came and stood before me.

"This is the first time," he said, "that I ever saw a woman cry for me. I want to tell you I will never trouble you again. I was born crooked, and I guess I will always stay crooked; but I will never bother you again. Will you shake hands with me?" I took his proffered hand and tried to make him promise to turn over a new page in life's diary. But he shook his head. "I'm crooked I tell you. I can't help lying and stealing. But you'll never have any trouble from me again." And I never did.

The frankness of some of our back-

door callers was as amusing as amazing. I gave a soiled and husky-looking man food one morning. He said he had slept under a tree and wanted breakfast before tramping on to Boston, where he had an old mother. I asked him where he came from.

"Oh, from serving time in Joliet," he smilingly answered.

"What was your crime?" I asked.

"Oh, taking things that didn't belong to me," he said. "You see, I drink. It just comes on me by spells, and then I go all wrong. I get good positions, and then I lose them that way." And again he smiled and went away.

Another came to the door smelling of drink. He confessed he had used his last dime for liquor.

"What is the use trying to be decent," he said. "No decent people will have anything to do with a man after he has made a bad record. I've tried; it's no use. So I may as well just get what little cheer there is in a drink now and then."

During all those twenty-five years at our bungalow, where we spent five months every summer, we never locked a door at night, and we were never molested, nor did thieves break in and steal. While my husband was very liberal in his helpfulness to the chapel at Short Beach, we did not attend the services there. This grieved a few of the very orthodox residents, who saw no road to God save through the path they trod. Yet in all that town, I never knew another so reverent a soul as dwelt in the strong body of my Robert.

I have almost circled the world twice, and I have seen so much beauty that the memory of it is like a panorama of glory upon glory. I have seen the wonders of the drive from Sorrento to Amalfi, the majesty of the drive over Mount Diablo in Jamaica at dawn, the tropical splendors of the drive from Colombo to Kandy in Ceylon, and I have stood on the edge of glaciers in Switzerland, awed at the picture spread before me. I have seen Stromboli sending a flame of fire hundreds of feet in the air at night, while its river of fire ran down the mountain to the sea below. I have sat in the old Greek theater in Taormina, Sicily, eight thousand feet above sea-level, and gazed on Mount Etna in the distance, lifting itself eleven thousand feet over the Ionian Sea; I have watched the sun turn sapphire sea and azure clouds to vermilion as it went down on this glorious scene. These and many more wonders of God's earth I have beheld, yet nowhere have I found any other spot which seemed to me to combine so much beauty, comfort, convenience, and charm for the enjoyment of simple and wholesome life as Short Beach on the Sound at Granite Bay. Its sunrises and sunsets are as exquisite as those of the Orient; its rocks change from pink to amethyst and then to gray with the change of climatic conditions; its waters show a thousand moods and a hundred shades, and provide a far greater variety of effects than do the waters of the greater ocean. They shine and murmur in the dawn; they ripple and glow like vibrating molten diamonds in the morning; they leap and threaten at noon; they roar and rage and grow in power with the incoming tide, and they lie at the feet of the rocks in the evening, singing a lullaby.

The next instalment of *The World and I* will appear in *October Cosmopolitan*.

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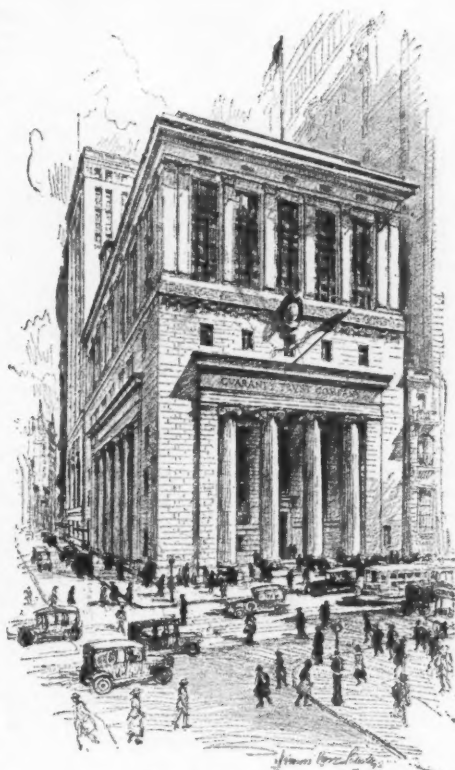
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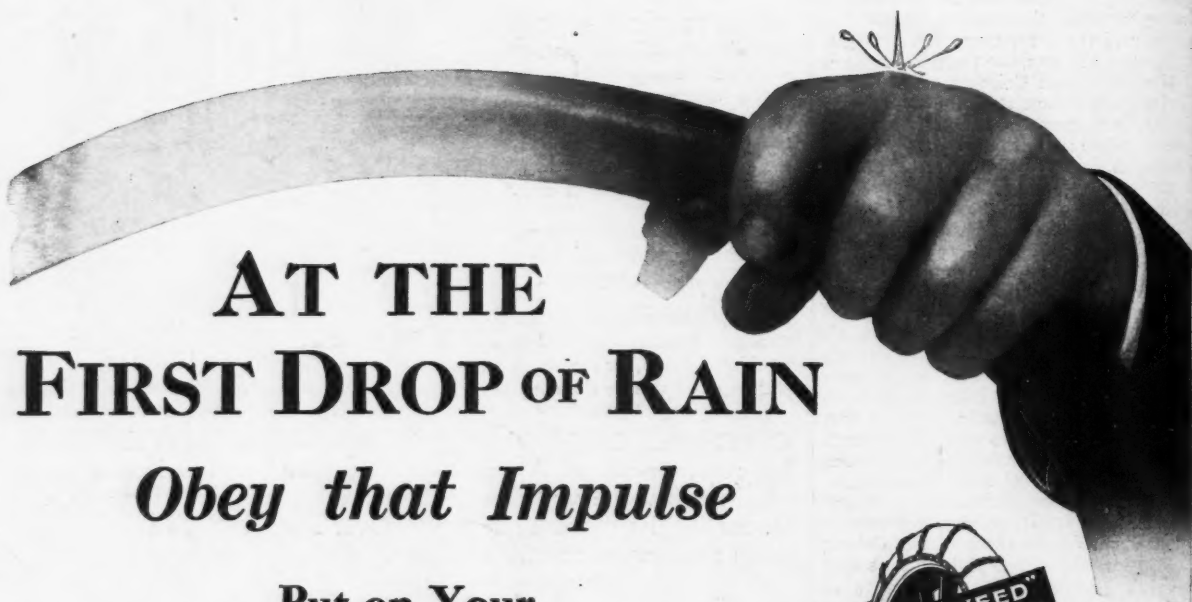
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